THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded by Benjamin Franklin

NOTICE TO READER. When you finish reading this copy of The Saturday Evening Post place a U. S. 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any U. S. postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address.
A. S. Burleson, Postmaster General.

JAN. 19, '18 5c. the Copy

PAINTED BY NEYSA McMEIN

MORE THAN TWO MILLION A WEEK

"OPENING THE CASE."

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

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Big Ben

now
3.00

A *Westclox* Alarm

BIG BEN heads the family of *Westclox* alarms. He won his success by getting folks up in the world.

Before they let him call *you*, the Western Clock Co. sees that he runs on time and rings on time. They give him good looks outside to match his good works inside.

All *Westclox* are made in the same patented way—a better method of clock making. Needle-fine pivots of polished steel greatly reduce friction. Like Big Ben, all *Westclox* keep good time.

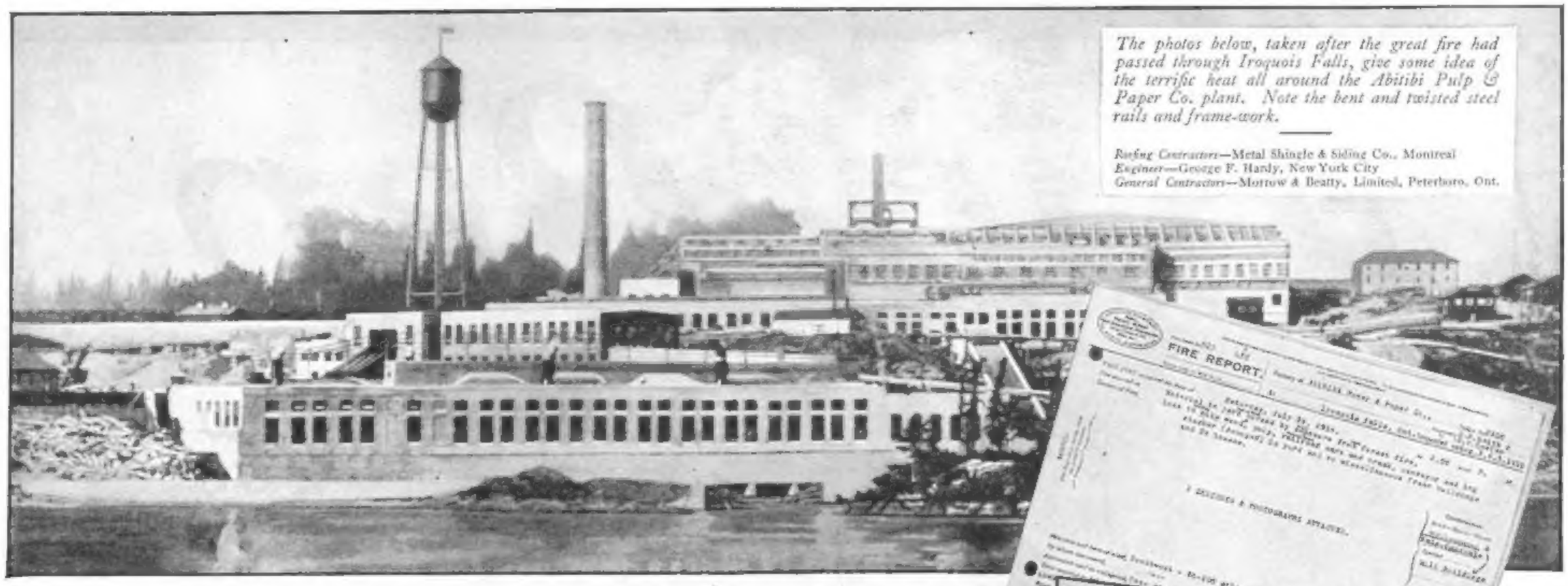
And, like him, they all have many friends. Look for the family name, *Westclox*, on the dial of the alarm you buy.

Your jeweler has them. Big Ben is $3.00 in the States; $4.00 in Canada. Or, sent prepaid, the same price, if your jeweler doesn't stock him.

Western Clock Co.—*makers of Westclox*

Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.



The photos below, taken after the great fire had passed through Iroquois Falls, give some idea of the terrific heat all around the Abitibi Pulp & Paper Co. plant. Note the bent and twisted steel rails and frame-work.

Roofing Contractors—Metal Shingle & Siding Co., Montreal
Engineer—George F. Hardy, New York City
General Contractors—Morrow & Beatty, Limited, Peterboro, Ont.

This Roof Helped Save 1600 Lives!

In the summer of 1916 a terrific fire swept 650 square miles of Ontario forests. It wiped out whole villages, bringing death and terror to thousands of people.

At Iroquois Falls the population of the town took refuge in the plant of the Abitibi Pulp & Paper Company, a modern building of reinforced concrete with steel window-sashes and a Barrett Specification Roof.

The building was wrapped in smoke and flame. The air was literally afire. Thousands of cords of wood in the adjacent yards blazed in the fierce sixty-mile-an-hour wind.

For nine hours they cowered there with windows and doors locked air-tight and fire-hose and sprinklers working, while the fire raged about them.

The insurance inspectors who arrived four days later stated in their official report that *the mill-buildings were brought through undamaged.*

The roof was in good condition and is still on duty. It made an ideal, fire-proof, non-inflammable fire-blanket. Embers that fell upon it made the pitch soften and smoke but did not ignite it.

Surely this is proof positive that Barrett Specification Roofs have great fire-resisting properties.

But that is only *one* of their many points of superiority. Barrett Specification Roofs cost less per year of service than any other permanent roof; they cost nothing to maintain; they take the base rate of insurance and, further, they are guaranteed for twenty years as follows:

20-Year Guaranty

We are now prepared to give a 20-Year Surety Bond Guaranty on every Barrett Specification Roof of fifty squares and over in all towns in the United States and Canada of 25,000 population and more, *and in smaller places where our Inspection Service is available.*

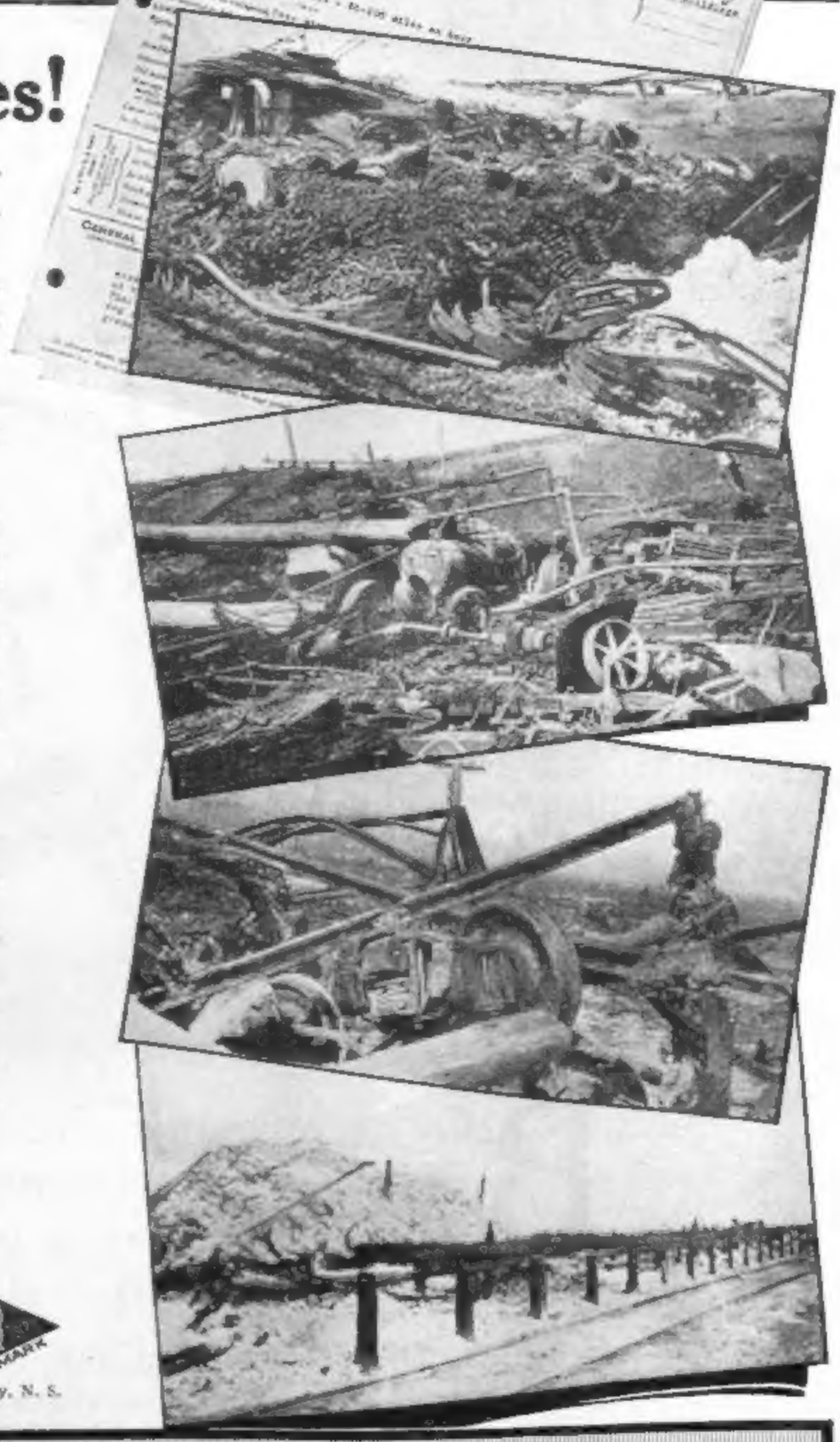
This Surety Bond will be issued by the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore and will be furnished by us *without charge.* Our only requirements are that the roofing contractor shall be approved by us, and that The Barrett Specification dated May 1, 1916, shall be strictly followed.

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE BARRETT CO., Limited: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.



Barrett Specification Roofs Resist Fire

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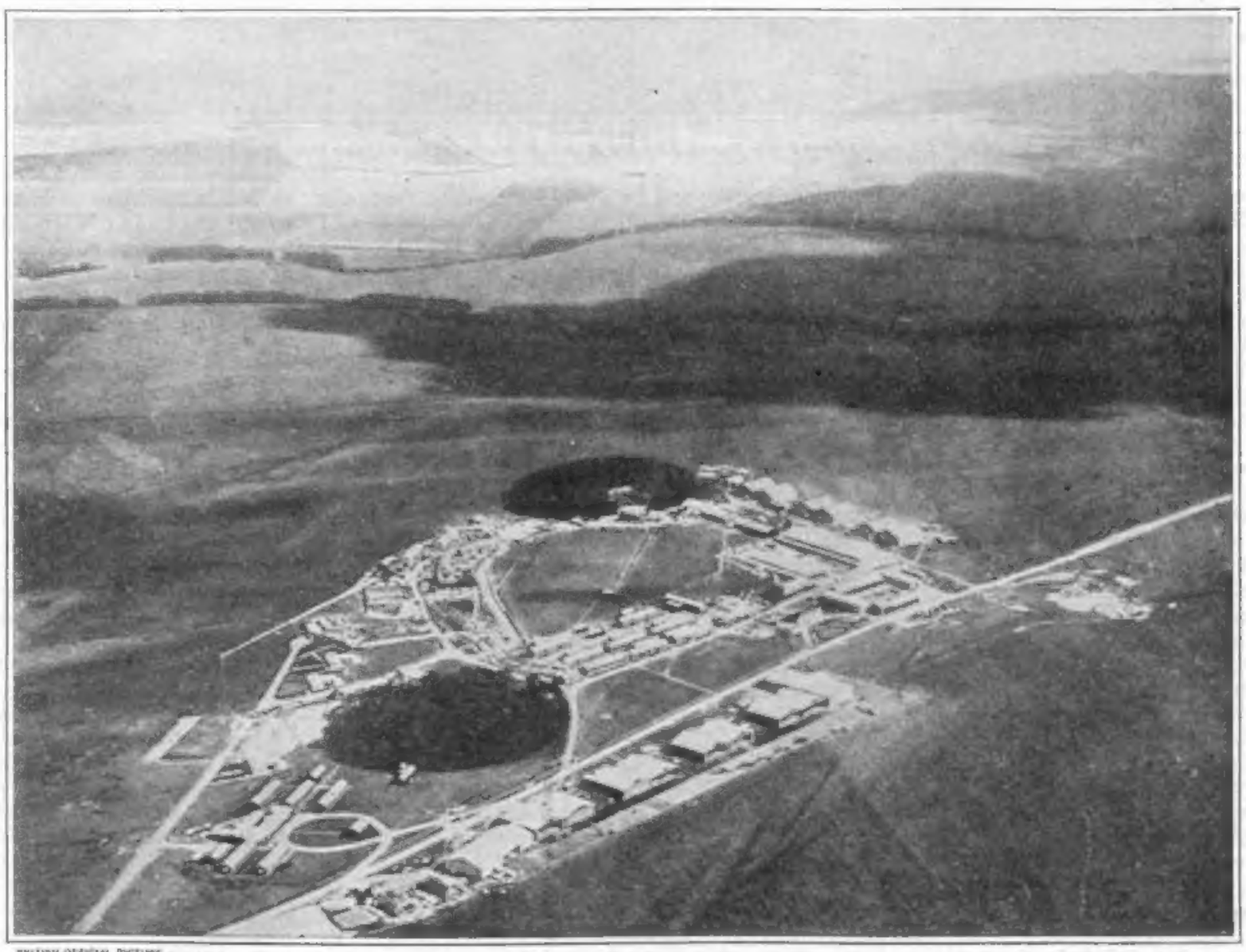
OUR PROGRESS IN THE AIR

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

FLYING has two mental phases. It appeals to the imagination of young Americans as the great adventure in this war. It appeals to the imagination of all Americans as the one outstanding feature of warfare in which American inventive, mechanical and scientific genius should be supreme. An American invented the heavier-than-air machine. It is, in a pioneer sense, the outcome of applied American brains. We did it first. Hence, as the great bulk of our people think, we should do it best and most.

Every war discussion eventually gets round to the confident statement that this war will be won in the air, and the more confident prediction that we Americans will, in some miraculous way, send almost immediately a hundred thousand airplanes to the battle fronts, manned by daring American youth, to devastate Germany and decimate the Germans. A hundred thousand is the usual figure—an impressive number surely. Further, this assertion of the overwhelming air strength we shall present is based, in the average mind, on the assumption that an airplane is merely a construction of a few bits of wood, some wire, some cloth stretched on frames, and an engine—a simple contrivance that we Americans can easily produce, as we produce dollar watches or mowing machines, or any other mechanical contrivance.



BRITISH OFFICIAL PICTURE

Photograph of a Flying Camp From the Air. The Round Clumps of Trees are Markers Showing the Airmen Where to Land. Large Buildings Along the Road Near Lower Margin of Picture are Hangars. On the Wide Path in Front of the Hangars a Number of Airplanes May be Seen

The purpose of this article, which is based on first-hand investigation of actual aircraft conditions as related to our part in the war, is to present to the American people an accurate statement of just what progress we have made, are making and may be expected to make in aircraft production, so far as that is allowable in a military sense; and to explain exactly what our air program entails and has entailed, both in mechanical and production difficulties and in mechanical and production accomplishments. The further purpose of it is to set at rest the yammerings about sending a hundred thousand airplanes to France in a year, and to assure the American people that the air program goes well, that it is working out in a way as thoroughly American as it is thoroughly comprehensive, satisfactory and remarkable, and that we are getting great results.

The Wright Brothers invented the airplane, and others in this country worked out and developed airplanes of their own design. That phase of our aircraft development is not germane to this article. What we are now concerned about is the airplane as a war utility, not the airplane as an exhibition or experimental machine, with a view to ultimate commercial or utilitarian purposes. Therefore I shall begin with our air situation as to the Army on January 1, 1917, and shall omit any reference to or discussion of navy airplane work; for the greater share of our fighting air machines will be used by the Army. The Signal Corps had on December 1, 1917, twenty times the number of airplanes it had on January 1, 1917.

The progress of the war in Europe had shown everybody the vast utility of airplanes in war, and the paramount necessity for them. But we were not preparing for war, as it happened, during the first two years and a half of it, and we took no comprehensive steps to remedy our deficiencies or to supply our army wants. We had an air program. We had tons of reports on the necessity for airplanes. We were fully alive to our situation; but we did not build the planes. When war was declared the Army had a small number of airplanes, and those were all of subsidiary types.

We had no battle planes. We had no bombing planes. We had no high-powered engines. We had no airplanes equipped with the numerous devices war had developed on the other side. We had one hundred and thirty-five airplanes, useful for training, and so on, but of no other value whatsoever. Congress was quick to recognize the importance of this new branch of the service and promptly passed a law giving broad powers to the Signal Corps and appropriated $640,000,000 for aircraft, personnel, equipment and expense of an air campaign.

But we had no idea what to build. We had no standards to go by; we had no model planes; we had no drawings; we had no high-powered engines suitable for airplanes. We had nothing. We started on our war air program at zero. Indeed, we started at zero minus; for a good deal of the information and many of the plans we did have were useless for the purpose of war. The air program had been given to the Signal Corps of the Army under the rough classification of communications. The Signal Corps was then a small but efficient branch of our Army, but was not at all equipped, with either men or money, to handle the situation. Still, that was arranged with promptness and efficiency. The men and the money were secured, the corps expanded and the work begun.

Then came the problem of what to build. A study had been made of the various types in use in England, France and Germany. We knew what these had done. We knew, also, that these countries, great as their accomplishment had been, had not done enough; that it was up to the United States to do more, to achieve greater results, to get greater production; to combine in our planes all the features which had been successful in foreign planes; to eliminate those which had been merely experimental; to contrive for the production in this country of tools, materials and plans for our own machines; and, most of all, to standardize our machine.

The American manufactures things. Our greatest success in manufacturing has come through our ability to produce great quantities at low cost; to build many by machinery instead of a few by hand. We knew that the French had many types of engines and airplanes, and that the English had many more. Types were various. Types were complicated. One concern made one sort of airplane. Another concern made another. The consequence was plainly apparent to the American business men who went into our aircraft war production. Multiplication of types simply meant multiplication of cost and decrease in efficiency. We could build airplanes. That was without question. Could we build many airplanes quickly, economically and effectively?

Not if we built a dozen or two dozen sorts, instead of building one sort.

We investigated many types of foreign airplanes and saw many sets of foreign drawings. We looked into foreign engines. We soon found that, working with foreign models and with foreign plans, we should not achieve the American maximum and scientific production. We could not go at this job in an English or a French way and get results. We must do it in the American way, and that meant we must prepare not

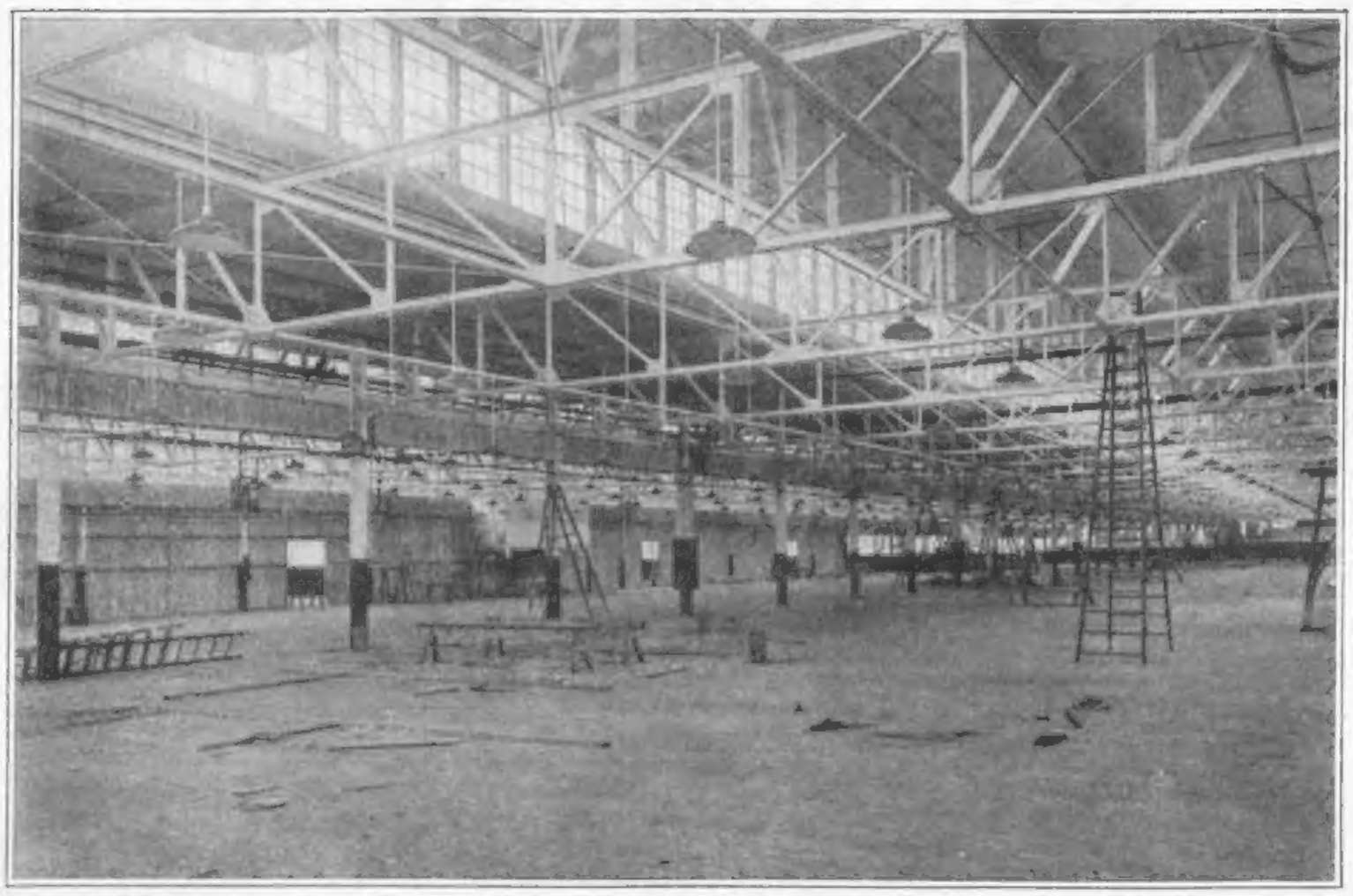
to produce a few airplanes of differing and possibly meritorious types, but that we must produce thousands of airplanes of one type; that we must make an American airplane in the American way. It was a problem of standardization. Just that!

Moreover, there was no economy and no speed in taking any foreign plane, or parts of one, and using with those parts American parts; for they would not jibe. Notwithstanding the current impression that airplanes are easy to make, the fact is the airplane is as complicated and as difficult a bit of mechanism as may be imagined, and that it must coördinate perfectly in every minute part or it is worthless.

There were two main problems to be considered: The first was the engine; the second was the plane itself. The engine was very important, for the engine is the soul of the airplane. We had no high-power engines in this country suitable for airplanes, and had built none. We had hundred-horse-power machines, admirable for their purposes, and some of greater power; but the Germans had a Mercedes that developed two hundred and sixty horse power; and the English had a Rolls-Royce that developed practically as much; and the French had various efficient engines that made our hundred-horse-power machines look like junk. Our problem was to develop an engine that would outpower any engine used on the other side, and that could be made in quantities—not by hand, as most of the foreign engines are. There was no sense in building engines that would be equally as good as engines already in use. We must have a more powerful engine. We must surpass.

Inquiries were made. The Rolls-Royce engine was conceded to be a very good engine—perhaps the best the English had, and, at any rate, the one they used most. So English engineers, who made this engine, were summoned to this country and asked what they could do. They were offered the entire facilities of this country for building their engines here—money, factories, skilled help.

They looked the situation over and said that, with every facility this country afforded, they could get their engine into production by February, 1918, and could promise two thousand engines the first year. This meant, of course, that if we depended on this engine we could build for service only two thousand high-powered planes in the year 1918. And that was not a drop in the bucket!



The Interior of a Large Plant Built Especially for Aircraft Manufacture Since War Was Declared

The Liberty Engine a Wonder

THERE were other high-powered engines being made in this country, excellent engines—notably the Hispano-Suiza—in process of production here, but not yet in production at the quantity needed. Clearly, to get our required results we must build our own American engine, make it all here, combine in it all good features of other engines, but, as a whole, make a thoroughly American machine, as new and powerful as our engine makers could produce. We had our own mechanical genius and the results of the work of the English and the French—and the Germans, too, for we knew what the Germans had—to aid us; but the engine we must make must be ours, a new one, an American one, greater than any yet produced.

The men in the production department of the aviation branch of our Army are men who are accustomed to doing big American things in a big American way. They are manufacturers and engineers. They knew that to get needed results a plan must be devised whereby engines could be built not by one shop or by two shops, but by all shops. They didn't want a few hundred or a few thousand engines in a year. They wanted many thousands. It resolved itself into the American plan of manufacturing many instead of a few.

That decided upon, there came a decision which, in the future, will be held as one of the vital decisions of this war, so far as we are concerned—a turning point. It was decided to make one engine, a new engine, in a new way; not new as to principle or working, but new as to method of design. Ordinarily in a contingency of this sort the leading engine makers of the country would have been called in and each instructed to make drawings for an engine such as was required. This, of course, would have put each engine maker on his mettle, and he would have set out not only to make a good engine but to make an engine that should combine in it all the new ideas he had in mind. In other words, he would have done his share of inventing, with the hope of surpassing his competitors; or his share of putting in the new wrinkles and ideas or pet theories he had.

Instead of that it was determined to make one design, not twenty, and combine in that all good features. Then, this engine being a success, every engine maker in the country with capable equipment could produce it, and we should get quantity as well as quality.

Two of the best engineers of the country were called to Washington—and told what they were to do. All other engine makers were notified what was to be done. Every American facility was placed at the disposal of the designers. All military information was turned over to them; all data was collected about foreign engines—everything! The engine makers sent down their skilled draftsmen. Everybody coöperated. Sixteen machine shops, in various parts of the country, were set to making the parts as they were designed and as the drawings were completed. Two hundred draftsmen worked night and day. And in twenty-eight days from the time the engineers went at the job the new engine was completed in its initial stage—the Liberty engine.

The first Liberty engine was completed on the Fourth of July. It was not the Liberty engine of to-day, but it was a Liberty engine, just the same; and that first one is now ready to be sent to the National Museum, and will be there eventually. Then came tests of every conceivable sort; for an aircraft engine must work not on a fixed base, not as an automobile engine works, but must work without skip or jar when it is upside down, sidewise, edgewise, whirling round—in any position. Eleven Liberty engines were made by hand, each with changes the tests had indicated—improvements and simplifications. Meantime the making of tools to construct the various parts was being pushed.

The problems were many. Lightness was required. The ordinary automobile engine, familiar to most Americans, weighs approximately about ten pounds for each horse power produced by that engine. The Liberty engine weighs two pounds for each horse power produced. The ordinary automobile engine does not run wide open, at full speed, more than ten to fifteen per cent of its life. The Liberty engine must run at full speed, wide open, all the time. There are very few automobile engines that would stand to run wide open for an hour, even on a smooth track. The Liberty engine runs wide open for hours.

Thus came the Liberty engine. It was no inventing job. It was a combination of all proved things. It was built to be standardized. It was designed so that any or all of its parts may be made by any and all shops where there is equipment. It was designed so that it may be assembled anywhere. It was made so that each part of one engine is interchangeable with each similar part of any other engine. It was designed so that there shall be a minimum of waste and of supplies needed, with a maximum of efficiency. And it is a whale of a success!

Further, it is in production. It is being made. The first Liberty engine of the completed and finished type made from tools, was shipped from the Packard Company, in Detroit, on Thanksgiving Day, 1917, wrapped in an American flag. Several other concerns are making them. Soon the production will be up to amazing figures. The engine problem is solved.

I may not tell here what horse power it develops, but I may say that it does more than its most sanguine supporters ever hoped it would. Moreover, it is absolutely standardized. One or twenty shops can make the cylinders. One or twenty shops can make every other part of it. Any assembling plant can put it together. It will work. It does work. And, best of all, it is now being produced in large numbers. It is past the experimental stage. It is being made just as we make automobile engines, or any other engines—with as little difficulty and with as great efficiency.

I saw a completed Liberty engine standing beside a latest type Rolls-Royce engine—the best of America contrasted with the best of England. I am not an engineer, or skilled in machines or mechanics, but even my unaccustomed eye could see the superiority. The Rolls-Royce—no doubt a great machine—is complicated, full of tubes and springs and various apparatus, while the Liberty looks as simple and powerful and staunch and noncomplicated as the Washington Monument.

The Liberty engine is in production—working. I saw an American battle plane, made in this country, equipped with a Liberty engine that had come through in the ordinary course of shop production, go up on Saturday, December 15, 1917, carrying two men and all equipment. That great engine lifted the great plane with a whirring and popping that sounded like a battery of artillery in action, and shot it up ten thousand feet in the air like a flash of light. There wasn't a skip or a jar. It did what it was supposed to do, and more. And by the time this is in print, or soon thereafter, we shall be producing in quantity, with capacity for expansion to greater numbers as the occasion arises.

A War of Toolmakers

WE OFTEN refer to this war as a war of money, or a war of wealth, or a war of machines. It is more than that: It is a war of toolmakers. Every separate part of a Liberty engine and of any other instrument of war must have its separate tool. The efficiency of a country at war primarily depends on the efficiency of its toolmakers. Thus, it is plain that the greatest economy of production comes when all producers can work with the same tools. That is what has been accomplished with the Liberty engine and what will be accomplished in other ways. We have standardized this engine.

Further, as its design is identical for every maker the individual makers can by consultation develop it identically—that is, if one maker detects a "bug" he can inform all other makers, and does; and that bug is eradicated. Tools are interchangeable. One toolmaker can make tools for all engine makers. There are more than two thousand separate parts in each Liberty engine, and there would be six thousand parts if we were making three types of engines, or sixty thousand if we were making thirty types, as some countries are.

Consider that economy. We must send these engines to France, to Belgium, to other places three or four thousand miles away from their point of production. We must maintain supply depots for all parts of the engines. If we were making three types of engine we should be compelled to transport to France, say, and maintain there, exactly three times as many parts, in individual number, as we shall with but one type of engine. A French central engine-supply station, because of the numerous types of engines used in French machines, must keep constantly in stock two hundred and fifty thousand separate parts. With our one type we reduce that necessity in the exact proportion that our one type bears to the total French types. Moreover, if one of our engines is partially wrecked, the unwrecked parts are perfectly adjustable to any other engine.

So much for the Liberty engine, which is of the twelve-cylinder type and, as I have said, a success—a whale of a success! The magnitude of this achievement is a fit subject for admiration by the American people. To recapitulate: We had no high-powered engine of this type on April sixth, when war was declared. We had nothing to go by

except some foreign developments. We had never made one. We had no tools to make one—that is, not the special tools required. We made it. We completed the first engine in twenty-eight days. We made ten advances on it, eleven models in all. Then we went into production; and on Thanksgiving Day the first Liberty engine was shipped, to be put in an American battle plane. And we are still working at it.

The Liberty engine of the end of 1918 will be far superior to the Liberty engine of 1917, will cost less to make—because of its standardization—and will have more power; and I trust the censor will allow me to say that the Liberty engine of the end of 1917 was, in my nontechnical judgment, far superior to any other engine used for air purposes at that time.

Running parallel with the problem of the engine came the problem of the plane itself. What sort of planes should we build? What models should we use? Where should we go for design—to France, to England, to Italy, to Germany, or to all of these countries? Now, mark you, when this war was declared we in America had not built for our war use a battle plane of any sort. We had done no development, except theoretically, for Army purposes. It may be that private manufacturers had built battle planes for foreign use and under foreign contract—I am not informed on that; but as an American Army development we had none. The whole field was before our Aircraft Board and the Signal Corps. We had plans and reports without number, but we had no practical experience, speaking in an Army sense.

Airplane needs for war purposes may be divided thus, as experience has shown: First, training machines; second, advanced training machines; third, battle planes; and fourth, heavy bombing planes. There is another type, a German type, known as the pursuit plane; but as this is a purely defensivemachine,and as we do not expect to take the defensive in this air war, we did not consider those. The pursuit type of machine is not a competitor in speed, but gets its efficiency by its diving capabilities. We are building none of these.

The training machines, for the purpose of aviators, are low-powered machines—that is, the engines are of from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five horse power; the machines are smaller than the battle planes and more agile—especially the advanced training types. The men learn on these. These machines do not use Liberty engines. At present a four and an eight cylinder engine is being installed in them, which answers every requirement.

Difficulties

THE battle planes, as we make them, combine three functions—reconnaissance, combat and day bombing. The heavy bombing machines are bigger than the battle planes, heavier, carry a greater load and fly slower. They are not battle planes, but are for use in flying over the enemy's positions after dark and dropping explosives on them.

We had plans of many foreign machines and there are a great number of types. We brought over from the other side the best they had; but experience over there showed that a design which was good one day would not be good on another. Things change rapidly in flying; conditions and requirements shift; and models are shifted accordingly. Expert flyers and builders came to this country from France, England and Italy, bringing their planes.

If we had decided to build a certain type of French plane, say, that would have been easy, for it would have required only the duplication of it. But when it came to using our Liberty engine in a foreign type the problem of adaptability intervened—that is, the French plane was adjusted to the particular French engine which moved it. It was no more fitted to our engine than it was fitted for steam propulsion. Every balance was wrong, every angle, every engineering problem. Hence our concern was to select or combine a type, or types, and make a plane that would be suited to our engine.

Moreover, nothing that exists becomes obsolete so quickly as an air program. For example, when the Germans appeared flying over at the last battle of Verdun at an altitude of twenty thousand feet, that changed all the air programs there were. We had to modify the foreign planes to meet our requirements, to distribute our particular balances, to carry our own sort of loads.

This went into all types—the small, low-powered training machines as well as the battle planes and the night bombers. We had a basis, but that was all, so far as our requirements and our manufacturing was concerned. Now there are twenty-seven hundred drawings required for a complete airplane, exclusive of the engine drawings. Each plane has three thousand parts. More than twenty-two thousand screws are used in each airplane. And so on. What we had to do was not only to select our types but make our tools for these various parts, none of which existed or few of which existed. And, to keep abreast of the changes, we also set six of the best airplane designers in the world at work on new plans for us—one in England, one in France, one in Italy and three at home. We told these men the sky was the limit and to give us the best that was in them.

This decision of type opened new and perplexing problems of supply and production that had to be met. The fact is, we were not so well equipped to make airplanes as the general public had imagined, and as will be shown. First off, there was the question of production. Who should make the planes? Right there came a trying situation, for there were various aircraft producers in this country, pioneers in a way, who demanded consideration; and pressing in with these were the men who thought anybody could make an airplane, their idea being based largely on the popular idea that an airplane is merely a few sticks, some cloth, and an engine.

Production at a High Level

THEY came from all sides. As a sample of the demands for contracts that were made I quote an inventory of a politically backed concern which felt fully capable of making a large number of Nieuport airplanes: Hydraulic dredge, two clamshell dredges, tug, eight dump scows, dipper dredge, boat with derrick, deck scow, water boat, motor boat, composite scow, rock drill, anchors, chains, buckets, stake boats, scrap, machine shop, dipper dredge, drill scow, seventy acres of land on a river. Fancy that for an airplane-factory equipment!

It was decided that eventually we must get to the same standardized production in the planes that we were to get to in the engines; and there are at present three big factories in operation, as well as many smaller concerns.

This phase of the problems of the Army producers need not be gone into here. It is familiar to all who know Washington, and all who have been in Washington since this war began—the pressure of men for contracts, which is not only political but personal, social and of every other nature. Presumably the board will have opportunity to explain its contracts as they have been made. The board had its troubles of the old familiar sort.

As to the low-powered training and advanced training machines, these are airplanes—up-to-date, of course, but merely airplanes none the less, albeit their construction required the consideration of the major problems of supply, manufacture, development and production. The battle planes, being the most elaborate, will be used as the type to demonstrate just what the Signal Corps has been up against in the perfecting of their plans and in the production of their machines. It is sufficient to say that the training and advanced training machines are in good production, that production is increasing rapidly, and that there will be shoals of them.

First off, it may be well to dispose of the number we shall have. There have been many claims, statements, prophecies and exhortations, in the public prints and elsewhere, to the broad general effect that it is as simple as rolling off a log for

(Continued on Page 30)

JAZZ BAND
WAR DANCES
7 P.M. To 2 A.M.
TABLES $5.00
THE WAR IN THE CABARETS
A FRIEND OF MINE KNOWS A MAN WHO HEARD FROM A CLERK IN WASHINGTON THAT HE KNOWS FOR A FACT THAT A JANITOR IN THE WAR DEP'T. SAID—ETC.
THE WAR IN THE SUBWAY
I SAY GIVE GERMANY BELGIUM, NORTHERN FRANCE, POLAND, SERBIA AND ANYTHING ELSE SHE WANTS, BUT STOP THIS HORRIBLE WAR!
THE WAR AMONG THE YELLOW PATRIOTS
CUT THE PORTIONS IN HALF AND I'LL DOUBLE THE PRICES— ALSO WE'LL GIVE 'EM ANOTHER MEATLESS DAY. WE MUST HELP WIN THE WAR!
Herbert Johnson
THE WAR IN THE HOTEL HIGHBINDER

WHEN THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

AGE-WORN pinkish velours festooned the four walls of the comparatively small room which, of all the echoing halls in Mrs. Twillworthy Gunn's Fifth Avenue palace, she had caused to be specially stage-set as an inner council chamber. She had begun arraying this dramatic room many years ago, when first she went in for public life; and to-night both her career and her setting were in full bloom, for was not the council of the Desperate Ten meeting round the great Spanish table, dimly lighted by guttering candles in silver sconces? Indeed it was. Count them—ten. Long and short haired, eyes intently blazing, they sat knuckle to chin as one brain or another contributed to a plan that was to make a little more trouble for an already overoccupied United States Government. Expressed in terms of color they might have been called the pinkest of our Reds.

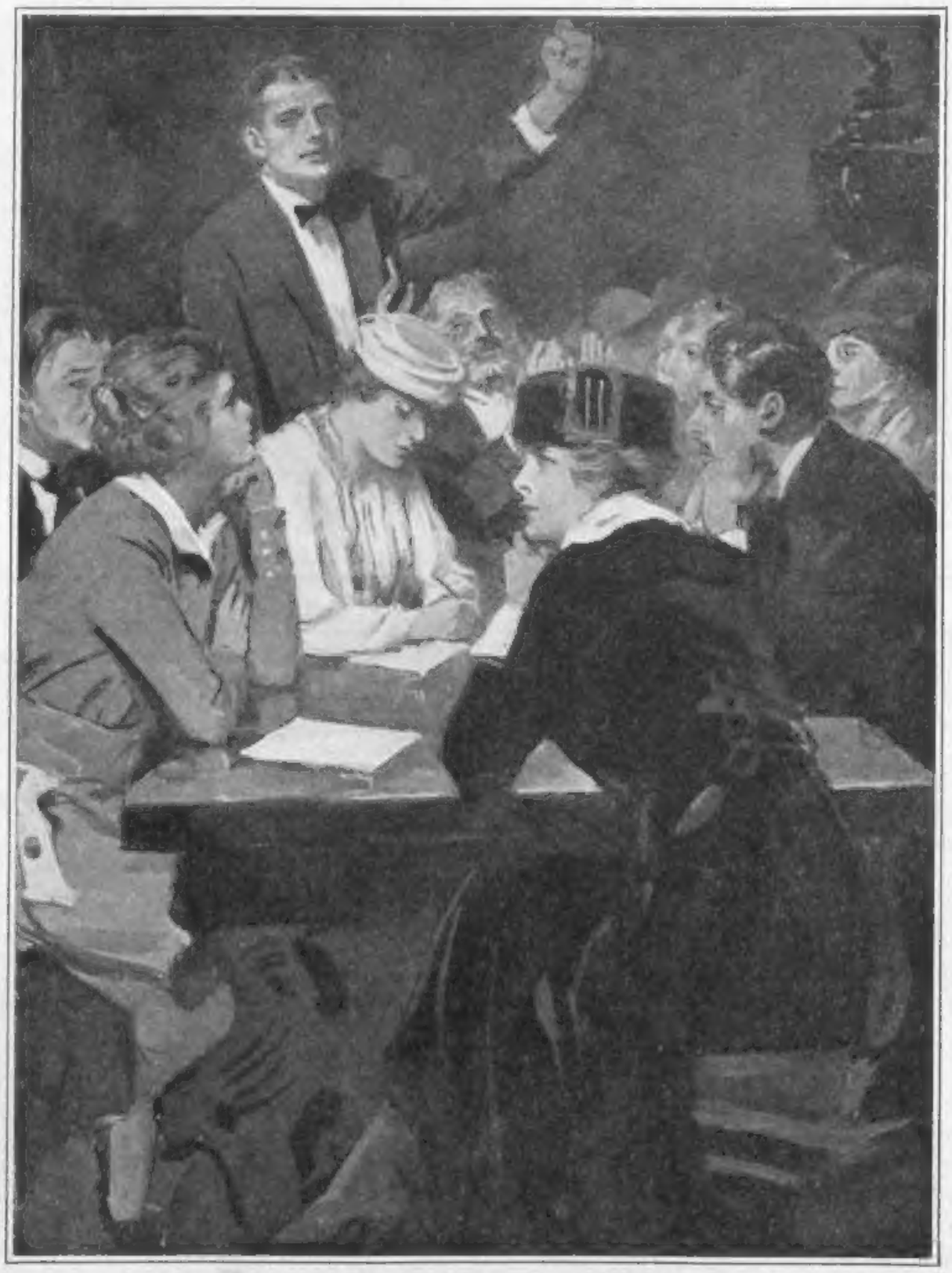
Vidoff, the Ghetto intellectual, sat perfectly rigid, disdaining the lock of hair that straggled over his pallid brow, interfering with his eyesight; two ladies of uncertain age but definitely modish apparel nodded to Mrs. Gunn's every "Yes" and shook to her every "No"; two press agents whom Mrs. Gunn had created, male and female, concealed a mental anæmia under an excessive ardor; Beth Quaile, the somewhat vampirish damosel who went in for Rosetti effects and had once threatened to blow up the City Hall, made faces expressive of inflexible resolve; Sherlitt Shannon, who stroked his square-cut beard, offered his ready smirk; every object in the room, animate or still, seemed contributory to the might and reason of that giver of all good things, Mrs. Twillworthy Gunn, who, wearing only a few diamonds and a ninety-dollar shirt waist out of respect to the democracy of the occasion, sat tall and painted like a Chinese goddess, bossing the assemblage with her tired old eyes.

At the tenth place little Pauline Rance gave both her pretty eyes to the ninth conspirator, the blond, splendid Englishman who, dinner-jacketed and perfectly poised behind his flashing words, stood leaning upon one aristocratic hand as with the other he gestured rather stiffly. Cyril Freyne, of the almost too lordly name, was a living thrill to the girl, who had decided rather recently that her life should be devoted to danger and sacrifice. A miracle had brought her out of a pleasure-seeking obscurity into this circle of great minds. She felt unworthy and so young. She was actually twenty, but she looked eighteen; and though she had tried to do her bright hair into such severely tragic lines as would become a martyr-elect she had no way of arranging her little nose, which was frivolous. Joan of Arc could not have worn that nose. Neither could a Pankhurst. And while her eyes were starry with a high resolve and glory played about her like a pretty nimbus that nose seemed always to say, "Oh, come on, Pauline!"

"Last week's suffrage victory in New York," the Oxford accent was going suavely on, "was a great triumph for the Cause, so far as it went—and no farther. Such of us as have the vision to see things as they are—and that rare gift belongs to our generous hostess to-night ——"

"Hear! Hear!" came Shannon's enraptured note, after he had looked toward his generous hostess for approval.

"—— such as have that vision, I say know that a half-won battle is as good as lost. What of the faint-hearted sisterhood, those conservative suffragists who are urging you to declare a truce and work for the Government until the European war is won? Hordes of placid women—and I am free to admit that the majority are on the side against us—are willing to let this war beg the question as it has begged it too long in France and my own England. This shilly-shally point of view, I regret to say, is encouraged by your President. He tells the women with ideals and vision far beyond his own war-mad thoughts to go home and knit sweaters for soldiers. Knit sweaters! They have knit sweaters too long at the behest of demagogues."



How Wonderfully This Englishman Saw Things, Thought Little Pauline Rance. How Like a Galahad He Stood There

Sherlitt Shannon again looked to Mrs. Gunn for approval ere he brought his soft hands together in applause. How wonderfully this Englishman saw things, thought little Pauline Rance. How like a Galahad he stood there, his eyes a crystal gray, his complexion fair as a girl's. There was something soldierly about him, too—a soldier of peace!

". . . I abhor Prussianism, but I do not hate it. Hate is not a constructive emotion. We must not forget that love is stronger than death, stronger than the blood lust which, thanks to the selfish ambition of many governments, temporarily dominates the earth. I want the women of America to learn to love their sisters in Berlin as well as in London. And with love giving strength to your hatred I want you to carry the fight so strongly against the White House that your Chief Executive may have no rest."

Pauline realized that the logic was a bit complicated, but she followed it as rapturously as a child might follow the flight of an archangel. This quiet, unexcitable master of English was conducting his rhapsody from movement to movement, never losing control of his theme.

". . . and the women of America will learn the tragic lesson. For whose benefit is this war being carried on?"

There fell a pause. Vidoff stirred restlessly, his countenance revealing the impatience that one professional entertainer always feels when another has the floor. It was evident that this Englishman, a comparative newcomer, was gathering them all too well under his persuasive will.

"De var iss being runned for de benefit off de munition makers," boomed Vidoff, shaking his mane.

"Well said, comrade!" The courteous Englishman smiled a handsome smile. "If your President were frightened into granting a complete franchise to your women do you think thousands of women would permit themselves to be employed making explosives with which to blow humanity to bits? No, comrades, the fight we have sworn to carry up to the throne—the throne of your autocratic President—involves a principle deeper than war, a principle that touches the roots of life itself, a principle ——"

"Hear! Hear!" broke in Shannon, this time without asking permission. He had scrambled to his feet, waving his hands, spluttering approval. Pauline was irritated that he should have interrupted the crystal fountain of truth. Her frivolous nose was admiring the perfection of Mr. Freyne's tiny waxed mustache.

"Let the Cossacks of Washington ride down defenseless women at the White House gate," Shannon was piping in his high voice. "How dare the President prate of Belgium? What in Belgium is worse than ——"

"Stories of Belgium are grossly exaggerated by British war propagandists," Cyril Freyne smoothly assured the Ten.

By the act of rising Mrs. Gunn silenced the noise, for they were all barking at once like a pack of little dogs round a treed cat. She had to speak but once, using the boxed-in arrogant drawl with which she had diverted many sane and serious women in the days of her earlier effort.

"Order!" she commanded distinctly. She turned upon the Englishman the pleased proprietorial eye of one who has found a new trinket with which to trim the mantle of her fame. "Mr. Freyne has outlined our—purposes—so well that I need add nothing to what he has said. It is very gratifying to me to feel that we have acquired new blood at a time when we need it most. Mr. Freyne has a higher courage than mere patriotism. He has come to show us the light and to strengthen our arm. Er ——"

She put her hand delicately to her throat. A man in the ornate Gunn livery stood at her elbow with a glass of water on a silver tray. She sipped fastidiously before resuming:

"I am proud to announce that the arrest of White House pickets has considerably increased in the last fortnight. We take this as a wholesome indication. Now our fighting headquarters at Washington have written me this week calling for volunteers from the Ten to carry on the bolder and more—ruthless—campaign which Mr. Freyne has been so good as to arrange for us."

A smile toward the ninth place, where the Englishman blushed slightly and bowed.

"During recent picketing experiences we have been annoyed by a tendency on the part of the mob to meet our banner carriers as they leave headquarters and tear down our slogans almost before they are displayed. They permit us to carry the old-fashioned Votes-for-Women flag; but if anything is shown of a more—radical—nature it is pounced upon and torn away."

"Can't it be concealed under the skirt until needed?" inquired one of the three shirt-waisted ladies.

"That has been tried with some success," replied Mrs. Gunn, eying the questioner with cold superiority. "But the device is clumsy and rather inaccessible. Thanks to Mr. Freyne's ingenuity we have now at our command a novel form of banner which I think will serve the purpose."

Another grateful blush from Mr. Freyne. Mrs. Gunn pressed a button under the table. The liveried man again appeared at her elbow.

"Winter, the package!" commanded the great lady scarcely turning. In an instant the magenta broadcloth legs were hurrying nimbly back and the yellow waistcoat bent over a roll of dull-blue cloth.

"On the outside, you see, it's made of blue serge," explained Mrs. Gunn, rising and unrolling the cloth. "Though it is triangular in shape it has been cut in such a way as to give, on the outside, the appearance of a walking skirt. It is fastened like this."

Temporarily Mrs. Gunn lent her sacred person to the use of the skirt model as she snapped the upper seam of the triangular garment to her waistband and, stepping back a pace, showed herself in this modest if somewhat eccentric overskirt.

"When the time comes to show our banner," now said Mrs. Gunn, "the garment can be unsnapped with two motions—one, two—like this."

Deftly she ripped the apronlike thing loose from its moorings and in another moment was holding the triangle under her chin so that the sinister nature of its gaudy satin lining stood plainly before the beholders.

It was a yellow and black, most insultingly worded White House picket's banner, so distinctly lettered that he who ran after it could read: "Deluded foreigners, why do you come to America in quest of liberty? The slave driver of the White House is making of womanhood a mockery more sickening than Belgium!"

"How perfectly splendid!" It was the gushing voice of Beth Quaile which greeted this black-lettered philippic. "It's epic—wonderful! Who could have thought of it?"

"The words are Mr. Freyne's," acknowledged Mrs. Gunn.

"Is there nothing Mr. Freyne can't do?" chimed Miss Quaile. Pauline thought her rather too familiar with the unsurpassed genius.

"Rather a decent bit of ladies' tailoring, don't you think?" smiled the Englishman, using a lighter tone, which to Pauline seemed unworthy of him.

"It's so designed," went on Mrs. Gunn, "that it can be hoisted to the cross bar at the top of the standard by means of a guy rope which is to be attached to the back just before the skirt is removed."

"It will be raised by a special guard of honor ——" began Shannon, but was promptly cut off by a look from Mrs. Gunn. Evidently he had been stealing her lines.

"We have reserved this occasion for next Wednesday noon, when the members of the Siamese High Commission are expected to have luncheon at the White House."

There was a hush, during which Mrs. Gunn handed the banner over to the ever-ready footman.

"Our fighting council has just wired me a request that one of our Ten be chosen to carry the banner," she said at last. "The honor will be a conspicuous one as well as dangerous."

Another pause, during which all the ladies present shuffled uneasily. There flamed to Pauline's vision a picture of all the charred and tortured martyrs who had gone before. The air was charged with doom and with glory.

"And I have decided to choose one who will add a peculiar touch of appeal to the sacrifice ——"

At that moment the distinguished footman tiptoed silkily in, rounding the table with stealthy tread as he approached Pauline's place. Mrs. Gunn paused, annoyed, as she always was when her flow of speech was interrupted.

"Mr. Cleary calling for you, miss," whispered the servant at Pauline's shoulder.

How outrageous! Of course Bob must choose this time to come charging in like a wild steer into a jeweler's window.

"Tell him I'll be down presently," breathed Pauline, her ear still intent upon the next, the fatal words which were about to drop from Mrs. Gunn's expensive lips.

Out on Fifth Avenue, Bob Cleary had sat for long and longer in an electrically lighted cab before he had made his impatient resolve to charge the palace. He read an evening paper to a rag, debating how best to tell Pauline to come home. That afternoon, too busy to see him, she had graciously permitted him to call for her at ten. And here it was half past twelve, the lights still glowing mysteriously in a window on the second-floor front, where the fool conference was evidently being held. Cleary lighted another cigarette and gazed banefully at that broad square of radiance above Mrs. Gunn's haughty façade. He was tempted to borrow a monkey wrench from the chauffeur and hurl it through that insolent pane of glass just as he had once heard Mrs. Gunn advise a thousand hoarse militants to treat the windows of the Senate Office Building.

Cleary, who had no great gift of speech, said something terse which he had learned in an earlier day, when he had driven a team of mules ahead of a sand wagon in Illinois. A strongly built, seamy man of thirty-seven, he showed to-night the strain to which his brain and nerve had been put. War had made of Cleary the busiest man that ever earned a dollar a year; for out of a prosperous automotive engineer, designing power with which to draw Midas up steep hills, he had become overnight a Government expert in standardized aviation motors. Yesterday had closed for him an almost sleepless ten days—ten days in which a half dozen heads as hard as his own had come together over piles upon piles of blue prints until a knot had been unknotted and a theoretical principle had become a workable fact. For hours they had been locked together like jurors, reaching out at intervals for sandwiches and coffee. Those days had imparted none of the fury of battle—rather the self-effacing endurance that a general must show when he knows that upon his own cold brain depends the fate of much warm blood.

Cleary had been too busy to come up to New York to vote, too busy even to remember that it was election day. He had glanced at a Washington paper after an all-night session and had remarked with elation that New York had gone big for suffrage. He knew how happy it would make the Widow Cleary back in Illinois, and he had sent her a telegram before snatching two hours of sleep from a stingy Morpheus.

So to-night, idle at last and worn out, he endured the bleak comfort of studying Mrs. Gunn's architectural taste—from the outside. That window of mystery, dully glowering upstairs, especially offended his jaded nerves. It was wide as a show window, and the little light it yielded to the world was shrouded in fine-spun lace, tucked silk and elaborately fringed shades. The place was scrofulous with stony ornamentation. Cleary, who was no artist, made a bet with himself that the place would be twice as beautiful if it were half as ornamental. In his busy mathematical brain he began figuring out how much Mrs. Gunn would have saved herself on the half-as-much basis.

At last he swore again, softly this time; then he got down from the cab and walked over to the great doorway. At his pressure upon the button a silver bell rang out its polite alarm somewhere beyond the labyrinth of wrought-iron grille work. Bowed in by one silver-buttoned ambassador he confided to another that he was calling for Miss Rance. He sat dwarfed beneath the gigantic violence of a Gobelin tapestry until the silken envoy, appearing mysteriously again, repeated the message over his large smooth chin:

"Miss Rance says, sir, she'll be down presently."

Consulting his watch the engineer reflected that "presently" imparted the masterly vagueness of a Prussian treaty.

"Will you wait, sir?"

"I'll be out in the car."

The ambassador bowed. Members of his gaudy staff, ambushed behind marble pillars and waving palms, bowed also. The man at the door bowed and hastened forward to open more metallic doors than ever guarded a safe-deposit vault.

At last she did come down. He saw her distinctly running the gantlet of the iron doors, her neat small figure snugly swaddled in a yellowish cloak, her eyes beaming eagerly up at a tall man in an otter-collared overcoat. Cleary, being human, resented the approach of this interloper. Cleary wanted a real talk with Pauline. They had been so much apart these months since war had been declared that her promise to marry him in the spring seemed at times utterly obliterated, like the fine sweet note of a violin drowned in the shocking babel of steel construction.

"Oh, Bob!"

She came eagerly toward him and her pleading blue eyes seemed to say, "Please don't scold me!" Her cheeks were aglow with excitement. The handsome stranger stood at attention in a pose that was alertly military.

"I was just going to turn you over to the secret service," grinned Cleary forgivingly as he took her hand.

"This is Mr. Freyne," explained she, turning admiringly toward the man with the furry neck piece.

"How are you?" The engineer gave a forthright palm to the Englishman's firm grasp.

"I told Mr. Freyne you'd give him a lift as far as the Ritz." Her eyes still held that apologetic look, her cheeks were still flaming. What in the world had happened?

"Sure thing! We're going right by there." Cleary's tone was as cordial as his words.

"Thanks awfully!" protested Freyne. "Don't let me be a nuisance."

"No trouble at all."

Upon the word Cleary laid hold of Freyne and helped him to a seat beside Pauline as he took for himself the extra perch and slammed the door upon the party. The car had no sooner turned its face down Fifth Avenue than the girl became vocal with echoes of the secret meeting.

"She's wonderful!" cried Pauline ecstatically, referring of course to Mrs. Gunn. "What a fighting spirit!"

"Nothing is won without it," replied Freyne; and as Cleary saw him dimly through the interior of the cab he thought he did not look like one who lost easily.

"That's Exactly What I Wanted You to Say," Outspoke the Man at the Desk. "You're Talking to the Secret Service, Miss Rance"

"She'll never be silenced by catchwords or half measures," continued the girl in that same inspirational tone.

"Great Scott!" blurted Cleary. "By the way you talk you'd think suffrage had been lost instead of won. Has this Mrs. Gunn got a personal grouch against the Government?"

"That's an amusing word you Americans have—'grouch,'" rippled the Oxford accent. "And I might say that Mrs. Gunn has just that against the Government."

"I suppose she's mad because the battle's over and she won't get her picture in the papers any more."

"The battle," said the Englishman very distinctly, "is just begun."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If your women can't prove their equality now it will never be recognized."

"They can prove it by sewing shirts for soldiers," growled the engineer. "Before the war is over we'll have a dozen million shirts to sew. The best suffragists in the country recognize the fact and they're doing all their talking with the sewing machine."

"Tory sentimentality, my dear sir," came the slightly arrogant voice out of the dimness. "The sort that has disgusted me with the British. Woman is required to idealize man's brutality with labor, much as the Sioux chief requires his squaw to sharpen the tomahawk with which he scalps his victims. Your President, I regret to say, is far more medieval than the Kaiser."

"I want to tell you two things: In the first place Sioux chiefs don't use tomahawks; in the second place I'll thank you to keep the President's name out of this," growled Cleary.

"You have a splendid country here," came the Englishman's peace offering at last.

"The Kaiser thinks so, too." Cleary sensed the savage charm that comes to one who indulges himself in the luxury of being rude to an abominable guest. "He thinks it's so splendid that he's got to have it to play with. And that's just why we're at war."

"Possibly we disagree on terms."

The car drew up before the glass-hooded entrance of the hotel and Freyne smiled forgivingly, extending one of his strong-fingered hands.

"Terms and other things," grinned the engineer, savagely returning the handshake.

The ceiling light flashed on in the interior of the cab, and Cleary caught in that illumination the round admiring eyes which Pauline Rance was turning upon the blond stranger whose sentiments belied his military figure. Freyne stood at the curb and raised his hat punctiliously, straight from the elbow.

"I hope you know how we appreciate what you've done—what you're going to do!" chirped Pauline, spellbound before the crystal directness of his gaze.

"My heart and soul are in your success," he assured her solemnly. "If I can help Mrs. Gunn to put her program through I shall feel we've all worked together for a common cause."

"What's the common cause?" sniffed Cleary impolitely.

"Perhaps we shall have a better chance to discuss that," he cooed softly and bowed himself away.

The top light went out and the car proceeded downtown. Cleary had a great deal to say to Pauline, but was baffled by his natural clumsiness. He ought, of course, to apologize. He realized that Pauline's unbridled rush into Mrs. Gunn's cult of violence was merely a phase. The new convert is usually the fanatic. Pauline had been bred in ladies' finishing schools and week-end parties and tea dances and fashionable resorts so long, then had plunged into public life with her head down—was it a wonder that pretty head was completely unbalanced for the time? But what sort of a trap was she charging into now? He had always admired her for having opinions. Opinions had been mother's milk to him. Cleary wished Pauline would let him tell her about his mother.

She drew her hand away as he groped for it across the seat. "Mad?" he asked gruffly.

"Sort of," she admitted with a momentary return to her former self. Then: "Can't you listen to anyone's opinions besides your own?"

"In times like these," he reminded her gently, "there are opinions that get people shot at sunrise."

"You're becoming Prussianized!" She spoke sharply. "Constant association with all those militarists at Washington ——"

"By the way," he broke in, having just thought of something, "that Englishman of yours is a pretty fine-looking party. What is he? A slacker?"

"You can't condemn him with a stock phrase."

"He'd certainly look grand in a uniform. Straight as a ramrod. Fit as a fiddle."

"He has the higher bravery," she informed him in Mrs. Gunn's best didactic key.

"For instance?"

"Moral courage. I don't suppose you realize the fearlessness it requires for one man, strengthened by his convictions, to express his opinions to a whole race of people who have gone mad like a pack of wolves."

"Bum zoölogy!" he grunted. "Wolves don't go mad in packs. They go hungry, that's all."

"Bob," she insisted, taking a lapel of his coat and regarding him sadly, "why can't you learn a little toleration? I always thought you were for suffrage."

"I am," he said. "So much so that I refuse to be bunked by any cheap substitutes. I'm not for Mrs. Gunn's brand any more than I would be for Catharine de' Medici's. And that English slacker ——"

"You're unreasonable."

"My mother is a suffragist. She's done more for the Cause in Illinois than most women out there—and do you know what she wrote me last week? 'I'd be a pretty poor suffragist if I didn't think my country was bigger than my vote.'"

"Your mother would probably be with Mrs. Gunn if she were here."

"Is Mrs. Gunn knitting for soldiers and planning a campaign for the new Liberty Loan?"

"No. Her interests are much deeper than that ——"

"Then my old lady wouldn't be with her," replied Cleary. "She'd be pretty prosy, I guess, according to Mrs. Gunn's standard. You see, when dad died ma undertook the job of raising five husky boys and putting 'em through college. For years she bossed a big truck farm all by herself and at the same time got a reputation for being the best housekeeper in the county. She helped start a real-estate boom in Salonica and when it came our way she cut the farm up into suburban lots. It was only when she began making good as a business woman that it occurred to her how much squarer a deal she'd get if she had a vote and a voice in the government. And when she found what she wanted she just went in and got it. That's ma's way."

They had now stopped before a small white-faced brick house in the upper thirties.

"I'm sorry I've been beefing," he told her. "I've been on the job so long my nerves are like a tattered flag. I'm going back to the hotel and sleep a week."

"And when you wake up you'll feel better about Mrs. Gunn, won't you?"

"I guess not!" he broke out irritably, utterly baffled to see how little influence his point of view had on her. "My advice is to drop her cold. She's a nut. She'll lead you from bad to worse."

They had walked together down to the American basement entrance and he was fumbling with her latchkey when she turned upon him and said, "I didn't think you could be such an obstructionist."

"That's it! Damn me with a long word. My Lord, Pauline, you seem to be perfectly spiffed with pink ideas. The next thing you know you'll be down at Washington wigwagging a banner in front of the White House."

The door swung open.

"I don't see anything disgraceful about making a sacrifice for one's principles."

"Do you mean to say you'd actually go—actually join the martyr sisters—be grabbed as a public nuisance and ——"

She leaned against the door jamb, her dimly outlined face white as the panel.

"To-night Mrs. Gunn asked me to be a White House picket," she said in a still small voice.

"I knew it!" roared Cleary, bringing a closed fist against the palm of his hand. "I knew they'd get you! My Lord, I saw it coming!"

"Good night!" She was already inside.

"Pauline—listen to me a minute!"

"Yes?" came her mocking echo from within.

"Won't you let me talk sense to you—once—before you make a perpetual little fool of yourself?"

"Perhaps," he thought he heard her say before she closed the white door and left him to swear his way back to the taxicab.

II

NEXT afternoon Cleary met the incoming train from Chicago, and when he recognized the mayor of Salonica, Illinois, among the baggage-laden invaders he rushed rapturously forth and kissed that eminent executive on both plump cheeks. And this was not because Cleary was imbued with any French ideas of official osculation, but because the good mayor of Salonica was a lady and, more important still, his mother. She was short and comfortable in stature, with cheeks like peonies, and the humorous choleric eyes of the Celt. She was well dressed in the way that very busy ladies somewhat past middle age are often well dressed; individually her garments were fashionable, but they gave the effect of never having gotten acquainted with one another. Above her solid capable features she wore a coquettish bit of millinery with two red wings stretched as in flight. The milliner who sold it to her had told her the wings would "lighten her face." Close locked under her double chin was a very high lace collar. Her veil she had evidently put on in a hurry as the train pulled into the station, for one large black polka dot covered the end of her nose and another her left eye, giving a false oddity to her wholesome face. A crescent-shaped pearl pin which she had used to fasten her collar in the back had caught in her hair. Her feet were small and pretty; so were her hands, in one of which she carried a cavernous patent-leather hand bag, in the other an umbrella with three hard-glazed imitation cherries on the handle.

"Land sakes, Buddy," she began in her penetrating key, linking an arm under her son's big elbow, "it's raining cats and dogs and you haven't got on your overshoes. What's become of the pair I sent down to Washington?"

"Look here, ma!" he grinned. "Haven't you got enough on your mind without bothering about my health?"

"Health's my specialty, Buddy," she informed him. "After raising five of the worst boys in the world I got to know more than the doctor. That's what elected me, I guess. If Salonica hadn't been the dirtiest little town in the Middle West and if the women folks hadn't got good and sick of it there'd been a grafter in the City Hall to-day. I won out on the platform that most men don't know how to take care of themselves and that running a city is nothing more or less than wholesale housekeeping."

As they walked arm in arm across the broad floor Cleary informed her that he had seen Salonica written up in the newspapers as the very model of a scientifically conducted city.

"We're something of a jay town still, I guess," she told him, trying not to look too pleased. "But we can show New York a thing or two about removing garbage without leaving the cans on the sidewalk half the day and waking everybody up at four."

As Mrs. Cleary hoisted her cherry-garlanded umbrella and they crossed the street toward dinner in a railroad hotel her son had a feeling of relief that the sanest woman he knew had thus opportunely come to give him some advice in the problem that was embittering his thoughts. He looked with humorous affection upon his mother's small girlish feet, mincing their way over the puddles. She was such a domestic-minded person, and he marveled to think of the efficient justice with which she had administered the affairs of a growing city.

After she had registered, overlooked her room and joined him below in the grill; after she had studied the menu card, spoken to the head waiter about the lavish use of white-flour bread and finally ordered large oysters and fried butterfish, she gave again her maternal attention to Bob's personal hygiene.

"Aside from finding out about my overshoes," he managed to grin, "what other public matters brought you to New York all of a sudden?"

"Something big, Buddy," she informed him, after telling the waiter he was fairly throwing butter away.

"You're not going to nominate a lady mayor for New York, are you?" he persisted in his lighter vein.

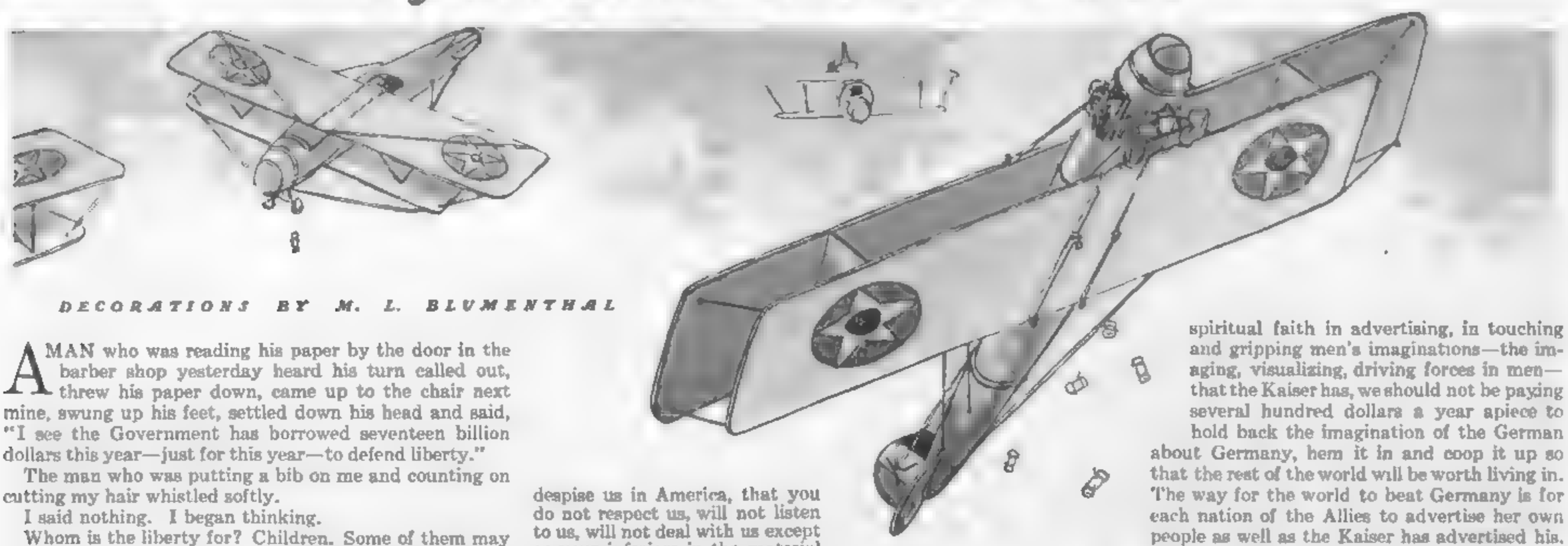
"God forbid! I'd hate to meet one of those Tammanettes after dark. It's town pride with me, Buddy," she slanted into her theme at last after finishing her oysters.

(Continued on Page 39)

He Realized That Pauline's Unbridled Rush Into Mrs. Gunn's Cult of Violence Was Merely a Phase

CUTTING PAST THE KAISER

By GERALD STANLEY LEE



DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

A MAN who was reading his paper by the door in the barber shop yesterday heard his turn called out, threw his paper down, came up to the chair next mine, swung up his feet, settled down his head and said, "I see the Government has borrowed seventeen billion dollars this year—just for this year—to defend liberty."

The man who was putting a bib on me and counting on cutting my hair whistled softly.

I said nothing. I began thinking.

Whom is the liberty for? Children. Some of them may live long enough perhaps—may hope to get some of it.

I began figuring.

Liberty comes high since Germany began. Reckoning for children—for children three thousand miles away—the right to be free costs $1400 apiece this year. Reckoning for babies and practically only children under three will collect on liberty—every baby in this country is having $5266 spent by our Government on his liberty this year.

It ought to make even a baby thoughtful to know it's costing somebody $5266 a year.

When I came out of the barber shop I came plump on a baby in its gocart rolling in the sun down Shop Row. "The Government is spending $5266 a year on you—on your liberty, just for this year!" I thought at it as I looked at its little hopeful vague round face.

Then I walked on.

Liberty for a baby in America $100 a week!

Any baby.

About $15 a day.

Does the baby earn $15 a day?

Who is paying $15 a day for the baby's liberty?

If the war lasts four years the liberty the baby has will cost America—for this particular four years—about $21,000.

Is the baby going to pay back the $5266 a year?

Is the baby's liberty worth $5266 a year?

What will the liberty—all this liberty that is being held on to so tightly for the baby—be like when he gets it?

What will he do with it?

Will he join the I. W. W., after we have spent, say, $21,000 on his liberty?

This afternoon I came home through the Public Gardens, and near the pond and round the paths and benches I saw babies everywhere and flocks of gocarts; every one of them—every one in sight having that very hour sixty cents an hour spent on him for his liberty, by our Government. Sixty cents an hour, asleep or awake! A cent a minute for his liberty being handed out for him, asleep or awake, by the United States. Fifteen dollars to-day.

The Three Advertisements

FIFTEEN dollars more to-morrow. Fifteen dollars more day after to-morrow—every day all the year. What is it all for?

What are we doing it for?

What is America driving at in doing it?

This article is to find out.

I want to put it down in plain black and white, if I can, what the liberty is for, and what it is like—at $15 a day.

I am full of enthusiasm for spending the $15 a day for the liberty.

But liberty for what? What right are American men, women and children spending seventeen billion dollars a year to get?

The right to advertise in Germany.

That is what it amounts to. The war is over and liberty is secured and held down for all of us the moment we can get certain facts about America and Americans over where the Germans can see them—the moment we touch the imagination of the German people.

What shall we advertise in Germany?

First Advertisement: American guns. [Advertisement under Pershing.] You have said in Germany that you despise us in America, that you do not respect us, will not listen to us, will not deal with us except as your inferiors in the material world. We will advertise to you that we are materially fit to take the leadership over you in the modern material world. You will not listen to any other advertisement from America. So here it is:

WE CAN WHIP YOU WITH OUR GUNS

This is our first advertisement.

Second Advertisement:

WE CAN WHIP YOU WITH OUR SOULS

We will advertise to you, by the way we carry on and the way we end this war, that we are spiritually, intellectually and politically fit to take the precedence of you in the intellectual and political leadership of the world.

Third Advertisement: America's Substitute for War—after this one is ended right.

Of course the main difficulty we are going to come up against when we Americans try to drive our advertising in through to the German people is that the Kaiser has got his advertising in first.

In competing with the Kaiser we Americans will have to compete—so far as his local field is concerned—with the best advertising man on earth. No advertising anyone ever dreamed of is like the Kaiser's. It is taking twenty nations to whip the Germans because the Kaiser begins his advertising with the babies.

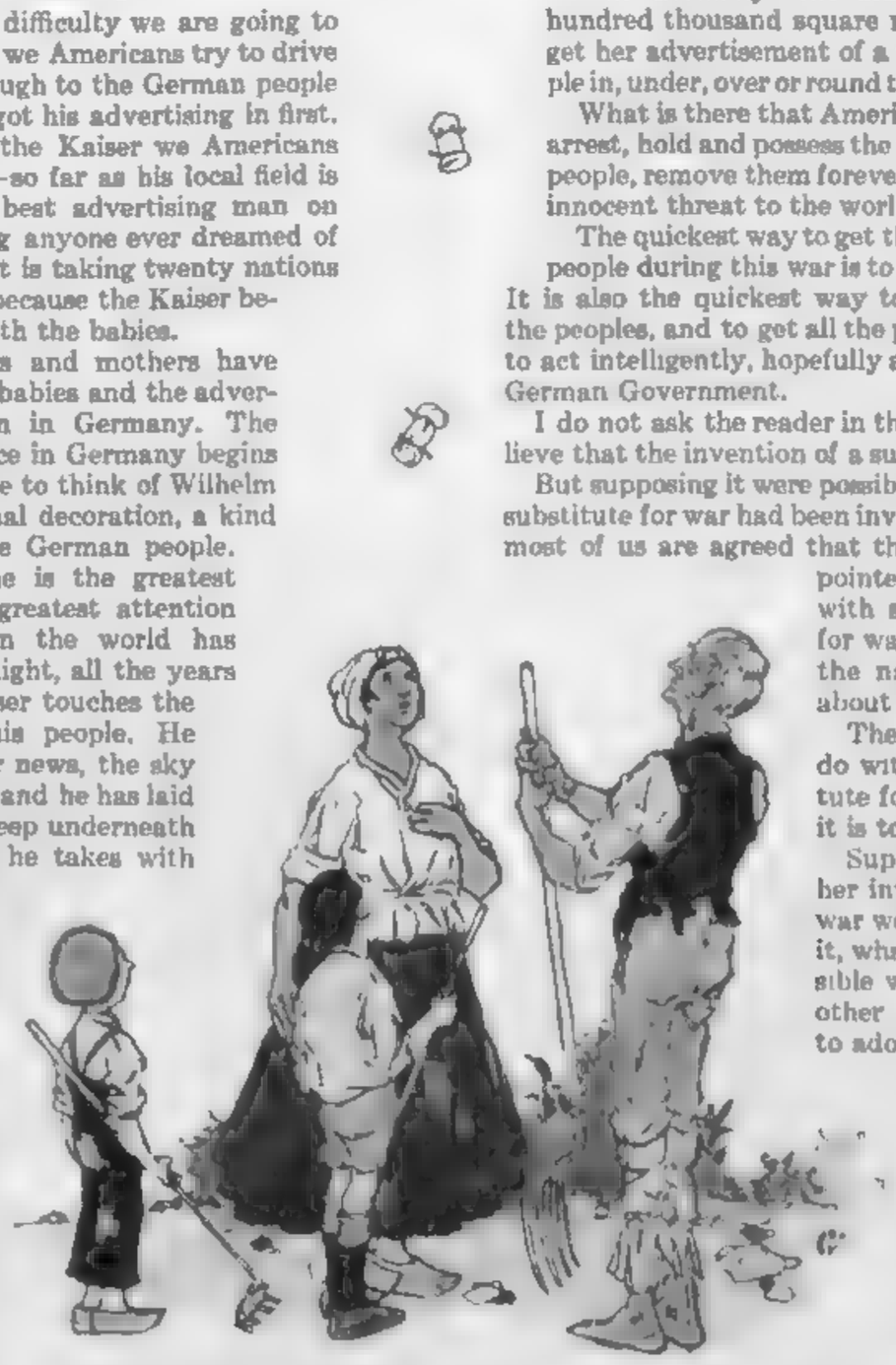
Before their fathers and mothers have met, the educating of babies and the advertising of babies begin in Germany. The advertising of obedience in Germany begins in the womb. It is idle to think of Wilhelm II as a splendid national decoration, a kind of royal image for the German people.

In his own field he is the greatest nation engineer, the greatest attention engineer or statesman the world has known. All day, all night, all the years of their lives, the Kaiser touches the imaginations of all his people. He is the horizon of their news, the sky line of their thoughts; and he has laid mines in the ground, deep underneath their lives. The tone he takes with them instead of being theatrical is real. He has obsessed the imagination of the Germans and jammed down his soul on them as the lid of the country.

The Kaiser stands out to-day as the main fact that the world has to face for the next hundred years because he has believed in advertising.

If the people of the other nations, of the great democracies, had a twentieth of the grim spiritual faith in advertising, in touching and gripping men's imaginations—the imaging, visualizing, driving forces in men—that the Kaiser has, we should not be paying several hundred dollars a year apiece to hold back the imagination of the German about Germany, hem it in and coop it up so that the rest of the world will be worth living in. The way for the world to beat Germany is for each nation of the Allies to advertise her own people as well as the Kaiser has advertised his. Then we will advertise in Germany.

What we are fighting the German people for is to get the German people to let us advertise in Germany. We propose to put before the Germans our advertisement of the kind of modern world we want and how we want to get it alongside their Kaiser's modern world—the one he is giving them now. On these two great advertisements of worlds—the Kaiser's world and our world side by side, day by day, before the eyes of the German people—civilization to-day hangs by a thread.



With Ships of News We Will Attack the Great Army of the Millions of Fooled Men Slaving in the Weary Fields That Alone Make the German Army at the Front Possible

The Way to Advertise

IS THERE any possible thing that America, when she gazes at the Kaiser's advertisement in Germany—the Kaiser's huge billboard two hundred thousand square miles in extent—can do to get her advertisement of a world to the German people in, under, over or round the Kaiser's advertisement?

What is there that America can do, and do now, to arrest, hold and possess the imagination of the German people, remove them forever from being a vast, stupid, innocent threat to the world, and establish peace?

The quickest way to get the attention of the German people during this war is to propose a substitute for it. It is also the quickest way to get the attention of all the peoples, and to get all the peoples to act together and to act intelligently, hopefully and implacably against the German Government.

I do not ask the reader in this one short chapter to believe that the invention of a substitute for war is possible.

But supposing it were possible and that a good working substitute for war had been invented and lay in our hands, most of us are agreed that the best, quickest and most pointed thing America could do with a good working substitute for war would be to see that all the nations in this war knew about it at once.

The best thing the nations can do with a good working substitute for war when they know of it is to use it to stop this war.

Supposing that America had her invention of a substitute for war well in hand and believed in it, what would be the best possible way to advertise it to the other nations and to get them to adopt it?

The best way for America to get her substitute for war adopted by other nations would be to keep rather still about it, keep from theorizing or moralizing about it, and try it out.

Try it out where everybody is looking!

It should be introduced in the one nation of us all that the other

nations are watching and studying, the nation the other nations are discouraged about the most, the nation in which everybody knows that a substitute for war would work the worst.

Then we will make it work.

The way for America to get the most and the best advertising among the nations for a substitute for war just now would be to introduce it in Germany.

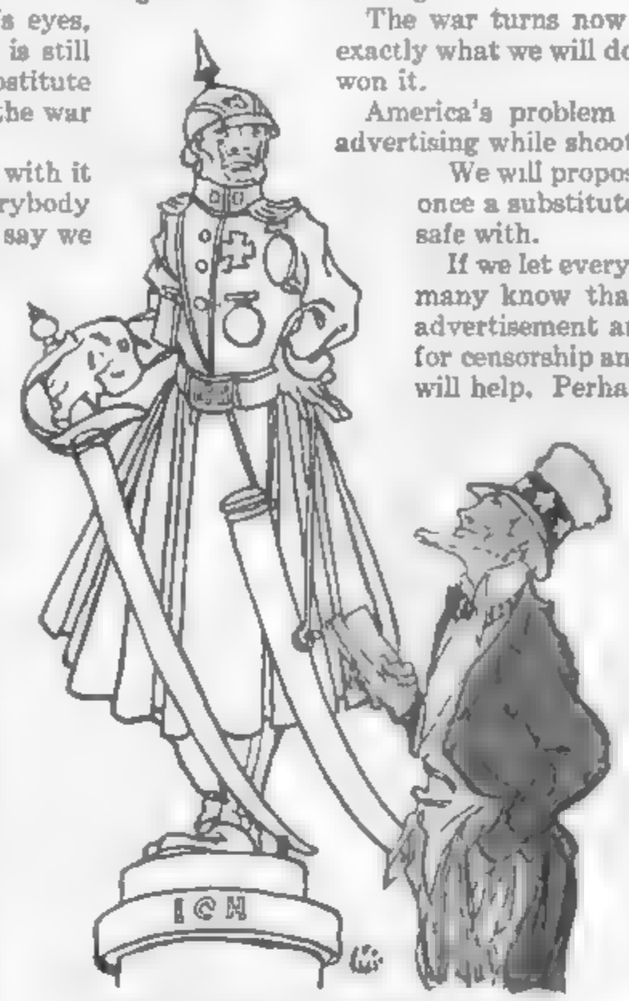
If America will go ahead and set up her substitute for war in Germany and have it working, and working successfully, in Germany before everybody's eyes, side by side with war and while war is still going on, the adoption of America's substitute for war by the other nations when the war stops will take care of itself.

If we can stop a war like this one with it we can stop any war with it, and everybody will believe in it. The victory we all say we are fighting for—namely, something that will forever take the place of war—will have been won.

And not only the war but the war after the war will have been won. The thing that makes us dread peace today more than death, the terror that hangs over us all now all day and all night—the huge hiatus of twenty nations hemming and hawing while the peoples perish—will be skipped.

The most effectual substitute for war for America to propose to the nations will be some substitute that the Germans will be as much interested as we are in putting through.

One way for America and the Allies to do at present is to proceed to crush militarism out of Germany all alone, and the other way is for America and the Allies to propose to the Germans—while still crushing—a substitute for militarism that will compel the Germans to help us crush it. It will take five times as long to insist on crushing militarism out of Germany without the Germans to help as it will with the Germans to help. With half of the Germans to help, militarism can be crushed out of Germany. Without half of the Germans to help, militarism will have to be nibbled out of Germany.



It is Idle to Think of Wilhelm II as a Splendid National Decoration

Nibbling is what we are doing now. The proposition I have to make to America and the Allies is that from now on we stop nibbling. It is time to begin crushing. It is time to get half of the Germans to help.

How can America and the Allies get half of the Germans to help? Half of the Germans are fighting for conquest. The other half are fighting for what they fear we will do to them if they stop.

Why not advertise to them what we will do to them if they stop?

The American people will cut in past the Kaiser's newspapers, get word through direct to the German people in the cities, villages and fields. The American people will not let the German people be put off with what the Kaiser tells them we are fighting for. We will advertise to them what we are fighting for ourselves.

Shooting and Talking

AMERICA will let every man, woman and child in Germany know that what we are fighting for is to introduce our substitute for war.

This brings me to my invention.

The invention I want America to adopt and introduce among the nations as America's invention for ending this war and for ending all wars is the exchange—the cooperative and organized exchange—of advertising campaigns between nations.

America will propose that the money and the men nations spend in ordinary times on armies and navies and on being ready to misunderstand be spent on advertising and understanding.

America, instead of being theoretical and explaining and moralizing about this idea, will use it.

Germany first.

I wish to be specific. Winning this war with Germany is a matter of advertising in Germany what we are going to do with Germans after we win it.

What we do to-day, if we do it well, turns on our advertising to Germans what we are going to do to-morrow.

What does America think she is going to do to-morrow?

That is to say: What is it America is deciding is her substitute for war? What is it we are proposing to the Germans to put in the place of what we have now?

Let us advertise at home and find out.

Then let us advertise in Germany and let the Germans find out.

Germany is not curious what Americans think about everything. But if we have in America a spark of an idea in our minds of a substitute for this war there will not merely be a strong draft on it in Germany.

Germans will stand up in rows all over Germany and blow on it.

Some of us in America and among the Allies seem to think that it is our victory Germany at the present moment is fighting on and fighting against. But it is not our victory Germany at the present moment is fighting against. It is what she fears we will do with our victory when we get it.

The war turns now on our letting Germany know exactly what we will do with our victory when we have won it.

America's problem in Germany is a problem in advertising while shooting.

We will propose and advertise in Germany at once a substitute for war that Germany will feel safe with.

If we let every man, woman and child in Germany know that we are fighting to substitute advertisement and experiment between nations for censorship and explosion, half of the Germans will help. Perhaps nine out of ten of the German people—to put it mildly—would prefer this as much as the American people do. If the German people knew clearly that this is what we were fighting for, how hungry and how dead would how many of them want to be, just to keep up their present right not to be listened to by Americans and not to listen to Americans when they like?

I am not saying that as a matter of practical working psychology for an American in dealing with a German just now I am in favor of stopping a gun to talk. It would not be tactful. The German would misunderstand and the American would blow up. The thing I favor for America just now is double-quick firing—news with one hand and shrapnel with the other. The people of America will send out to the people of the enemy country an invitation—what might be called a shooting invitation—to talk. We will say to the Germans: "We are going to shoot at you three, four and five times as hard while we talk, but we invite you to talk."

The Germans have repeatedly gone through the form of saying to us in America that they want to talk with us, but the suitable and tactful way to consent to talk with Germans now is to shoot our consent at them. We will blast their talk out of them, we will blast our talk into them—but we will talk. The way to talk with Germans now is to underline words with howitzers. As long as words with howitzers keep on meaning one thing to a German and the same words without howitzers keep on meaning another, we will keep on having guns enough to say precisely what we mean. We have made up our minds after three years of trying to talk with Germans that this time we will not be misunderstood.

If they misunderstand our advertisements we will face them with the guns. If they misunderstand our guns we will face them with our advertisements. But the guns and the advertisements will both be for the same thing—the getting of the attention of Germans.

People say we must concentrate on to-day first; that we must concentrate on putting an end to militarism in Germany.

I agree that there is nothing to concentrate on now but putting an end to militarism in Germany.

But there are two ways to concentrate on putting an end to militarism in Germany: One way is to concentrate on crushing militarism out of Germany in a plain, slow, stodgy way—with guns; and the other way is to give the Germans something to compare with it, to concentrate on advertising in Germany a substitute for it which, on comparing notes, they may like better, and which if advertised on time in Germany, and while the crushing is still going on, may make fifty to a hundred billion dollars' worth of crushing unnecessary.

Most of the problems that center about getting America's first advertisement through into Germany—the news to the Germans about American guns—are already well in hand, and we know how they are coming out and have trusted them to our experts.

It is the problems that center about the two other advertisements—the advertisement that we can whip the Germans with our souls and the advertisement of our substitute for war—on which we now need to catch up and which we need to put in the hands of experts next.

We will make definite arrangements to begin shooting not only war but our substitute for war at Germany at the same time. "What America is fighting for," our guns shall say, "is the right of Americans to be listened to in Germany and the right of Germans to be listened to in America."

America will get under way her preliminary arrangements to set up her advertising exchanges with nations.

America will propose each nation's advertising among her own people until she finds out what the things are that people do to them which make them want to fight.

After their private home advertising, nations will get together, pick out the war causes in each nation, isolate them, put them on a slide, look at them together, find out just how they breed, and then take them up point by point, fear by fear, war germ by war germ—the way any scientist in human nature would—and advertise them out of the way.

We will advocate making international arrangements for doing this mutual advertising on a colossal scale. We will place it in the hands of experts in touching the imaginations of crowds and of great groups of people. We will make moving pictures of nations and plays of cities. Mighty peoples—with the wireless telegraph, the wireless telephone, the phonograph, the moving picture—all our colossal modern engines for crowds' hearing together and seeing together all our stupendous inventions for common vision and for common hope—mighty peoples shall be intimate with each other.

Some More Questions

BUT that is another story. To come back to the beginning and get down to Germans and to talking business with Germans, we will get ready to send over to the German people in their cities and their villages and their fields, by airplane, the first possible minute, some little word direct to the German people as to what we are fighting for. They are shooting us to get territory and we are shooting them, we will tell them, to get attention. We are shooting them because they have said it is the way we will have to get their attention first.

"Your Kaiser has arranged things so that the only way we can advertise to you and get word through to you is to shoot you until you listen to us or to shoot your Kaiser until he will let you listen to us.

"Your Kaiser has made up his mind that it is safer for him to stand you up and let us shoot at you than it is for us to talk with you.

America's Problem in Germany is a Problem in Advertising While Shooting

"But why do you suppose it is that your Kaiser insists on telling you what we are fighting for himself—insists on telling you privately and in his own words? Why should we not tell you ourselves what we are fighting for?

"Why should you be in danger of being shot if you are caught picking this advertisement up out of the street or out of the field? Why will your Kaiser mow you Germans down in rows for reading this?

"We tell you this—while we are being shot for telling it, and while you are being shot for letting us tell it, we tell you this: As long as you are afraid of your Kaiser there is nothing for us to do but to keep on fighting him and weakening him until you are more afraid of us.

"And this:

"What we are fighting you for is to propose to you a substitute for what we are all doing now. What we are fighting you for is to get you to substitute with us millions of dollars' worth of advertising a day for millions of dollars' worth of killing a day.

"Which do you prefer—you, the German people, in dealing with us, the American people—advertisements or

explosions? This is what our guns are saying to you: 'Which do you prefer in dealing with us, O Germans, your German Gutenbergs or your German Krupps?

"'The Sons of Washington and Lincoln to the Sons of Beethoven, Schiller, Luther, Goethe and Gutenberg send greetings!'"

This war in the last analysis and in its final victory is a competition of advertisements. We have been attending a vast international tournament of nations trying to get each other's attention.

Why did the Germans take, in one huge unspeakable battle, 180,000 prisoners and 1500 guns from the Italians?

Was it not because France and England had not had their imaginations touched about Italy—about what Italy could do and was already doing to cut out Austria from under Germany and end the war?

Of course, Italy has touched the imaginations of France and England now.

But why did Italy wait and sacrifice 1500 guns and 180,000 men to do it?

Because her campaign was being conducted by specialists in fighting, and she had made no equally commanding provision for getting the attention of France and England in time to help. What Italy arranged for was a precise and elaborate touching of the imaginations of France and England too late. Italy had invented a way of ending the war, but she had invented no way of advertising it so that the invention could be used.

Nearly all the great crises of the war have been—either at home or abroad—advertising crises. When people have succeeded it has been because somebody's attention was got in time; and when they have failed it has been because they tried to do it before enough people's attention had been got to make it work.

Germany's Preparedness Is the Most Stupendous and Brutal Advertisement the World Has Ever Seen

The Blunders of the War

MOST of the blunders of the war have been due to overheated specialists with eyes screwed down to the one idea or to the one place—whose attention could not be got to the other ideas or places until it was too late.

The violation of Belgium, which was Germany's most stupid military blunder, which raised and equipped the soldiers of twenty nations against her instead of two, was due to military specialists whose attention could not be got as to how human nature would take striking Belgium in the back. The North German Lloyd people in Germany, the big-business or salesman type of men who knew human nature the best, could have prevented Germany's making her greatest blunder if they could have got the attention of the German General Staff in time and told the German General Staff that they were overlooking the inflammable nature of human nature and were deliberately, by touching Belgium, pulling on themselves the trigger of the world.

If all the great crises of this war have been advertising crises, if all the military successes have been founded on advertising successes and all the big military failures founded on advertising failures—why should not the great nations on both sides take the hint as to what our war really is a competition in, and proceed from now on to take the battle of touching each other's imaginations as seriously as they do the battle of blowing each other up?

It is all that we are coming to at the end anyway—advertising. Whatever kind of end we come to and whatever plan we get all nations to accept to establish peace will have to depend on advertising to get people to accept it, and advertising to operate it.

Some of us put our trust in national disarmament, but national disarmament will not be safe without advertising to get it, and advertising how a substitute for national armament can be had and how it can be operated.

Some of us put our trust in reduction of national armaments; but reduced national armaments will not be possible without advertising how to reduce and how much to reduce, and what shall be each nation's proportion.

Some of us put our trust in international armament or world police; but international armament or world police can only be instituted, backed up and made effectual by keeping all peoples informed of mutual interests, and by showing them what the mutual interests are, and that they need to have world police to protect them, and by making them want to protect them.

Some of us put our trust in an international court to administer the world; but the international court which we might use to back up our international police could only secure its appointment, its authority and its working prestige by being advertised to all peoples—by being believed in enough to work.

Some of us put our trust in treaties and in scraps of paper in abstract words written by lawyers; but treaties to establish peace which are not backed up in detail by advertisements removing the causes of war will be more visionary than they have been before. Before the war treaties worked after a dull, empty fashion because people believed in them; but nobody believes in treaties now. Their failure has been advertised to the ends of the earth.

Some of us put our trust in what we have tried already—a balance of power between two great contending forces among the nations. But if a balance of power is going to be made to work in some other way than it has been working the last four years it can be made to work only by having one great nation on each side touch the imaginations of all the other nations on its side—and the nations on the other side—so that it will be possible to get a balance of power set up.

What the war is going to end in is a huge advertising clearing house for the world. The nations that discover that this is true and that start the clearing house first and make it work first will be the nations that will get for their civilization its way with the world.

What Advertising Can Do

ADVERTISING will make disarmament safe because it will be a working method of removing the causes of war.

Advertising will make international police safe because we will advertise into being a moral center of mutual interest that the police can represent.

Advertising will make a decision of an international court a working decision because it is the only way in which the people who will have to abide by the decisions of an international court can be got to see why they should.

I have tried to express what seem to me good reasons for America's adoption and introduction of advertising as a substitute for war in running the affairs of the world.

Advertising is essentially an American idea—a working method of putting efficiency and liberty together and of getting unity of action without force.

I should like to consider the details as to how America can now send over into Germany her first advertisement of advertising as a substitute for war. How can we best manage at just this juncture to send over into Germany what might be called our shooting invitation to talk?

If America can touch the imagination of Germany at just this juncture with what Americans want and what

(Continued on Page 53)

In Competing With the Kaiser We Americans Will Have to Compete—So Far as His Local Field Is Concerned—With the Best Advertising Man on Earth

THE HONOR OF THE FORCE

By KATHERINE MAYO

Many a Trooper Has Freely and Gallantly Laid Down His Life in the Service of the State of Pennsylvania and of the Right

DECEMBER 15, 1905, was the birthday of the Pennsylvania State Police. On that day the men chosen to compose the new force, coming from the four quarters of the United States, assembled at the four troop stations and began their training.

Officers and men alike were strangers to one another, and strangers to the work that they were to perform. They had everything to learn—from the principles and details of their new profession to the amount of confidence that they could place in their comrades. They had an immense task before them—two hundred and twenty-eight of them were to police the whole rural state—and they had an incredulous or hostile public opinion to conquer by high deserts.

Of one thing alone they were sure—their deep respect for their squadron commander, Major John C. Groome. They had yet to test him by time and experience—they had yet to learn with what gallant courage and high integrity, with what cloudless loyalty, what absolute justice, what stern soldierly discipline and what great-hearted sympathy he would both lead and support his men. But each one of them had received his electric first impression, each man had guessed those truths that time would prove. Each man had felt his heart thrill and his spirit rise to its best when the major in accepting him as a recruit had told him the object and standard of the new force.

And then each man, even as he cast a questioning eye upon his unknown mates, said in his own heart that he himself in any case would do his level best to make good for the major.

In the first few days of association, however, a stout tie had connected them almost all. Ninety per cent of the men were old soldiers, sailors or marines, honorably discharged, "character excellent," from the United States service. If they had not served in the same regiment or on the same ship they had shared the same campaigns, the same life, the same standards and discipline. And each one knew what it costs to make a man.

Getting Ready for Business

FOUR stiff months they put in, the four troops in their several barracks, studying hard, before the major would let them take the field. They must know the law before attempting to execute it. With their scanty numbers and their great territory they would usually be very far from any source of sound legal advice when moments for action came. And to build up the high prestige by which alone so small a force could operate successfully they must never be in the wrong.

It meant stiff grinding. It has meant continued study ever since, by means of which the older troopers of the force are to-day far better lawyers than the average rural members of the bar, while not a few have actually gone through the formality of becoming attorneys and counsellors-at-law.

It has meant stiff discipline too—the stiffest—and an active standard of morals literally unequaled in any similar organization. The Pennsylvania State Police has no guardhouse and knows no second offense. And the most relentless guardians of its Spartan rule are the old troopers themselves. Fellowship in that picked body is a privilege, in their esteem, to be earned with single-hearted devotion and sacrifice, to be defended in its honor as a gem beyond price. They have advanced their high mark of achievement notch by notch as opportunity has opened to their eager eyes. They have never let it fall or suffer stain. Their enemies are their honor, their friends are all honest folk who know them, their proud and ready celebrants are the first men in the land.

So D Troop, quartered at Punxsutawney, was pegging away like the rest, impatient to get into service. Even from its present confinement it could see that work in plenty awaited it, and it had not been a fortnight assembled when a special word fanned its fires. That word was brought into barracks by First Sergeant Lumb. First Sergeant Lumb had been having a little friendly talk with Punxsutawney's chief of police.

"Sergeant," said the chief, "here is a fact that one day may be useful to you: Half the bad trouble in this whole region is hatched just seven miles from this very town. On the map the place is called Florenza, but we folks all say 'Florence'—just Florence, and a regular hotbed of mischief it is. If ever I could have got anyone to stand behind me I would have attacked it long ago. But they're all afraid. Now the next time I cross its tracks I shall call on you for help. But if you meet trouble first, remember what I have said: Florence is the very root of deviltry."

Time passed. The four troops took the field, each in its own quarter, each impatient to make its own record the best in the squadron. Not yet did their countrysides flood them with appeals for help in every sort of difficulty, as presently they would come to do; but their hands were full nevertheless. And in their scanty leisure hours the men still sought their common object.

So came one Sunday afternoon, September 2, 1906. The day was glorious—hot and fine—such a day as must surely have tempted men off duty to go a-gamboling. Sergeant Logan was off duty, but to him the freedom merely suggested an extra chance to prospect for work. Like the rest of the force, he was "taking a plunge wherever he saw water"—hunting for hard jobs and honors.

Now it happened that within the past ten days several murderous cutting affrays had occurred in the general vicinity of Punxsutawney. The assailants were unknown except to their victims, who refused to reveal their identity for fear of worse to come. But the victims themselves were not of the stripe that turns the other cheek, and in all likelihood their adversaries even now were hidden near by, nursing injuries. So Sergeant Logan, saying nothing to anyone, changed into civilian dress and started.

"I'll take a look into that Florence," said he to himself. "There might be a clew there."

He boarded a trolley for Anita, a hamlet about a mile distant from the village of ill renown. At Anita he got off the car—it was then three o'clock—and proceeded leisurely to complete the trip on foot. As he walked he debated ways and means.

"I'll call on the doctor," he concluded. "If anyone living in the place has been much hurt the doctor most likely will have treated the wounds."

Florence was a little mining town of about two hundred inhabitants. The larger part of the population was Austrian, with some mingling of Italians. Aside from these were the minebosses, Welsh or Irish, and the company officials, comprising the storekeeper, the doctor and a few others.

Doctor Bodenhorn lived on the main street, a steep incline. Diagonally above, on the opposite side from his cottage, stood the power house. Then, higher up, came the railroad track, crossing the street at right angles. And beyond, again, the street still climbed, with detached stores and dwellings on either side.

At a little after four o'clock the doctor and Sergeant Logan sat on the doctor's front veranda talking over the ways of the world.

"Have you had any cases of cutting or wounding to attend within the last week or so?" the sergeant asked.

"No," answered the doctor; "for a wonder, I haven't. But I'll tell you something in your own line: Do you see that two-storied wooden building up yonder just across the railroad track from the power house? Well, that building is the resort of the very worst characters in this part of the state, and they hold a regular meeting there every Sunday afternoon. If you are ever in search of any particular blackguard—— Hi! Look at that! What are they up to now?"

Sergeant Logan Finds Work

OUT from the door of the building came pouring a crowd of men, some thirty-five in number, surrounding two, who seemed to be locked in a desperate fight. Waiting only a moment to observe, the sergeant dashed up the road, shoved his way through the crowd, tore the two combatants apart and placed one under arrest. As he did so he recognized in the second brawler a man named Walsach, charged with murder, and wanted by the police. But before he could lay hands upon the second man the crowd surged in between, and Walsach ran back into the house whence all had emerged, some twenty feet away.

Not yet did the sergeant guess that the whole affair was arranged—that the gang had recognized him for a state-police officer as he sat on the doctor's porch, and had hastily plotted a trap to kill him forthwith. He swallowed the bait whole.

Dragging his prisoner with him across the street to the house door, Logan gripped him with his left hand while he grasped the door knob with his right, and stepped over the threshold. As he did so, and while his hand was yet on the knob, Walsach the murderer, lurking within, leaped at him with stiletto upraised. Logan jumped to the right as far as the door casing would permit. The blade passed between his coat and his shirt, till the hilt struck on his ribs. Not daring a second blow, the murderer sprang out of the door and away.

Sergeant Logan's one thought now was to secure the fugitive, because of his record of crime. So he dropped the comparatively unimportant prisoner, pulled out his revolver and started on the run after his man.

As he turned the east corner of the house, one of the many bystanders now collected called out that Walsach was circling round the building behind him, armed with a rifle. Sergeant Logan instantly faced about and retraced his steps to meet the attack.

As he turned the corner again Walsach fired. His aim was high. The sergeant dropped to his left knee, his right side to the criminal, trying to offer as small a target as possible. For as long as it takes to empty a rifle the two

had it, give and take, at a distance of about fifty feet. Then Walsach ran back into the house, bleeding, followed by his gang.

As for Sergeant Logan, for the second time that day it seemed that his life was charmed. The only bullet that touched him had passed into the tip of his left shoe, under the toes, and out through the sole, making no wound whatever.

"Where's the nearest telephone?" called the sergeant.

"Power house!" shouted some not unfriendly voice.

"Will some of you watch the place for a moment?"

"All right. Go on!"

Sergeant Logan ran to the power house, just across the railroad track, called up barracks and stated his case.

"Can you send out three or four men?" he asked First Sergeant Lumb. "Walsach is here, with a bad crowd round him. I've had difficulty already—can't make the arrest alone."

Sergeant Lumb flung open the day-room door. "Chambers—Henry—Mullen—McIlvain—Koch," said he, choosing from the stalwart figures present, "you five men have seven minutes to get the next trolley. Beat it to Florence."

As the trolley drew in at the foot of the main street of Florence a crowd of considerable size was gathered round the station, waiting its arrival, and the aspect of that crowd was not good. Leering, snarling faces showed all through it, and the mass quite clearly would welcome a chance to break loose.

"Boys," said Chambers, "we are up against it. Don't all get out of the same end of the car."

Henry and Chambers left by the front platform. As Chambers stepped down he saw a man near him drawing a pistol. With one quick blow he knocked that man down. With another he felled a second who was reaching for his pocket. An instant more and he had their two guns.

"Take these fellows, Koch!" said he.

Private Koch snapped handcuffs on the pair.

"McIlvain and Koch, take charge of the prisoners," ordered Chambers, who led the detail. "Come on, men!"

Chambers Loses His Pal

AS THEY shoved their way uphill through the crowd it was determined that as they reached the power house Koch should fall out, with the prisoners, and hold them there under guard while the four others proceeded straight on to the building into which Logan's assailant had fled. A bystander pointed out the place. More they had no need to know.

The house was a frame structure of two stories with a peaked roof. A stone foundation raised its first story about three feet from the street level. This ground floor, on the side facing the power house and the railroad track, had no windows at all and but one door. Abovestairs were windows, but their roller curtains were pulled almost down. No sign of life was anywhere visible.

The four troopers pushed ahead, beyond the power house and up the steep road to the railroad crossing, Henry leading, Chambers at his heels, then Mullen, then McIlvain. At a point about thirty-five feet from the house they veered to the right, toward the door. On the instant a volley rang out from the curtained windows of the upper story. A bullet grazed Chambers' head and tore his hat away.

Two Hundred and Twenty-eight Men Had the Immense Task of Policing the Whole State

Henry dropped in a heap where it caught him.

Now Henry was Chambers' chosen friend. The first had been a corporal of United States Marines, while the second had seen long service in the navy, quitting as coxswain, "character excellent." The two now called themselves shipmates, swapped man-of-war's men's yarns, bunked side by side, worked together whenever they could, loved each other. And Chambers was only just twenty-five years old.

But Chambers had been bred in a stern school—the school of warfare and battle. To see a friend fall bleeding at his feet was no new sight to him. To pause, to turn back on that account would have been not only new but unthinkable.

So, following his fighter's instinct, without one look aside he dashed at the house whence the volley had come, as he would have charged an enemy battery.

Mullen, late corporal of coast artillery, charged after him, but under a second volley he, too, dropped, with a bullet through the groin, while McIlvain slid to cover.

Chambers meantime had reached the house. Chambers was born to his calling. Odds or danger meant nothing to him—or, more exactly, they acted as spurs. His one passion was to win through—to do the work—to make good.

The House With Drawn Curtains

HE TRIED the door. It was solidly blocked—could be opened only by bursting it in. And with the discovery came another thought. Under its inspiration the trooper ran round the house, with the butt of his revolver smashing the lower windows on the other sides, in order to reach the curtains within. These he jerked off their rollers lest later they serve to screen the murderous fire of gunmen, as already their like were doing above.

"Now," he said to himself, "I'll go back and ram that door."

But the move brought him near to the body of his friend. For the first time he consciously beheld that tragic sight. Blood was flowing from Henry's mouth. He had been shot not once but several times, and his attitude showed the agony he had endured.

An instant the young sailor paused. A deathly silence prevailed in the place. The whole town might have been holding its breath. The upper windows, with their dropped curtains, gazed down, blank, secret, deadly, like heavy-lidded sphinx's eyes. He took a step forward.

Then some unknown, strained to the snapping point, screamed out: "Don't do it! They'll kill you!" *(Continued on Page 69)*

Fellowship in That Picked Body is a Privilege That Means Stiff Grinding, Stiff Discipline and an Active Standard of Morals Literally Unequaled in Any Similar Organization

THE SPY

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY DUNN

"THERE is only one Paris in the world!" murmured M. de Marieux in a sudden soliloquy as he glanced round him from the rear cushions of the luxurious car that rolled silently along the boulevard. The broad street was flooded with morning sunshine, brightly reflected from the splashes of broken colors on the kiosks under the fresh green foliage of the long-ranked trees. The open fronts of the cafés were already shaded by their awnings; but the elderly waiters stood idly, white napkins in hand, by the green-bucketed shrubs that flanked them. The habitués would not arrive for some time yet; were only sparsely replaced by the somewhat diffident men in khaki and other strange uniforms, who sat awkwardly at the little tables and gazed, fascinated, at the never-ending streams of bare-headed, well-dressed young women which flowed past them from each direction.

Barrows loaded high with flowers were borne on the lakelike level asphalt; were in pleasant exotic contrast to the long motor busses, the vivaciously busy cars which darted and swerved past them. M. de Marieux sniffed at a mass of roses, with a voluptuous trembling of the nostrils above the ultra-black mustache, as his car dodged round a crazy creaking vehicle in answer to a deft touch of the chauffeur at the wheel.

"Paris!" He murmured the word, like a summary of a multitude of exquisite sensations, with the ecstasy of an Epicurean satisfied. He chuckled to himself. "*Tiens! Je deviens plus Parisien que les Parigots!*" he murmured aloud.

Then he smiled suddenly at his unconscious use of the soldier slang taught him by his son, a slang he had often reproved with that worthy dignity which befits a highly successful man in his intercourse with his offspring. Simultaneously a cold unmoved contra-self in him remarked on his growing and dangerous habit of speaking his thoughts aloud. . . . Mental strain! He accepted the diagnosis with a sense of justification. His smile was renewed, less pleasantly, at an obscurely linked thought; became grim and mocking.

He found himself looking at a picture familiar to his childhood, a lavishly colored oleograph illustrating the triumphal march of the conquerors into Paris in 1871; heard his father reiterating with pride that the Bavarian battalion in the foreground was his own. He remembered that, as time passed, his father insisted on a personal identification with the pompously strutting private in the front rank.

That was long ago. Few—he hoped none—could identify him as the little boy who had emigrated with his father into Switzerland during the bad time of economic reaction in 1873, and thence into France. The double naturalization of the parent, the death of a son born in the last-adopted land, had left M. Victor de Marieux with papers in perfect order, except for a discrepancy between the fact and the record of his birth, and a confusion of first names with his brother. Mardorf had become Marieux almost before his memory. The "de" had slipped in imperceptibly, comparatively recently. M. Victor de Marieux would have become quite French except for his father's passionate tutelage, reënforced at the right time by a period at a German university.

Since then—well, many things had happened that M. de Marieux was quite content to forget. The early stages of that remarkable financial enterprise, the Société Universelle d'Economie et de Prévoyance, which from its palatial headquarters in Paris controlled a multitude of branches in the provinces and had most important foreign relationships, were well left in obscurity. The dazzling figure of its plutocratic chief—the husband of a beautiful Frenchwoman of unimpeachable race, unhappily now deceased; the father of a brilliant young artillery officer, who romantically and absurdly preferred his battery to a staff appointment; the host, since many years, of *tout Paris*; the dimly apprehended power behind much contemporary politics—was surrounded with such an aureole that none could look beyond it into the past. Fragmentary outlines of this career flitted through M. de Marieux's brain as he leaned back in his car and smiled at the memory of that German oleograph. The retrospect increased the pleasant sense of self-satisfaction with which he had set out that morning. He reënforced it by a glance at the folded newspaper he held in his hand.

His car swung onto the pavement in front of the large-windowed granite façade of the Société Universelle d'Economie et de Prévoyance. An elderly porter, superb in a uniform whose richness was enhanced by its aristocratic restraint, stepped forward to open the door for him, bowed as he passed up the white marble steps into the entrance hall with its checkered black-and-white marble pavement.

M. de Marieux glanced, through the great glass doors at his right, into the vast counting house under the lofty semi-Grecian ceiling, whence artistic bronze bowls, containing electric-light bulbs, were pendent on long chains. At row after row of desks, beyond the polished oak counter, blue-jumpered girl clerks were busy, white papers fluttering in their hands. He could imagine the rustle of countless documents, the murmur of many voices earnestly conducting his—M. de Marieux's—business.

It was a glance that was habitual to him and one that never failed to gratify. The premises of the Société Universelle were a monument to the success of its founder, a success that was always freshly pleasant to the impressionable artist who lurked somewhere in the many-chambered soul of the great financier.

Smiling—he had many reasons to smile that morning—he entered the lift, open and waiting for him. An instant later he was shot up to a higher floor.

As he entered his large luxuriously furnished private room, M. Jocelyn, his elderly secretary, rose respectfully from the desk at which he had opened the morning correspondence. The financier replied cheerfully to the diffident greeting; addressed his secretary as "*Mon cher Jocelyn!*" The day had opened well.

M. de Marieux walked across to the magnificent piece of furniture that served him as his working desk, carefully deposited the folded newspaper, glanced at the pile of letters whose superscriptions and heavy seals announced that they were for his eye alone, and sat down. His secretary approached with a sheaf of opened correspondence. The morning's work began—M. Jocelyn marveled once more at his chief's unerring judgment and instantaneous decisions.

The routine work finished, M. de Marieux leaned back in his chair, tapping the desk with the exquisite silver paper knife with which he would open his confidential letters. It was the signal for the departure of the secretary. M. Jocelyn, however, lingered.

"*Et Monsieur Henri?*" he asked, diffidently smiling over his sheaf of papers.

"Excellent! I thank you, my dear Jocelyn," replied the financier with unforced sincerity. "He arrived on leave this morning. He is enjoying himself—killing boches by the thousands, if one may believe him." He looked up, smiling under his black mustache.

The worthy M. Jocelyn showed his clenched teeth and shook his head, terrierlike, in earnest ferocity.

"*Ah, ces boches!*" he said. "*Mais on les aura, Monsieur de Marieux! On les aura!*"

"Of course!" replied the financier, blandly benignant. "Your son is still at Verdun, I see." He smiled at his own perspicacity.

"Yes, Monsieur de Marieux. It is of him that I would speak to you. He has just been nominated *sous-lieutenant*." M. Jocelyn was radiant with paternal pride.

"A thousand congratulations, my dear Jocelyn!" said M. de Marieux warmly. "He is an excellent young man. Ah—he will need money for his new equipment. Bring me a check for five hundred francs to sign this afternoon—that will help him."

The elderly secretary stammered in delighted surprise: "Monsieur is too good! If monsieur will pardon me, I have always considered monsieur as the type of a true patriot."

For M. Jocelyn this was the summit of compliment. Anything less would have been inadequate to this occasion.

"One does what one can, my dear Jocelyn," said the financier with a negligent wave of the hand.

He picked up one of the heavily sealed envelopes. It was a hint that was not to be disregarded. The secretary tiptoed out of the room.

M. de Marieux, however, did not at once open the letter. He looked up under his eyebrows as the door closed, assured himself that it was firmly shut, and then put down the envelope. He took up the folded newspaper, spread it out. The main feature upon the Dernière Heure page was a column headed L'Affaire Valrouge. There what had evidently been a journalistic scoop ended, however. The censor had been at work and the remainder of the column was blank from top to bottom.

M. de Marieux's mouth twisted itself into a wry smile as he gazed at the significantly blank column, headed with the name of one of the most notorious Parisian journalists, pregnant with startling scandal. Whatever of the mysterious this suppressed column might have for the general public, to M. de Marieux its purport was evidently clear enough. His smile broadened to one of unpleasant satisfaction.

"The end of Valrouge!" he murmured. "It was quite time!"

He rose from his chair, walked across to a wall hung with several artistically spaced-out pictures, and stopped before a Degas study of gauzy ballet dancers, ethereal in a blaze of limelight beyond the near crudity of the *coulisses*. He pressed an unmarked spot on the wall and a heavy door swung silently open, carrying the picture with it revealing a cabinet of drawers labeled alphabetically. He opened one marked "V," took out a bundle of correspondence, glanced at it, and swung the door back into its place.

Then he walked across to the empty fireplace, laid the bundle in the grate and stood over it, pondering with bent brows, match box ready in his fingers. His hesitation finished with a reversal of his previous decision. He picked the bundle of correspondence out of the grate and stuffed it into a capacious brief pocket inside his coat. It marred his elegance and he frowned as he patted it down.

"I must take care of it," he murmured—"or Valrouge will have a companion."

He went back to his desk and commenced to open his letters. He went through them swiftly, brows bent in concentration of thought, made notes on some, locked away others. At the reading of one of them his features relaxed into a smile that hinted at relief from pressing anxiety. The postmark and stamp were Swiss. The heading on the note paper was Adolphe Lammartin et Cie., Banquiers, Berne. The letter ran: "In answer to your telegram of the twenty-second, M. Olivier Lammartin, of our house, will be in Paris on the morning of the twenty-fifth. His address will be the Hotel Triest. He is fully empowered to negotiate all matters affecting our interests ——"

M. de Marieux leaned back in his chair and his eyes narrowed. He was extremely well acquainted with the financial house of Lammartin et Cie.—better acquainted, he hoped, than anyone save themselves and a certain bureau in Berlin would ever appreciate; but he did not remember the existence of M. Olivier Lammartin—had certainly never met him. He pondered doubtfully. Then he held the sheet of note paper to the light and nodded in recognition of a not apparently noteworthy watermark. This was no trap. In his reassurance he unconsciously whistled a few bars of a cheerful tune—he stopped, suddenly perceiving it to be the Marseillaise. He had heard a band playing it at the head of troops marching to the

station as he came to the office that morning, he remembered. He picked up the receiver of the telephone upon his table.

"Monsieur Laporte there?" he queried. "Ah—good day, Laporte! Come up to my room, if you please." His tone had the decision with which he usually addressed the general manager of the Société Universelle—a decision that clearly indicated the master.

In an incredibly few moments there was a knock at the door and M. Laporte, a tall myopic man, with a bald patch on the crown of his head, entered the room. He looked nervously over his pince-nez as he approached M. de Marieux, seated at the table.

"*Eh bien, mon cher Laporte,*" he said with crisp geniality; "and what is the situation to-day?"

The general manager shook his head dolefully and exhaled a heavy sigh.

"Bad, Monsieur de Marieux. The deposits you expected have not been made. The bills of Delafosse will be protested. Our collateral is down an average three points this morning. We have not a centime more of security to give. We have those heavy liabilities to meet ——"

M. de Marieux leaned back in his chair and smiled as he rubbed his hands together.

"My dear Laporte," he said in half-humorous reprehension, "you are incurable."

The general manager stared at him, with a shortsighted pucker of the brows.

"But—if I may say so, Monsieur de Marieux—you do not realize! This is the twenty-fifth of the month. Unless a miracle happens before the thirtieth"—he waved his hand expressively "crash!"

M. de Marieux still leaned back in his chair, smiling.

"My dear Laporte," he said, "how long have you been in my service? Ten years! And how many times in that ten years have you come to me to warn me of the crash within a week?"

"Many—I must confess, Monsieur de Marieux," stammered the manager.

"Well, you will probably come many more times in the next ten years. And each time, my dear Laporte, you will see the miracle happen, as it is going to happen now."

Perplexity and relief struggled in the manager's face.

"Monsieur's private account ——?" he ventured, hazarding a solution.

"Don't be a fool, Laporte!" said his master severely. "You should know me better than that. . . . You will have a blank transfer of the Moroccan concessions made out at once."

M. Laporte's eyebrows shot up in surprise. The eyes beneath them blinked behind the pince-nez as though uncertain that they saw accurately a normally smiling man in the seat of the master.

"The—the German concessions we took over from Mannesmann, monsieur?"

"Precisely."

"But—but they are worthless ——"

"Don't try to understand, my dear Laporte. Have that blank transfer on my desk within half an hour and get the concessions out of the safe."

"*Bien, monsieur!*" The manager obviously renounced the attempt to comprehend. His eye fell upon the newspaper spread upon the desk, the significantly blank column prominent. "This *Affaire Valrouge*, monsieur—it is evidently a terrible scandal; everybody is talking about it—they say it is a question of military secrets."

"Indeed!" said M. de Marieux coolly. "They say all sorts of things—but no one knows anything. Don't listen, my dear Laporte; or, if you do listen—don't repeat."

"I pay no attention, monsieur, I assure you; but if it is true what they say, then shooting is too good for the scoundrel! I have a son at the Front, monsieur; I am anxious enough about him—the grand offensive is certain to begin soon; and if there is treachery —— But monsieur also has a son at the Front and can understand my feelings."

"Quite! Quite! But don't believe half these silly stories of espionage. There's no truth in them. . . . Er—what do you estimate the deficit at the end of the month?"

The manager's face resumed its expression of lugubrious alarm.

"Fifteen million francs, monsieur!" he announced solemnly, looking as though he expected M. de Marieux to jump out of his seat with horror.

"Good!" said the financier equably. "Go and have that transfer prepared."

M. Laporte left the room—to gesticulate with both hands above his ears in the solitude of the corridor.

M. de Marieux turned to the telephone. He asked for a number.

"Hello! The Hotel Triest? . . . Put me through to M. Lammartin. . . . Yes. Telephone in his room—*n'est-ce pas?* Yes." He waited. "Hello! M. Olivier Lammartin? . . . M. de Marieux speaking. Can you come and see me—now? . . . Yes. In my office. You have the address?" He glanced at his watch. "In half an hour. Half past eleven. *Bon! Au revoir!*" He shut off.

M. de Marieux leaned back in his chair and tapped his teeth with his gold pencil.

"The grand offensive!" he murmured, and smiled. "Poor old Laporte! But I must get Henri away from his battery ——" His cogitations relapsed into silence, prolonged. They rose again into the soliloquy, tempted by the hush in the room, with an exclamation: "If only he were not so obstinate!" He frowned, thinking hard.

M. de Marieux's Hesitation Finished With a Reversal of His Previous Decision

M. de Marieux sat alone in his silent room, high above the roar of the Paris boulevard, as upon the summit of his career, and looked down vales of thought into a distance where the imagination was unhampered. The possessor of a secret—he felt it symbolically in his clenched fist—that was decisive of the fate of nations, his egoism was flattered with the consciousness of power. He smiled grimly. At the back of his mind was a certain loyalty to his employers; but they would have to pay—pay heavily—for the priceless information he would give them.

He had reason to be pleased with himself. Few secret agents had had so long a career of success as he; few, indeed, had extracted such lavish rewards, both pecuniary and social, from a hazardous profession; none, he thought, was less suspected. Ministers were deferential to him, for M. de Marieux was a power in that half-hidden world of finance where the destinies of unconscious peoples are plotted out. He was not merely a paid agent—he was a semi-independent adventurer on the modern equivalent of the Spanish Main.

The risky speculations in which he chanced the funds of the Société Universelle were uncontrolled by any brain save his own; but always, as now, he called in the assistance of his shadowy backers when they were endangered. Always he gave good value for the enormous sums he drew. He had no fear that he would not be supported. In countless ways the existence of the Société Universelle, as directed by its founder, was of incalculable value to those scarcely human intelligences that he, with all his subterranean information, knew only as numbers prefixed with an initial.

He looked up startled as the door opened suddenly. A young artillery captain, elegant in his sky-blue uniform, entered with a boisterous good humor that shattered the conspiratorial quiet of the financier's private room. M de Marieux smiled tolerantly.

"Business hours, Henri business hours!" he said, shaking his head.

"Pardon, father—but I was passing, and —— I must tell you! I have just heard that this scoundrel Valrouge has been betraying the plans for the grand offensive!"

"What?" M. de Marieux wondered whether he had kept down his nervous start. He reassumed control of himself

"My dear Henri, wherever did you get that absurd story?"

"At the club, father."

M. de Marieux smiled.

"It was a canard, my dear boy—*histoire de rire.* M. Valrouge had been dabbling in air-craft specifications. That is the truth of it; but keep it to yourself"

He said this with such quiet certitude that the young officer glanced at his father with a sudden curiosity.

"But how do you know?"

"I know many things, my dear Henri more than I discuss."

"What has happened to him, then?" cried the young man, disregarding the hint in the final clause. "All Paris is talking."

M. de Marieux shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know," he said, meeting his son's eyes without flinching.

"*Mon Dieu!* Father, I hope he is shot—though shooting is too good for him. Anything more despicable, more hateful than a spy ——" He could not finish other than by a gesture of fierce contempt.

"Agreed, my dear boy," said the financier. "But—well, no nation can exist without them ——" He stopped, checked by the virgin wrath in his son's face. "Personally I should have no mercy for such *canaille!*" His smile was, somehow, incongruous with the energy of his statement.

"Mercy!" The young officer laughed bitterly.

(Continued on Page 34)

MORE TIPS TO HIS BUNKIE

By GEORGE PATTULLO

A Y. M. C. A. Hut Back of the Lines.
Above—General Gouraud, France's One-Armed Hero, Reviews the American Troops

HELLO, J. C. How is tricks? Yours to hand and contents noted. In reply to same would say I am well and doing fine. I hope you are well and doing fine.

Nothing much has happened since my last. We have worked mighty hard and I been up in the front trenches and got cut on the head in a sure-enough fight with a Boche, but I just beat the whey out of the big stiff and then brung him in a prisoner. That's what I done, J. C., for I'm there with that stuff, believe me. But right now I ain't sure whether the British'll give me the Military Cross or Uncle Sam'll give me thirty days in the guardhouse because I overstayed my leave. How could I know there would be so much doing, and besides, the dog-goned flivver laid down on us so we had to leg it back most of the way, me and Sam did. It looks like they would treat a real man like me better, don't it, old settler?

Right now I want to tell you that you got to use rough stuff when you fight the Boche, J. C. This here being polite is o. k., and so is singing hymns if you feel that way, but you better lay off company manners when you get to the trenches, because it is the rough guy up there who brings home the bacon, I am telling you. You cant beat Fritz by acting like you did not want to hurt anybody's feelings. No, sir-ree; you got to go after him hard and bust him, and if you should get hurt yourself, why, that is all in the game, so don't holler.

Say, I got so much to tell you I don't scarcely know where to begin and I feel like Slim Yule, who belongs to L Company. You remember Slim; sure you do—the tall guy with a squint. He always was a terrible gloomy cuss and goes round all day looking like his best girl had run off with his pay. Well, the captain noticed how Slim never wrote home or nothing so he jumps him about it.

I know you got a mother in Connecticut. Why don't you write to her? he says. You set down right there and write a letter before you leave this room. Hear me?

Yes, sir, says Slim; but what'll I say?

Why, you been over here five months; tell her about the war and all you've did. How should I know what you'd ought to say, says the captain.

Some Information for Minnie

SLIM looks kind of sore, but of course he had to do it when the captain give orders, so he borrows him a sheet of paper and a pencil and he sweats over that letter most an hour, J. C. And when he hands it in to be censored, this is what he had wrote: Dear Mama—it sure does rain a lot over here. Tell auntie

Well, that's me exactly, J. C., but I will try to do better than what Slim done. First, though, you tell Minnie I got her letter o. k. and will answer same the minute I can get around to it. Say, maybe she didn't hand me a hot one! I been trying to figure ever since what she meant. Do you reckon she knows I made out my life insurance in her favor? Ha, ha!

But guess what your sister Minnie had on her mind! You could never guess in a million years. Well, I will tell you what she had on her mind.

If anything should happen to me over here where would I be buried? That's what she wanted to know, because she'd had a dream she was hunting for me everywheres in some fields of clover and couldn't find me. Wasn't that fine stuff to spring on a soldier? I went right over to the café and bought me a drink. But that's a woman every time; they seem to kind of enjoy expecting the worst. Come to figure it out, though, I reckon Minnie would not of asked that question unless she cared some, hey, J. C.? How about it? Am I right or am I wrong?

Minnie says that Mrs. Ayers was talking the same way to her and wondering about her two boys over here. So maybe you had best tell them the real facts, which I will give them to you straight.

If I or you or any of the other guys who come over get bumped off by a shell or something, we will sleep under U. S. sod some day. So what's the use of worrying?

This is what the army aims to do. Each soldier wears two aluminium tags with his name on same and his grade and the name of his organization, and he has them around his neck. Well, if he should get killed they take off one of the tags and leave the other on him to identify him by when the time comes. They mark each grave and keep track of it with lists and all that, so that after the war they can dig up the remains and ship them to America. Yes, that is the way the army do it and it is the same as they have always done. So no matter what happens we will go home.

Gee, it makes me feel queer to write that stuff, but Minnie wanted to know, so you give her the facts and put the others wise there too. Say, how is she making the grade? I mean does she act like there was something on her mind that wasn't round the neighborhood, or does she sort of take notice? Don't let on I wanted to find out, but tip me off how the land lays. Get me, J. C.?

Well, I started in to tell you about the trenches; this is how it come off. I ain't the only one what's been up in the trenches, not by a dam sight, for quite a lot of the boys have eased in with the French for training, but none of them pulled what I did or nothing near it.

Maybe you will have heard of some of the things they done in the trenches and what bearcats they are, but take it from me, none of them went out and raided the Boche right in his own dugout like me and Sam and Steen and the Jock from Akron, Ohio, who was with us.

Why, when I was coming away the colonel who is the colonel of the Canadian Battalion I horned in with, he says to me, You are a real one, he says. And I says, I'm there, colonel, because I didn't want to brag none. And I am too, J. C.

The way it started was account of Old Pop, our top sergeant, falling into the river down beside the mill. He was fishing or something and would of drownded only for me, but I pulled him out, though I had a tough time doing it because the water is so swift there and was awful cold. Well, the captain sent for me and says, You done a pretty fair job, but I can't pin a medal on you because we ain't laid in a supply yet. However, I'll report your act anyhow and meanwhile what can I do for you?

You can give me a few days' leave, captain.

You will go to Paris and get pickled!

No, I says, I promise you I won't, because I have no money to get pickled on, captain.

Marine English

WELL, he seen I had him there all right, so he grumbled for a while like he always does when he's going to do the right thing and then he up and says, All right, I can fix it to give you three days. How about it?

Well, I give him a sure-enough salute, but I could see he was up in the air trying to figure out what I'd do with leave when I hadn't no money. But I went out, J. C., and borrowed some from Pop because only for me he'd have croaked maybe and so why should he not lend me some money. All he had was sixty francs though, and nobody else in the company had a bean. You remember how we belly-ached a while back about getting shortchanged over here? Maybe we deserved it too because some of the boys unloaded a lot of Villa money on the unsuspicious natives a while back. None of us is doing that any more. Because why, we ain't got anything to change. But pay day'll be along some day perhaps.

You bet I didn't hit for Paris or anywheres near it, old pal. There's a railroad at division headquarters so I beat it for there same afternoon and along about three o'clock here come a train of those little baby cars marked 8 horses or 40 men, and they were loaded to the guards with Frenchies bound somewheres.

Howdy, I says.

Go to hell, says one of them who'd learnt to speak English from the marines, but I knowed he meant to be polite because he offered me a match, and matches are just the same as ready money over here. So I says, Au reservoir, old timer, and when they seen I was right there with their lingo they grinned and opened up to make room.

Well, I clumb aboard and pretty soon the engine give a kind of toot like somebody'd pinched it somewheres and we was off. Some of the soldiers was sitting on benches but the rest just laid round in the straw on the floor and they were most of them smoking cigarettes. One guy looked like he might of given the provost marshal's men some work to do the night before, but the rest were all cold sober and singing songs. They didn't sing them loud the way we do like they wanted to make a noise, but they sang them like they got a heap of comfort out of it. I tried base J. C.,

but the Frenchies change step right in the middle of their tunes and I couldn't make the grade.

We must of traveled a couple of hours maybe when all of a sudden the train stopped and they piled out.

Where you headin' now? I asks the one nearest me, and he says, Hello, t'anks, and shakes me by the hand.

Well, it was no use asking questions, for I seen these soldiers come from a part of France where they don't even speak their own language good, because they couldn't make head or tail of what I said. So they fell in and marched off to their barracks somewheres in the town.

Just then I heard a noise like a sewing machine and here come a Y. M. C. A. flivver hellbent for election and a guy in khaki driving same. He was so big he had to sort of fold up under the wheel and his knees almost scraped his chin, but he wasn't worrying none and blowed his horn and let it go at that. You never heard such a racket, J. C., and chickens flying every whichways and dogs barking and women running for the doorways.

Well, he seen me and slapped on the brakes and slid about a half a mile and then backed up to where I was. Howdy, general, he says. What's on your mind this evening? Going over the hill?

And I said No, but I was bound for the Front and which direction was it anyhow?

That's a very good idea, he says. Get in. Maybe I might throw in with you because I ain't killed me a single squarehead yet, and driving this dog-goned car all day kind of cramps my legs.

Well, I seen right off he was o. k. and I got in with him and he turns her wide open.

Say, I says to him in a minute, I don't have to get back to-night. Hadn't you better take it easy? France ain't so very big and you're liable to run off into the English Channel or somewheres.

Leave it to me, bo, he says. You can let down your whole weight. Except for five chickens and two farm wagons I ain't hit a thing this week.

Off to the British Front

THE trees went whizzing by, J. C. but the road was just as smooth as a new pavement so I figured it would be all right and we could go as fast as the flivver could anyhow. Pretty soon we seen a railroad crossing and the gates on both sides were closed, like they always are over here, and Sam begun to blow his horn to beat the band. Well, a woman run out and drew the gates back, but she drew the far gate first, and then out steps a soldier from the house near the gates and held up his hand for us to stop.

Darn, another of their blamed sentries, says Sam and went down into his pocket. He hauled out a piece of paper and the soldier eyed it a while and says Mercee, monsieur, and we went on after he had taken the number of the car.

What was that? I asks. It looked to me like a dog license.

It was, he says, and it works fine. I never need a pass in the French zone, but in the British zone they are awful particular. Those guys want to know your whole family history and whether your ma keeps a cook.

And then I said to him, How can you get away to come along with me to kill you a Boche or two, when I should think you would be too busy. What will your boss say?

I'll tell him I got arrested, and you stick to it, see? And besides if he don't like it he can lump it. That's the kind of a guy I am. What's more, I'm fed up on driving a jitney and maybe I will enlist before they come and get me.

It would take too long to tell you how we got there, J. C., but believe me, it was some trip. This guy Sam said we would have to leave the car and beat our way through the English zone to the Front, account of their being so particular, but we could make it close to them. So we done so and left the car next morning in the yard of the hotel where we stopped at.

All right, he says. Lead on, McDuffy! And if you get in a tight place, play like you're deaf and dumb or suffering from shell shock. Say, J. C., there's no use your trying to figure what the Front looks like, because it won't look that way at all. It ain't like anything. It's just hell cooled off, that's what it is.

You never dreamt of a prettier country than we d been over—and then all of a sudden there was no more trees. Even the trees along the roads had been cut down. No green things at all. The whole country was bare and full of holes. I never seen anything so mournful. And the ragged stumps stuck up like scarecrows and there was miles of rusty barbed wire, and smashed tanks that had foundered in the mud, and concrete dugouts blowed to smithereens. The whole blamed country is covered with old trenches, growed over with rank grass and weeds, and every so often you come on a bunch of graves with little crosses on same.

Pretty soon one of the British road control stopped us. They got these road control sentries everywhere, and they wave traffic this way and that just the same as a cop on a busy corner back home.

Where are your passes, he says.

I lost them, I tells him, but won't this uniform do for a pass?

It will. And I would like to pass about a million more of you, he says. What's delaying you blighters, anyhow?

Then all of a sudden he seen an officer coming on a horse.

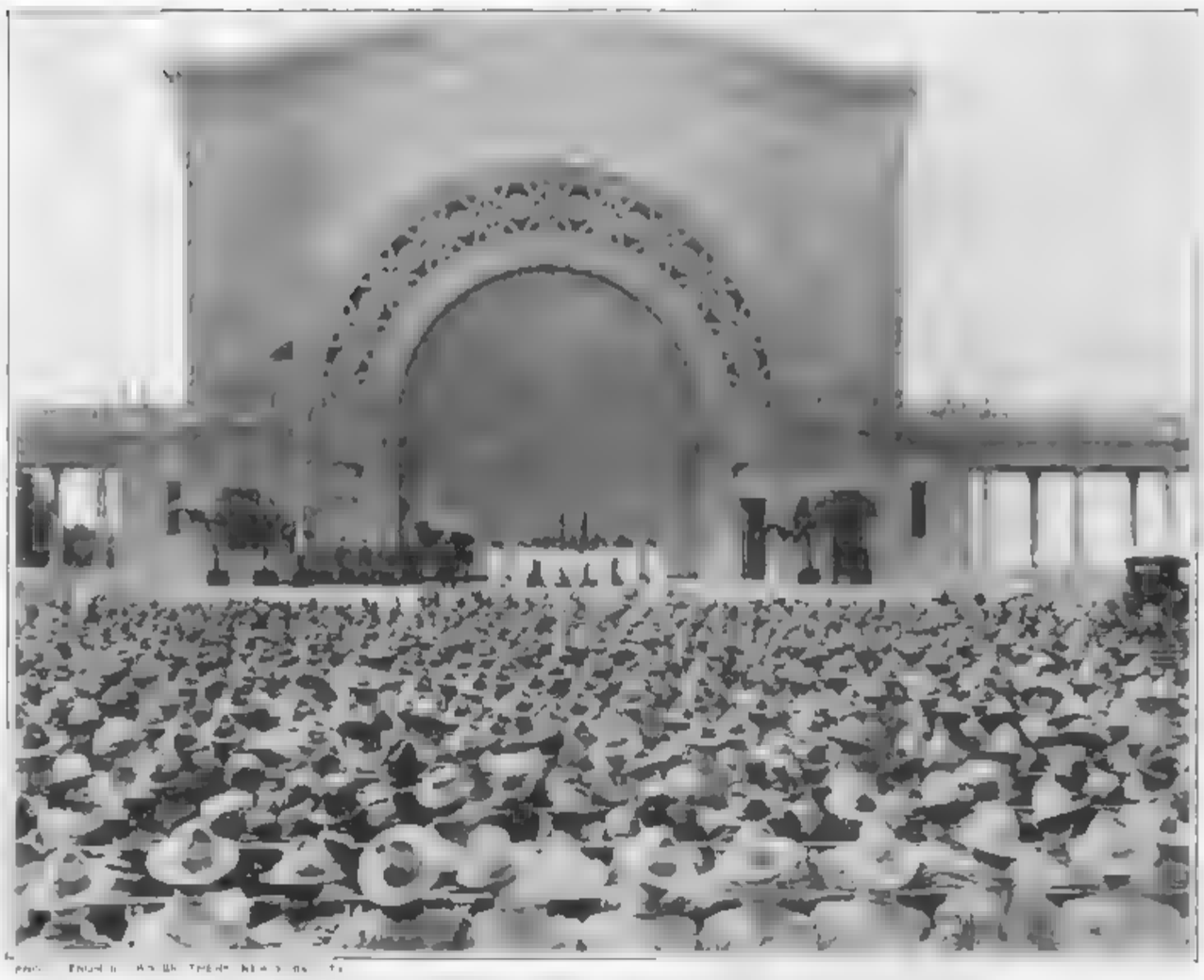
You had best be moving, he says, because I am supposed to arrest anyone without a pass. But if you cut across country and keep off the roads, how can I see you? Cheer-o matey!

Well, we done so. Me and Sam struck out across the old trenches and shell holes and it was mighty hard going, too, J. C., because some of the holes was hid by weeds and also was full of water. We could see lines of trucks moving along the roads, and caissons and bunches of soldiers. And every so often a Big Vegetable or two would go tearing along in a car, all dolled up like a Mexican bullfighter. Their officers certainly put on lots of dog.

Well, in a little while we come to where some Chinamen was working on a stretch of road and a Cockney was bossing the gang. The British got thousands and thousands of Chinese coolies over here, J. C., but they are different from the Chinks we have back home, being most as stout as what I am. And next thing we run into some Indian Calvary with their heads done up in bath towels like they'd had a hard night.

What're them guys doing here, I says to a Tommy, or is it for the movies maybe?

They are farriers, he says. They look it, Sam tells him, and later we found out that farriers was horseshoers, J. C. These Indians don't stand the gaff up in the trenches very good, so they use them further back.



Sunday Morning Services Under the Auspices of the Y. M. C. A.

Jack Johnson's Family

WELL, well, who have we here? Sam says in a minute. As I live, there's some of Jack Johnson's family! And I looked and there was a gang of darkies dressed up like soldiers and they was clearing away all the mess from the old battleground.

Just then one of them swung his pick and Blewey!—a dud—which is a shell playing dead—blowed everything sky-high. He had hit it, J. C., and I never expected to see one of them black babies no more, but after the country had come down again there they was beating it for cover like a flock of blue quail.

The smokes dove down into a dugout and scattered up and down an old trench, and when we got near one hollers out, Stretchah bearers this wy!

Is there anything wrong with my hearing, says Sam, or has that tar-baby got an English accent? Down at the port where I landed, he says, one tried to pull some French on me; what do you know about that!

Well, they kept hollering for stretcher bearers, so I poked my head inside the dugout and asked how many was hurt.

My whole platoon is wiped out, yells the sergeant.

There's quite a bunch of 'em in sight, I tells him. Round them up.

So he calls the roll and sure enough every last one was there except the guy with the pick, and we never did find him.

Then Sam wants the sergeant's name.

Why do you awak that, says the sergeant.

(*Continued on Page 62*)

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A Section of French Cavalry Light Guns on a Quiet Road That Leads to the Front

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

V

FOR a trip that had begun with such rich promise of the unusual my voyage on the Ré d'Italia proved a gratifying anticlimax during its first few days. The weather was bad. We plowed forward monotonously, flagless, running between dark-gray water and a lowering leaden sky. Screws throbbed, timbers creaked and dishes crashed as the Gulf Stream took us; and great waves reared themselves round us like myriads of threatening Alps.

The girl, after that first night, kept discreetly to her stateroom. I was relieved; but I thought of her a good deal—I had little else to do. Pacing a drunken deck and smoking I wove unsatisfactory theories, asking myself what was her need of secrecy; what the item she wanted hidden; what the errand that had made her sail on this vessel, a week after the spectacular torpedoing of a sister ship. Did she know this Van Blarcom or did she merely dread any notice? And above all, who was the man, and had he been watching when I tossed that wretched extra across the rail?

I saw something of him, of course, as time went on. By our very scarcity we four bold spirits, the ubiquitous McGuntrie, Van Blarcom, the young reservist Pietro Ricci—a very good sort of fellow—and I were herded together beyond escape. Also, a foursome at bridge seemed divinely indicated by our number, and to avert ennui we formed the habit of winning each other's money at that game.

As we played I studied Van Blarcom—without results. It was ruffling; I should have absorbed, in so much intercourse, a fairly definite impression of his personality, profession and social grade. But he was baffling; reticent, but self-assured; authoritative even; and, in a quiet way, watchful. He smoked a good cigar, mixed a good drink, seemed used to travel; but produced a coarse-grained effect, made grammatical errors, and on the whole was a person whom, once ashore, I would flee.

At six o'clock on the seventh night out our voyage entered its second lap, all the electric lights being simultaneously extinguished as we entered the danger zone. We made a sketchy toilet by means of tapers, groped like wandering ghosts down a dim corridor, and dined by the faint rays of candles thrust into bottles and placed at intervals along the festive board. I went on deck afterward, to find the ship plunging through blackness on forced draft, with portholes shrouded and never a riding light. The next evening if not in Davy Jones' locker we should reach Gibraltar; after which we should head for Naples, a two days' trip.

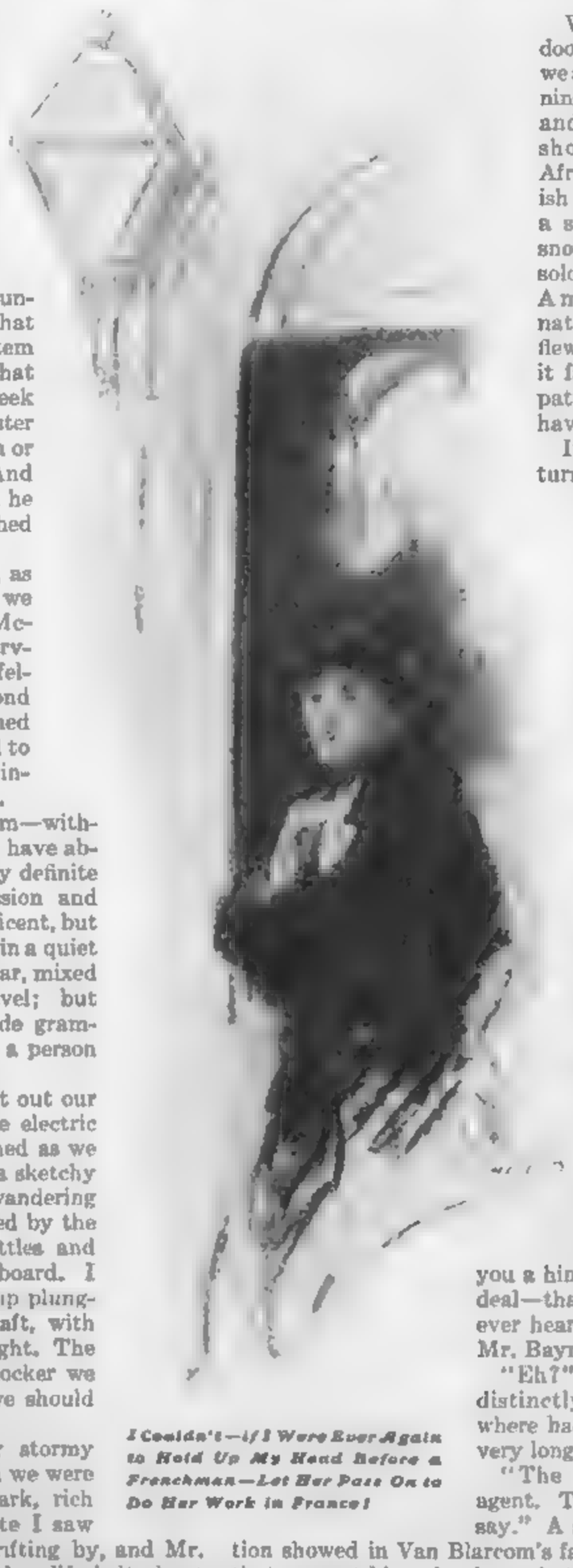
The following morning found our stormy weather over. The sea through which we were speeding had a magic color—the dark, rich Mediterranean blue. Ascending late I saw gulls flying round us and seaweed drifting by, and Mr. McGuntrie—in a state of nerves, with a life belt about him—walking wildly to and fro.

"Well, Mr. Bayne," he greeted me, "never again for mine! If I ever see the end of this trip—if you call it a trip; I call it merry Hades—believe me, I'll sell something hereafter that I can sell on land! I'm a crackajack of a salesman, if I do say it myself. Once I got started talking I could get a man down below to buy a hot toddy and a set of flannels—and I wish I'd gone down there and done it, before I ever saw this boat!"

Unmoved I leaned on the railing and watched the blue swells break. McGuntrie took a turn or two. In the ship's library he had discovered a manual entitled How to Swim, and he was now attempting between laments to memorize its salient points.

"'The first essay is best made in water of not less than fifty degrees Fahrenheit, and not more than four feet in depth,'" he gabbled, then broke off to gaze at the sea about us, chilly in temperature and countless fathoms deep.

"Oh, what's the use? What the blue blazes does it matter?" he cried hysterically. "I tell you, that U-boat that sunk the San Pietro is laying for us! In about an hour you'll see a periscope bob up out there. Then we'll send out an S O S—and the next thing you know we'll sink with all on board!"



I Couldn't—if I Were Ever Again to Hold Up My Head Before a Frenchman—Let Her Pass On to Do Her Work in France!

We had as yet escaped this doom when, toward six o'clock, we approached Gibraltar, running beneath a crimson sunset and between misty purple shores. On one hand lay Africa, on the other the Moorish country, both shrouded in a soft haze and edged with snowy foam. Down below the soldiers of Italy were singing. A merchantman of belligerent nationality, our ship proudly flew its flag again—indeed had it failed to do so the British patrol boats would long since have known the reason why.

It was growing dark when I turned, to find Van Blarcom at my elbow. "I didn't see you," I commented rather shortly. I don't like people to creep up beside me like cats.

"No," he responded. "I've been waiting quite a while. I didn't want to disturb you—but the fact is, I'd like a word with you, Mr. Bayne."

I eyed him with curiosity. He was inscrutable, this quiet, alert, efficient-looking man. Take, for instance, his present manner, half self-assured, half respectfully apologetic—what grade in life did it fit?

"Well, here I am," I said briefly as I struck a match.

"I've thought it over a good bit," he went on, apparently in self-justification. "I don't know how you may take it, but I'll chance it just the same. If I don't give you a hint you don't get a square deal—that's my attitude. Did you ever hear of Franz von Blenheim, Mr. Bayne?"

"Eh?" The question seemed distinctly irrelevant—and yet, where had I heard that name, not very long ago?

"The German secret-service agent. The best in the world, they say." A sort of reluctant admiration showed in Van Blarcom's face. "There isn't anyone that can get him; he does what he wants, goes where he likes—the United States, England, France, Russia—and always gets away safe. You'd think he was a conjurer, to read what he does sometimes. A whole country will be looking for him, and he takes someone else's passport, puts on a disguise, and good-by—he's gone! That's Franz von Blenheim. No, that's just an outline of him! And on pretty good authority he's in Washington now."

Mr. Van Blarcom, I reflected, was surely coming out of his shell; this was quite a monologue with which he was favoring me. It was dark now; our lights were flaring—being in a friendly port's shelter we burned electricity to-night.

"You seem to know a whole lot about this fellow," I remarked idly in the pause.

"Yes, I do." He smiled a trifle grimly. "In fact, I once came near getting him; it would have made my fortune too. But he slipped through my fingers at the last minute, and if I ever —— You see, I'm in the secret service myself, Mr. Bayne."

I turned to stare at him. "The United States service?" I asked.

"Yes"

I nodded. All that had puzzled me was fairly clear in this new light. Not at all the type of the star agents, those marvelous beings who figure so romantically in fiction and on the boards, he was yet, I fancied, a good example of the ruck of his profession, those who did the everyday detective work which in such a business must be done. But—Franz von Blenheim! What was my association with the name? Then I recalled that in the extra I had read as we left harbor there had been some account of the man's activities in Mexico.

"What I wanted to say was this," Van Blarcom was continuing in his usual manner—the manner which I now recognized to be, in subtler form, the policeman's—respectful to those he held for law-abiding; alert and watchful to detect gentry of another kind—"this line we're traveling on now is one the spies use quite a bit. They used to go to London straight, or else to Bordeaux and Paris; but the English and French got a pretty strict surveillance going, and now it's easier for them to slip into France through Italy, by Modane. They sail for Naples mostly, do you see? And—you won't repeat this?—it's fairly sure that when Franz von Blenheim sends his government a report of what he's done in Mexico against us he'll send it by an agent who travels on this line and lands in Italy, and then slips into Germany by way of Switzerland."

We were drifting slowly into the harbor of Gibraltar, the Rock looming over us through the blackness, a gigantic mountain, a mass of tiered and serried lights. Searchlights, too, shot out like swords, focused on us and swept us as we crept forward between dimly visible, anchored craft. The throbbing of our engines ceased. A launch chugged toward us bringing the officers of the port. I watched, pleased with the scene and rather taken with my companion's discourse—it was not unlike a dime novel.

"Do you mean you've been sent on this line to watch for one of Von Blenheim's agents?" I inquired.

"No. I'm sent for some work on the other side—and I'm not telling you what it is, either," he rejoined. "What I meant was that a man has to be careful, traveling on these ships. They watch close—they have to. Haven't you noticed that whenever two or three of us get to talking a steward comes snooping round? Well, I suppose you wouldn't, it not being your business; but I have. We're watched all the time; and if we're wise we'll mind our step. Take you, for instance. You're a good American, eh? And yet some spy might fool you with a cute story, get your help, and maybe play you for a sucker on the other side. I saw that happen once. It was a nice young chap, and a pretty girl fooled him—got him into a peck of trouble. What you want to remember is that good spies never seem like spies!"

If I looked as I felt just then the searchlight that swept me must have startled him. I could feel my face flushing, my hands clenching as I caught his drift. I swung round. "What's this about?" I demanded sharply. But I knew.

"Well," said the secret-service man discreetly, "I saw something pretty funny the first night out, Mr. Bayne. It was safe enough with me; I can tell a gentleman from a spy; but if an officer had seen it the thing wouldn't have been a joke! Suppose we put it this way: There's a person on board I think I know. I haven't got the goods, I'll own, but I don't often make mistakes. My advice to you, sir, is to steer clear of strangers. And if I were you I ——"

"That'll do, thanks!" I cut him short. "I can take care of myself. I don't say your motives are bad—you may think this is a favor—but I call it a confounded piece of meddling, and I'll trouble you to let it end!"

He looked hurt and indignant. "Now look here," he remonstrated, "what have I done but give you a friendly hint not to get in bad? But maybe I was too vague about it; you just listen to a few facts. I'll tell you who that young lady is, and who her people are, and what she wants on the other side ——"

"No, you won't!" I declared. My voice sounded savage; I was recalling how she had begged the extra of me, and how it had contained a full account of Franz von Blenheim, the Kaiser's man. "The young lady's name and affairs are no concern of mine. If you know anything you can keep it to yourself!"

As we glared at each other like two hostile catamounts a steward relieved the tension of the moment by running toward us down the deck.

"*Signori, un momento, per piacere!*" he called as he came. The British officers were on board, he forthwith informed us, and were demanding, in accordance with the martial law now reigning at Gibraltar, a sight of each passenger and his passport before the ship should proceed.

■

THE salon of conversation, as that mirrored, gilded and highly varnished apartment was grandiloquently termed, had been the spot chosen for our presumably not very terrible ordeal. Things were well under way. At a

"What You Want to Remember is That Good Spies Never Seem Like Spies!"

desk in the corner one officer was jotting down notes as to the clearance papers and the cargo; while at a table in the foreground sat his comrade, in a lieutenant's uniform, with the captain of the Ré d'Italia at his right, swart-faced and silent, and the list of the passengers lying before the pair. As I entered, a few moments behind Van Blarcom, I perceived that the interrogation had already run a partial course. Pietro Ricci, the reservist, had no doubt emerged with flying colors and now stood against the wall beside the doughty agent of the Phillipson rifles, who had apparently satisfied his inquisitor too. Near the door a group of stewards had clustered to watch; and as I stood waiting the girl in furs came in.

I put myself a hypothetical query. "If a girl," I thought, "materializes from the void, asks an incriminating favor and vanishes, does that put one on bowing terms with her when one meets her again?" It did evidently, for she smiled brightly and graciously and bent her ruddy head. But she was pale, I noticed critically; there was apprehension in her eyes. Wasn't it odd that the prospect of a few simple questions from an officer should disconcert her, when she had possessed the courage, or the foolhardiness, to sail on this line and at this time?

Really I could not deny that all I had seen of her was most suspicious. For aught I knew the secret-service man might be absolutely right. I had treated him outrageously. I owed him an apology, doubtless; but I still felt furious with him, and when she looked so anxiously at those officers I felt furious with them too.

Van Blarcom, his brief questioning ended, was turning from the table. As he passed I made a point of smiling companionably at the girl. "Now for the rack, the cord and the thumbscrews," I murmured to her, making way.

The lieutenant was a tall, lean, muscular young man, with a shrewd tanned face in which his eyes showed oddly blue, and he half rose, civilly enough, as the girl advanced.

"Please sit down," he said with a strong English accent. "And I'll have to see your passport if you will be so good." She took it from the bag she carried, and he glanced at it perfunctorily. "Your name is Esmé Falconer?"

"Yes," she replied.

Esmé was the name of the little Stuart princess, the daughter of Charles I, whose quaint, coifed, blue-gowned portrait hangs in a dark, gloomy gallery at Rome. I was aware subconsciously that I liked it, in spite of its strangeness, the while I wondered more actively whether that Paul Pry of a Van Blarcom had imparted to the ship's authorities the suspicions he had shared with me.

"You are an American, Miss Falconer? You were born in the States? You are going to Italy—and then home again?" The questions came in a reassuringly mechanical fashion; the man was doing his duty, nothing more.

"I may go also to France." Her voice was steady, but beneath the table I saw she had clenched her hands.

I glanced at Van Blarcom, to find him listening intently, his neck thrust forward, his eyes protruding in his eagerness not to miss a word. But there was to be nothing more.

"That is satisfactory, Miss Falconer," announced the Englishman; and with a little sigh of relief she stood back against the wall.

"If you please," said the officer to me in another tone.

As I came forward his eyes ran over me from head to foot. So did Captain Cecchi's; but I hardly noticed; these uniforms, these formalities, these war precautions were like a dash of comic opera—I was not taking them seriously in the least. The Britisher gestured me toward a seat; but it seemed superfluous for so brief an interview, and I remained standing with my hands resting on a chair.

"I'll have your passport!" There was something curt in his manner. "Ah. And your name is ——?"

"My name is Devereux Bayne."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"Where do you live?"

"In New York and Washington." If he could be laconic, I had determined, so could I.

"You were born in America?"

"No. I was born in Paris." By this time questions and answers were like the pop of rifle shots.

"That was a long way from home—lucky you chose the country of one of our Allies." Was this sarcasm or would-be humor? It had an unpleasant ring.

"Glad you like it," I responded with a cold stare; "but I didn't pick it."

"Well, if you weren't born in the States are you an American citizen?" he imperturbably pursued.

"If you'll consult my passport you'll see I am."

"Did either your father or your mother have any German blood?"

I could hear a slight rustle back of me among the passengers, none of whom had been subjected to such cross-questioning, it was plain. I was growing restive, but I couldn't tell him it was not his business; it was, of course. "No, they didn't," I briefly replied.

"About your destination now." He was making notes of all my answers. "You are going to Italy, and then ——?"

"To France."

"Roundabout trip, rather. The Bordeaux route is safer just now, and quicker too. Why not have gone that way? And how long are you planning to stop over on this side?"

"It depends upon circumstances." What on earth ailed the fellow? He was as annoying as a mosquito or a gnat.

"I beg your pardon, but your plans seem rather at loose ends, don't they? What are you crossing for?"

"To drive an ambulance!" as curtly as the words could be said.

I saw his face soften and humanize at the information; for once I had made a satisfactory response, it seemed. But on the heels of my answer there rose the voice of Mr. McGuntrie, sensational, accusing, pitched almost at a shriek.

"Look here, lieutenant," he was crying, "don't you let that fellow fool you. I asked him the first night out if he was an ambulance boy and he denied it to me up and down. I thought all along he was too smart, hooting like he did at submarines. Guess he knew one would pick him up all right if the rest of us did sink!"

"How about that, Mr. Bayne?" asked the Englishman, his uncordial self once more.

It was maddening. One would have thought them all in league to prove me an atrocious criminal.

"Simply this," I replied with the iciness of restrained fury, "that this gentleman has been the steamer's pest ever since the night we sailed. If I had answered his questions, everyone down to the ship's cat would have shared his knowledge within the hour. I did not deny anything; I simply did not assent. You are an officer, in authority; I am answering you, though I protest strongly at your manner; but I don't tell my affairs to prying strangers because we are cooped up on the same boat!"

"H'm. If I were you I would keep my temper." He regarded me thoughtfully, then with rapierlike rapidity shot two questions at my head: "I say, Mr. Bayne, you're positive about your parents' not having German blood, are you? And you are quite sure you were born in Paris, not in—well, Prussia, suppose we say?"

"What the ——" I opportunely remembered the presence of Miss Esmé Falconer. "What do you mean?" I substituted less sulphurously, with a glare.

He bent forward, tapping his forefinger against the desk, and his eyes were like gimlets boring into mine. "I mean," he enlightened me, his voice very hard of a sudden, "that a German agent is due to sail about this time, on this line, with certain papers, and that from one or two indications I'm not at all sure you are not the man!"

With sudden perspicacity I realized that he took me for an emissary of the great Von Blenheim. Exasperation overwhelmed me; would these farcical complications never cease? "Good heavens, man," I exclaimed with conviction, "you are crazy! Look at me! Use your common sense! What on earth is there about me to suggest a spy?"

"In a good spy there never is anything suggestive."

By Jove, that was the very thing the secret-service man had said!

"You admit you were born abroad. You claim to be bound for France, but you sail for Italy. And you are rather a soldier's type, tall, well set up, good military carriage. You'd make quite a showing in a field uniform, I should say ——"

"In a fiddlestick!" I snapped, weary of the situation. "So would you—so would our friend the Italian reservist there. I'm an average American, free, white and twenty-one, with strong pro-Ally sympathies and a passport in perfect shape. This is all nonsense—but, of course, there is something back of it. What has been your real reason for deviling me ever since I entered this room?"

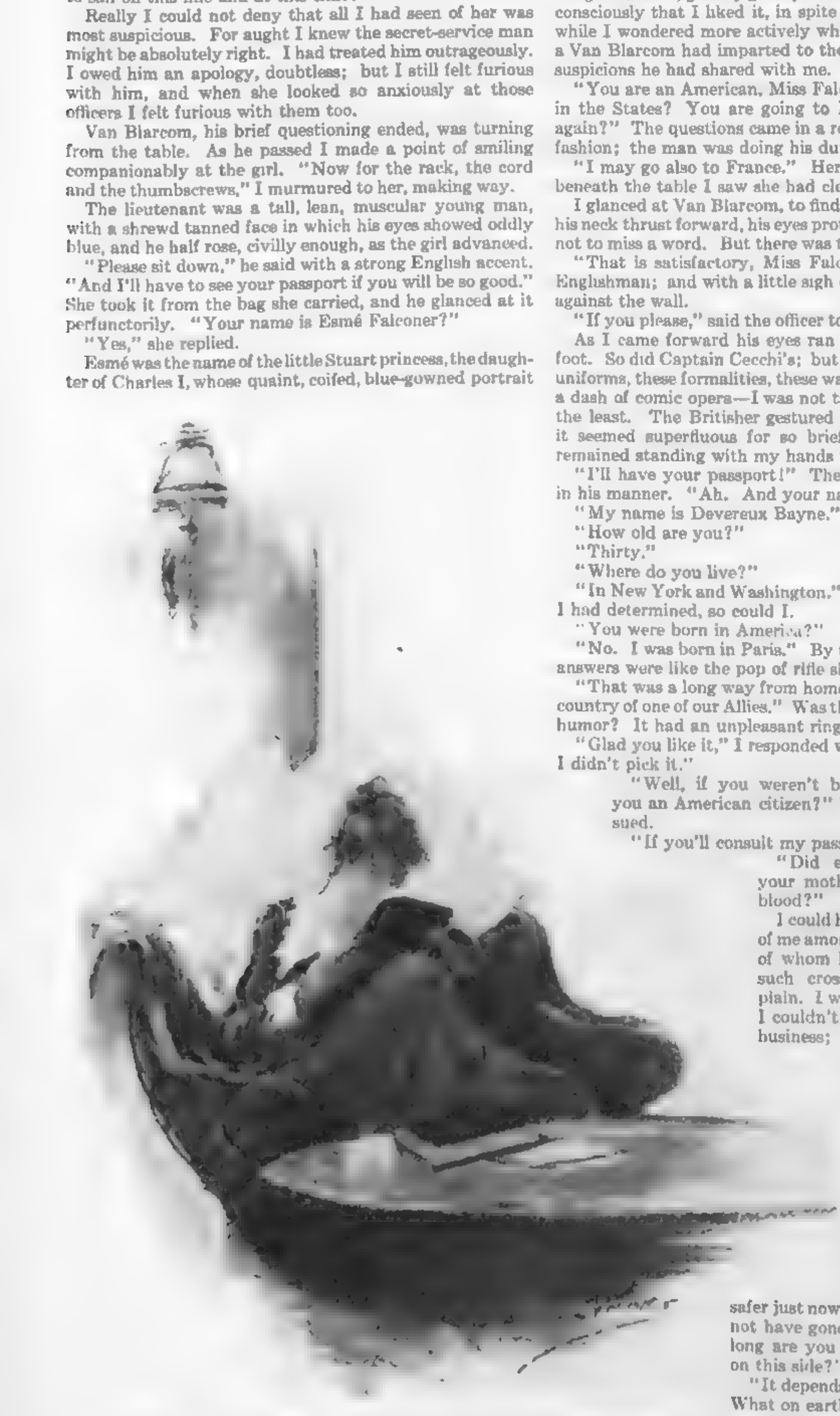
The lieutenant was studying my face. "Mr. Bayne," he said slowly, "do you care to tell me the nature of the package you threw across the rail the first night out?"

I heard a gasp from the group behind me; a squeal of joy from McGuntrie; a quick, low-drawn breath that surely came from the girl. Preternaturally cool, I thought rapidly.

"What's that you say? Package?" I repeated to gain time.

"Yes, package!" said the Englishman sharply. "And we'll dispense with pretense, please. These are wartimes, and from common prudence the Allies keep an eye on all passengers who choose to sail instead of staying at home as we prefer they should. Captain Cecchi here reports to me that one of his stewards saw you drop a small weighted object overboard. He has asked me to interrogate you, instead of doing it himself, so that you may have the chance to defend yourself in English, which he doesn't speak."

"*E vero.* It ees the truth," confirmed the captain of the Ré d'Italia—the one remark, by the way, which he ever addressed to me.



The Girl Kept Discreetly to Her Stateroom; and I Wove Unsatisfactory Theories, Asking Myself What Was Her Need of Secrecy

"Well?" It was the Englishman's cold voice. "We are waiting, Mr. Bayne! What was this object you were so anxious to dispose of? A message from some confederate, too compromising to keep?"

Heretofore I had carefully avoided looking at Miss Falconer; but at this point, turning my head a trifle, I gave her a casual glance. Her eyes had blackened, as they had done that night on the deck, her face had paled and her breath was coming fast. But as I looked her gaze fell and her lashes wavered; and I knew that whatever came she did not mean to speak.

VII

NOT, of course, that I wanted her to. I was no Injun giver; and having once pledged my word to help her I was prepared to keep it till all was blue, or any other final shade. Still, it was not to be denied that my position looked incriminating. She might be as honest as the daylight. I believed she was; I had to, or else abandon her; but she had managed to plunge me into a confounded mess!

Naturally I was exasperated at the net results of my piece of gallantry. I didn't care to be suspected; I wasn't anxious to have to lie. All the same, a plausible explanation, offered without delay, appeared essential. I should have wanted as much myself had I been guarding Gibraltar port.

"Well, Mr. Bayne?" the lieutenant prompted me.

"Well!" I retorted coolly. "I was just wondering whether I should answer. This is an infernal outrage, you know; you don't really think I'm a spy. What you are doing is to give me a third degree on general principles. If you'll excuse my saying so I think you ought to have more sense!"

"Oh, of course we ought to take you on trust," he agreed sardonically. "But we can't, I'm afraid. The fact is we have had an experience or two in the past to shake our faith. The last time this steamer stopped here we caught a pair of spies who didn't look the part any more than you do; and since then we have rather stopped taking appearances as guaranties!"

"All right, then," I responded. "I'll stretch a point, since it is wartime. I give you my word that I threw overboard a small bronze paper weight that was cluttering up my traps. There was nothing surreptitious about it; the whole steamer might have seen me. Do you care to take the responsibility of having me shot for that?"

"And I want to say, sir, that the gentleman is giving it to you straight," an unexpected voice addressed the lieutenant at my back. "I was standing at the door behind him that night, though he didn't know it, and I can take my oath that what he says is gospel truth!"

My unlooked-for champion was Mr. John van Blarcom, I stared at him, at a loss to know why he should, on the heels of our row on deck and my rejection of his friendly warning, in so obliging a fashion perjure himself for me. He had, I was aware, been too far off that night to know whether I had thrown away a paper weight or a handbag; besides which, the object had been swathed beyond recognition in the extra primarily responsible for all this fuss. "He is sorry for me," I decided. "He thinks the girl has made a fool of me."

And instead of experiencing gratitude for his interposition I felt more galled and wrathful than before.

"Is that so? How close were you?" the lieutenant asked alertly. "About ten feet? You are quite sure? Well—it's all right, I suppose, then"—in a very grudging tone.

"No, it isn't," I declared tartly. I was by no means satisfied with so half-hearted a vindication, nor did I care to owe my immunity to a patronizing lie on Mr. van Blarcom's part. "You have accused me of spying—do you think I'll let it go at that? I insist that you have my baggage brought up here, and that you search it and search me!"

The face of the Englishman really relaxed, for once.

"That's a good idea. And it's what any honest man would want, Mr. Bayne," he approved. "Since you demand it—certainly, we'll do it"; and he glanced at the captain, who promptly ordered two stewards to fetch my traps from below.

Things move rapidly on shipboard. My traveling impedimenta appeared in the salon almost before I could have uttered the potent name of Jack Robinson, had I cared to try. With cold aloofness I offered my keys, and the head steward knelt to officiate, while the crowd gaped, and the second English officer abandoned his corner and his papers, standing forth to watch with the lieutenant and the captain, and thus forming an intent and highly interested committee of three.

The investigation began, very thorough, slightly harrowing. I had not realized the embarrassing detail of such a search. Item, an extended store of collars suitable for different occasions; item, neat and glossy piles of shirts, both dress and plain; item, black silk hose, mountain high, and neckties as numerous as the sea sands. Noting the rapt attention which McGuntrie, in particular, gave to these disclosures, I felt that to deserve so inhuman a punishment my crime must have been black indeed.

Item, shoes on their trees; item, articles of silk underwear; item, brushes, combs, gloves, cards, boxes of cigarettes, an extra flask; item, some light literature. And so on, and so on, *ad nauseam*, till I grew dully apathetic, and roused only to praise Allah when we left the boxes for the trunk.

Hardened by this time I brazenly endured the exhibition of my pyjamas, not turning a hair when they were held up and shaken out before the attentive crowd. In a similar spirit I bore the examination of my coats and trousers, the rummaging of my vests, the investigation of my hats. Courage, I told myself. Nothing in the world is endless! Indeed, the ultimate garment was now being lifted, revealing nothing beneath it save a leather wallet, carefully tied.

"Just look through that, will you?" I requested with chilling sarcasm. "Otherwise you may get to thinking later that I had a note for the Kaiser there. In point of fact, those are simply some letters of introduction that I am taking to ——" I broke off abruptly. "Good Lord deliver us!" I blankly exclaimed. "What's that?"

The lieutenant, complying with my request, had unbound the wallet and was flirting out its contents in fanlike fashion, like a hand of cards. I saw the imposing array of letters presented me by Dunny, who knows everybody, headed by one to his old friend, the American Ambassador to France. So far, so good. But beneath them, with a sickening sense of being in a bad dream, I beheld a thin sheaf of papers, neatly folded, bound with red tape and sealed with bright red wax—an object which, to my certain knowledge, had no more business among my belongings than the knives and plates which the conjurer snatches from the surrounding atmosphere, or the clucking hen which he evolves from an erstwhile empty sleeve.

Standing there with the impersonal calm of utter helplessness I watched the Britisher break the seal and unfold the sheets. They were thin, and they were many, and they were covered with closely jotted hieroglyphics, row upon row. But the sphinxlike quality of the contents afforded me no gleam of hope. If they had proclaimed as much in the plainest English printing I could have been no surer that they were the papers of Franz von Blenheim; nor, as I learned a good while afterward, was I mistaken in the belief.

I was vaguely conscious that the spectators were being ordered from the salon. Captain Cecchi's eyes were dark stilettos; the gaze of the Englishman was like a narrow flash of blue steel. He was going to say something. I waited apathetically. Then the words came, falling like icicles in the deadness of the hush. "If you wish, sir," he stated, "to explain why you are traveling with cipher papers Captain Cecchi and I will hear what you have to say."

VIII

IN SHEER desperation I achieved a ghastly levity of demeanor. "Please don't shoot me yet," I managed to request. "And if I sit down and think for a moment don't take it for a confession—any innocent man would be shocked dumb temporarily if his traps gave up such loot!"

I sat down in dizzy fashion, my judges watching me. Through my mind, in a mad phantasmagoria, danced the series of events which had begun in the St. Ives restaurant, and which was ending so dramatically in the salon of this ship. Or perhaps the end had not yet arrived, I thought ironically. By a slight effort of imagination I could conjure up a scene of the sort rendered familiar by countless movie dramas—a lowering fortress wall, myself standing against it and scornfully waving away a bandage, and drawn up before me a highly efficient firing squad.

To all intents and purposes I was a spy, caught redhanded; but with due respect for circumstantial evidence I did not mean to remain one long. That part of it was too absurd. There must be a dozen ways out of it. Come! The fact that so strange an experience had befallen me in a New York hotel on the eve of my sailing could not be pure coincidence—there lay the clew to the mystery; let me work it out!

And then, as my wits began groping, comprehension came to me—a sudden, entire comprehension that left me stunned and dazed. The open trunk, the thief, the descent by the fire escape, the girl's appearance and calm denial turning us from the suspected door! Yes, the girl! Heavens, what a blind dolt I had been. No wonder that Van Blarcom had felt moved to say a helping word for me, as for a congenital idiot not responsible for his acts!

"When you are ready ——" the lieutenant was remarking. I pulled myself together as hastily as I could.

"First," I began with all the resolution I could muster, "I want to say that I am as much at a loss as you are about this thing. I never set eyes upon those papers until this evening. Why, man alive, I insisted on the search! I asked you to examine the wallet! Do you think I did all that to establish my own guilt?"

"We'll keep to the point, please." His very politeness was ill-omened. "The papers were in your baggage—can you explain how they came there?"

"I am going to try," I answered coolly. "To begin with I can vouch for it that they were not there two weeks ago, when my man packed the trunk. That I can swear to, for I glanced through the letters before handing him the wallet; and when he had finished packing I locked the trunk and went yachting for five days."

"And your baggage? Did it go with you?" queried the Englishman.

"No, it didn't. It remained in the baggage room of my apartment house; but when I landed and found hotel quarters I had it sent to me at the St. Ives."

"So you stayed there!" He was eying me with ever-growing disfavor. "You didn't know, of course, that it was a nest of agents, a sort of rendezvous for hyphenates—and that the last spy we caught on

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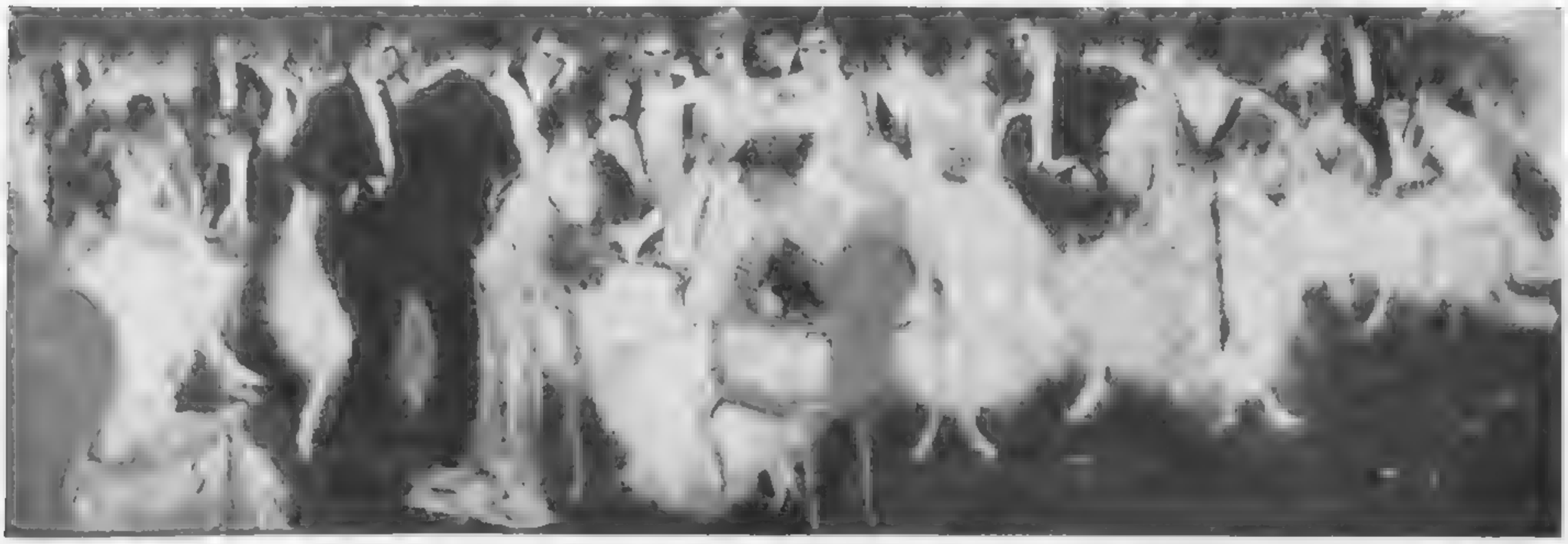
"If You Wish, Sir," the Englishman Stated, "to Explain Why You are Traveling With Cipher Papers Captain Cecchi and I Will Hear What You Have to Say"

FIFTY-FIFTY CHARITY



By Maude Radford Warren

OUR war-charity folly takes mainly two forms: Too much money is spent in raising money—that is, the cost of production is too high, this being largely the result of our custom of indirect giving and of giving in petty amounts; secondly, there is too much reduplication in war objects and too little coördination of the agencies now at work. Some people have waked up to all this, and the rest of us must, because not only can we not afford any extravagance, but we are only at the beginning of our giving. From now on we should do away with plain thieves and indirect thieves, with promoters and managers working on a commission basis in raising war-relief funds, with irresponsible collectors of all sorts. The object of every war-relief organization must be worth while; every organization must be well managed. We must minimize the reduplication of activities, must insist on a strict coördination. The lack of coördination and centralization, the indiscriminate ticket selling and benefit and bazaar nagging, are not only wasteful but they have a bad effect psychologically. Here is an example:

A certain man, representing a prosperous business, gave fifty thousand dollars to a certain excellent national war relief on the occasion of a national drive. Then he was solicited five or six times to buy tickets or make small contributions to something that had a bearing on this same war relief. He was so irritated at being picked at in these petty ways that he indicated that if he were to be subjected to such annoyance he would give no further aid. If he were to withdraw his support all the local efforts of petty peddlers of charity the country over would not make up his loss to the cause.

Where Business Methods are in Vogue

IT IS not only the psychology of big, generous givers that must be considered, but also the psychology of the little giver, the man who has not learned the habit of giving. Suppose such a man on four different days buys a ticket for some war-relief object. He gets the impression that he has done four things for war relief, and that little more need be expected of him.

This is specious and most unfortunate. We should learn from the experience of the Canadians, who have cast aside the dribbling business. They raise money only when it is needed, and they raise it in large sums. The Canadian public is now trained in giving. The money is always forthcoming there, but it is never wasted.

We are charitable, but lazy. The name of someone of whose honesty we are convinced as a patron or director of a relief activity is enough for us; we don't stop to see whether the money for the charity to which we are contributing is being collected on a commission basis. Then, too, we are individualistic, and when we are giving personal service to a particular organization we don't perhaps notice that some other one is already doing the same thing, and needs us to merge with it, or to contribute to it, rather than to have our separate organization. Moreover, there are places in our nation, such as New York, which are the happy hunting grounds for get-rich-quick people, who pounce upon our patriotism as a fruitful ground for exploitation. Besides, a lot of us have our patriotic motives distinctly mixed.

As a result of these faults, plus lack of preparedness, and shortsightedness, millions of dollars contributed to war-relief funds have been stolen, or trifled away, or used for unnecessary expenses, or otherwise wasted. Some of it came from people who had given at real personal sacrifice. All this waste helped the Germans, in that it held back just so much the victory of the Allies. If you want to realize waste think of it in terms of the blood and pain of the men who are dying overseas for our sake.

The particular cases of fraud and waste and imperfect patriotism are legion. Here are a few typical examples: In connection with a benefit for the dependent relatives of members of one regiment a certain firm got seventy per cent of the proceeds from the advertising program. A certain league was charged with paying sixty per cent to solicitors in connection with a benefit held in November. A certain corps has been collecting on a basis of fifty-fifty for war-relief charities. The president of it was convicted some six years ago of swindling, and served seven months in a workhouse. In one instance, for a particular fund for which this corps was collecting, about $14,500 was received, from which all expenses were taken out and the rest divided on a fifty-fifty basis. Only some $400 resulted to the fund.

Subscribers too negligent to investigate would be surprised to find how often a fund is started by people who are thinking of lining their own pockets without danger from the law. For example, on a certain day a certain kind of patriot went out to look at the camp kitchens of a certain camp of soldiers. He happened to be the manufacturer of a camp kitchen. When he saw the sort the Government provided he wept, much as did the Walrus in Alice in Wonderland, and deeply sympathized. He pointed out the rust on the government camp kitchen; for all his blinding tears he was able to be very observant of any possible defects. He made the soldiers feel sorry for themselves, and very much interested in the real sort of up-to-date camp kitchen he told them of.

"Wouldn't you like such a camp kitchen?" he asked.

Of course they would; but what they used had been O.K'd by the quartermaster, and they had no money to buy others.

"But would you use the new kind if you got it for nothing?"

Naturally; and so the enterprising patriot went forth whistling cheerfully, and started a fund of several thousand dollars to buy proper camp kitchens for the boys who are going overseas that we may be safe, and so on.

Then there are the patriots whose motives are mixed. A certain young lady had a thought labeled patriotic. It was to the effect that the Government or somebody might found a fund of several thousand dollars to equip a clubhouse near the camp where her beloved husband had gone. She was ready to take her furniture down there, find a cook and create the atmosphere of home for our boys. She was so sure that the money would somehow be forthcoming that she entered into correspondence with a real-estate firm in the neighborhood of the camp. They were holding a piece of property which she could have at the rental of a few hundreds a month. Private research showed that this property was worth much less than what was asked. The most superficial sort of inquiry proved that no clubhouse was needed—for the Government had already provided all necessary recreation facilities. The patriotic lady protested, was sure that she could give an atmosphere of home not furnished by the camp recreation arrangements. Her protests ceased when her husband was suddenly sent to France. Somehow it did not now seem so important for our boys to have the atmosphere of home.

Men and women exploiting patriotism in petty ways are legion. There is the lady who writes a patriotic song. She wants to put it on the market, and as it will not go on its own merit she sells it by the aid of some regiment. The regiment gets something—but the song writer gets more. Who has not met at least one angel countess from the war zone with something to sell, who disappeared afterward and did not send any report back? Perhaps she sold toys made by the wounded soldiers; maybe she had pawned her jewels to get the money to come over and collect our contributions—but in any case she took her bag and baggage and forgot to write to us.

We have given to such persons, and to others who were collecting in favor of the countries of Europe, without waiting until we had accurate information as to the precise needs of the countries and as to the credentials of the persons collecting. And it was not necessary, for though it is the sad truth that in some cities about seventy per cent of war-relief enterprises—outside of the government enterprises—have either a commercial motive, a purely business motive, personal ambition or some other personal motive, still there are plenty of well-conducted, admirable war-relief organizations to which we could give. We simply have not investigated.

How the Charitable are Exploited

EVER since we entered the war there have been voices in the wilderness crying against the waste in war charities, but the occasion which set the superficial observer to screaming was the example of a bazaar given in New York a short time ago. Its object was to buy comfort kits for enlisted men at a cost of a dollar each. The gross receipts were about $71,475; the net amount handed over for the kits was about $754. The kits actually bought were some three hundred, about one per cent of what could have been bought if the money had been directly given. The rest of the money went for rent and decorations, booth percentages, goods purchased, advertising, salaries for workers, payment of private detectives, for stationery and printing, a commission for the managing director, press agents' fees and for commissions for the industrious person who got up the souvenir program with its many pages of advertising at the congenial rate of a fifty-fifty division. He collected, through his efficient solicitors, who used lavishly the names of prominent men and women supposed to be backing the enterprise, $45,000. Of this, $6000 was donated by sixteen persons as a free gift to the fund.

When the public, assisted by our observing newspapers, woke up to the fact that the cost of this bazaar was almost a hundred times as much as the net profit, a hurricane of wrath ensued. It was but human for those involved to try to take cover, but shelter seemed strangely evanescent. The active officers of the committee are quoted as saying that the expenditures were not excessive and that under favorable conditions the receipts would have exceeded $100,000. One reason why the conditions were not favorable was that New York had already been bazaared *ad nauseam*.

(Continued on Page 28)

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Intolerance

HOW could a small number of crowned and epauleted persons induce ten million workmen and farmers in Central Europe to forsake all their real interests in life and march away to be shot at under conditions of frightful discomfort?

Except for a carefully inculcated idea that the plain people of Germany had a paramount interest in life which was fundamentally hostile to the paramount interest of the plain people of France and Russia, it would have been impossible for Kaiser and Junkers to bring on a war.

Imagine the governor and legislature of New York trying to get farmers and workmen of that state to fight farmers and workmen of Pennsylvania! The appeal would be laughed at.

If people of one nation are still to be taught that people of another nation are their natural enemies, whom they must suspect and hate, any international organization to maintain peace will be a house of cards.

For hundreds of thousands of young Americans who have left home and business for training camps—and for hundreds of thousands of mothers, fathers, sisters, wives—the consolation is that they offer their lives in order that such a calamity as this war shall not again befall the world.

All that stirs up blind racial hate digs the ground from under their feet, cancels their justification, promises new wars. There can be no greater disservice than stirring up racial suspicion and hatred.

The Investigations

NO SENSIBLE person supposed the United States would get into the war without confusion and waste of both time and money. The investigations at Washington indicate quite as good a situation as there was reason to expect. A chief point about them is that a good many of the faults were well enough known at the capital some time ago, and should have been published.

Up to the time Congress reconvened there was a fatuous notion that patriotism required one to spread a transparent camouflage of silence over errors in the Government, as though both the Kaiser and the American public would thereby be induced to believe that the United States was getting into war with infallible efficiency.

Our own observation leads us to conclude that the effect of this tacit policy, as a matter of fact, was to make the American public more nervous than it need have been. Knowing the inevitable fallibility of government, and not hearing a whisper on the subject, its imagination painted too dark a picture. Shocking rumors were circulated sub rosa.

The investigations have been very useful. They let in the air and started up a wholesome circulation of observation and comment. The prevailing official pose of impeccability was foolish and hurtful. In the universal anxiety to preserve proper form the stage frown of a voluntary censorship repressed discussion in print more than a censorship armed with statutory powers would have done.

In so vast an undertaking, for which the Government had so little preparation, mistakes were sure to happen. Everybody expected them. An immense amount of work has been done. Much of it has been excellently done. Being known, the failures may be corrected. There is no reason for discouragement.

The worst faults and delays were due to lack of proper teamwork. At Washington and everywhere else the man who does not subordinate his individual preference to the common need is the chap who is putting a brake on the wheels.

Priorities

A GOOD many important industries find themselves in a painful situation. As to materials they must have, if they are to keep going, they are living from hand to mouth. Their day-to-day existence contains all the hair-raising thrills of old-fashioned melodrama, where the heroine is snatched from in front of an express train at one moment only to be tied to a powder keg, with a lighted fuse, at the next.

Being acutely aware of their own needs they want priority orders. Any one case standing alone would be easy to decide; but when you get fifty cases, each wanting priority over the others, decision becomes difficult.

A great many communities are pinched for coal and are clamoring for early supplies.

If one community were pinched, rushing coal there would be simple; but when there are a thousand in equally urgent need each of them cannot be served without regard to the others.

Everybody who comes into contact with transportation, as traveler, shipper or consignee, meets with delays and inconvenience—often decided loss. Food prices pinch. A hundred things pinch at a million points.

The people of the United States need all their patience and good humor. Do not imagine that this war pinch is merely a matter of getting adjusted, and will presently disappear. It is going to be right here and pinching harder so long as the war lasts. We shall be needing our patience and good humor next summer, if war is still going on, more than we need it now.

Do not jaw until you are very sure you have something to jaw about besides the common burden of inconvenience and loss, which are an inevitable cost of war. In declaring war the country underwrote a vast risk. Bear your fair share of it with fortitude.

War and Population

SUCH information as now comes to hand indicates that to get the effect of war upon population in Germany the wastage of life at the Front must be multiplied by two. The president of the Royal Statistical Society calculates that the German birth rate has fallen about two-fifths. Since May, 1915, the number of births has been two and a half millions below normal.

A German periodical devoted to life insurance reports that malnutrition and the hardships of war have increased the death rate among the civilian population until it is now nearly as high as that in the army, and exceeds the birth rate. In Munich, for example, deaths exceeded births by more than four thousand in the last fiscal year; while in the year before the war births exceeded deaths by three thousand. Roughly, as compared with the year before the war, births have declined a third and deaths have risen a third. Some industrial centers show a greater decline in births.

The British birth rate, with a much smaller proportion of the male population in the trenches, has declined only about sixteen per cent, and apparently war has affected the civilian death rate hardly at all. An interesting point, in view of millions of men in training camps at home, is that war has not increased the number of illegitimate births.

These vital statistics, admittedly very incomplete and to be taken only as estimates deduced from the available data, are another indication of the ruthless pressure war is exerting upon the German population. In Austria-Hungary the pressure is even greater. This situation behind the battle fronts is steadily fighting for an acceptable peace.

A Good Government Ownership

THE National Forest Service was nearly self-supporting in 1917. Receipts were three and a half million dollars, an increase of six hundred thousand over the year before; and expenses were about four millions. Sales of National Forest timber more than doubled, exceeding two billion feet. Three-quarters of a billion feet were cut and removed, for which the purchasers paid one and a half million dollars.

The number of cattle grazing in the forests was about two hundred thousand greater than in 1916; the number of sheep increased somewhat more. Receipts from this source exceeded one and a half million dollars.

In its experimental laboratories the Forest Service developed methods of kiln-drying hemlock ship-lap in forty-eight hours, with practically no loss of grade. The time required for kiln-drying walnut, birch, and some other woods, was much reduced, with little loss in the quality of the wood.

Further progress was made in turning saw-mill waste to good commercial uses.

The National Forest Service is a fine example of work the Federal Government should do. The forests were public property, to begin with. By conserving and scientifically developing them the Government saves a raw asset that would otherwise be more or less wasted, and creates wealth for the public. It can find an abundant outlet for its energies in other work of substantially the same character—which is an entirely different thing from taking over an asset that has already been highly developed under private ownership, so that government ownership means merely the substitution of a more costly system of operation for a less costly one.

The Next Move

NEARLY three and a half years of experience in fighting on the Western Front raises a strong presumption that neither side can break through without a decided preponderance of men and guns.

What we know of present relative strengths there, of the prospects of peace with Russia, of our own preparations so far, of the shipping situation and the ordnance situation, indicates that it will be some time yet before the United States can give a decided preponderance of men and guns.

But if the Allies are reduced to the defensive on the military side for many months, that is all the more reason why they should take the offensive on the political side. On that side the initiative ought to be in their hands. They did nothing in Russia's case. To all appearance they are doing nothing now. But, while they wait for the evolution of order in Russia, Germany certainly is very busy.

A league of nations should be started now. Every possible opportunity should be taken to impress upon the people of Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary that the aim of the Kaiser's enemies is a just and permanent peace.

Pushing Up and Pushing Down

TO INCREASE production and decrease consumption along some lines - that is the nation's job; and the first phase of it is far more important than the second.

Wealth does not come by the most diligent saving, but by the most diligent producing. Men and nations who pinch the pennies hardest are never the richest. The United States is called the most extravagant of nations. It is, also, far and away the wealthiest of nations. Without the adventurous, expansive, open-handed spirit that makes it extravagant in many ways it would not have become so rich.

Nothing venture, nothing gain is a sounder maxim than a penny saved is a penny earned.

The virtues of saving are especially emphasized just now, and properly, so long as one keeps the proportions in mind. But pushing up on production is even more important than pushing down on consumption. More power to the elbow, whether it is wielding a plow, an adding machine, a carpenter's hammer, a locomotive throttle, a mine drill, a pneumatic riveter, or what not, is the most useful contribution to the war. Any slackening of production or distribution anywhere automatically cancels savings. Every strike throws sheaves of war-savings stamps into the wastebasket.

The greatest duty is to push up on production. It devolves upon everybody who works or is capable of working.

Save the Change

TWO billion dollars is a reasonable estimate of the amount that should be realized in the United States by the sale of war-savings stamps. We expect there will be twenty-five million subscribers.

At any post office, at any bank, at many other places, you can buy a twenty-five-cent stamp, convertible into a five-dollar one; or you can buy a five-dollar one at a discount that will give four per cent compound interest on the investment.

No Government, before this war began, ever raised so much as a billion dollars by one operation. Raising two billions out of small change would have seemed too preposterous for sober consideration.

It will be done; but it will not do itself. Get your card, your wife's card, your children's cards. Save the change for a stamp.

Ten million stamp accounts could easily be started in a single week.

This is the most certainly useful form of saving to win the war. It will not represent borrowing. It will inflate no currency and raise no prices. It will come out of income, and for millions of subscribers the subtraction will hardly be missed.

Start the stamp habit now!

THE EARTHQUAKE

I KINGS XIX, 11-19

IV

My Wife and Others—By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

"You're Crazy!" I Retorted. "Of Course, if You Insist, I'll Order a Taxi; But I'm Not Going to Have You Go Over There Alone at This Time of Night"

OUT of space—as infinite as the distance of the remotest star, as cold as the wind that blows between the worlds, and as black as the primordial darkness that covered the face of the waters at the creation of the world—I heard the faint, persistent, muffled ringing of a bell. At first—in fact for some time—I lay there comfortably in that detached, impersonal, superior fashion so familiar to those who see other fellows' houses burning up or other fellows' wives running off with their best friends. Some poor devil had forgotten his latchkey, probably, or some unfortunate physician was needed sooner than had been expected. I turned over and tried to go to sleep again; then a cold sweat broke out upon my face and I started up in bed, straining my ears for that ominous, distant, now quite personal sound.

It was my own telephone—three stories below! Jack! Had Yaphank been blown up? Or had they shipped him off without my knowing it, and the transport been torpedoed? Bzz-zz-zz! Trembling violently, I switched on the night light and threw on my wrapper as quietly as I could, so as not to rouse Helen, who was sleeping in the next room. My little Jack! My only son! I stumbled out into the hall and down the stairs like a drunken man, fearful to answer that mandatory summons, but equally apprehensive lest it might cease before I could do so. Bz-zz-zz-zz-ZZ! The change in the size of type illustrates the effect produced upon my sleep-drugged ears as I pushed open the pantry door.

"Hello!" I answered huskily. "Hello! What is it?"

"Is Mrs. Stanton there?" inquired a metallic female voice.

"This is Mister Stanton," I replied. "What is it? Give me the message."

"I must speak to Mrs. Stanton!" retorted the person at the other end of the wire.

"If it's any bad news ——" I choked. "Please—tell—me!"

"Oh, it isn't any bad news! I'm sorry if I frightened you," said SHE, for that is the only typographical method of describing this authoritative lady. "But I want Mrs. Stanton at once. I need her at the Pennsylvania Station."

ME: "What the —— How do you mean? What are you talking about? She's sound asleep in bed!"

SHE: "Naturally! This is Miss Pritchett talking—chairwoman of your wife's Committee of the Local Canteen. She's under orders, you know. We've fifteen hundred soldiers coming in from Spartanburg at four o'clock, and it's now two-fifty-five. I've got to get thirty women down there in an hour to feed those men; Mrs. Stanton among them. I shall see that the food is there."

ME: "But —— How on earth —— You can't expect my wife to get up in the middle of the night and go down to the Pennsylvania Station! You're crazy!"

SHE (icily): "Will—you—kindly—transmit—the—order—to—your—wife?"

ME: "Look here, Miss Whateveryournameis! You must have got hold of the wrong Stanton."

I stopped abruptly, confronted by the peculiar opaqueness of sound that clothes a transmitter when the other party has hung up. "Well!" I remarked to the alarm clock on the shelf. "What do you think of that?"

Well, what did I think of it? I didn't know what I thought of it. Miss Whateverhernamewas seemed to know very definitely what she was talking about; but to rouse my wife at three A. M., even if she had been careless enough to allow her name to be used on a committee, and send her chasing off across the city, was inconceivable.

I found a tin box of cigarettes, lit one and sat down on the ice box. The business showed just how foolish it was for anybody to get mixed up with things one didn't know anything about. Canteen! Imagine Helen—far more gentle and retiring than her namesake of Troy, Asia Minor—trying to hustle coffee cans and sandwich trays for a lot of rookies, who would probably yell at her as if she were a barmaid! It wasn't decent! It wasn't possible—absolutely not possible! Imagine someone calling my wife Birdie!

"No!" said I sternly to the alarm clock. "If there isn't any mistake, there ought to be! That Amazon can get along without Helen. I'm going back to bed."

Having reached this most sensible decision I opened the ice chest, took a couple of bites out of an apple I found there, drank half a glass of milk and slowly climbed up the stairs again. Helen was looking over the banister.

"What is it?" she queried sharply. "Anything about Jack?"

"Oh, no! It's nothing!" I replied, taking a final pull on my cigarette. "Nothing at all! Let's go to bed."

She eyed me suspiciously.

"Who was it?" she demanded.

"Oh, some woman—I didn't get the name."

"What did she want?"

It was no use!

"She said she wanted you to go and help feed a lot of soldiers over at the Pennsylvania ——"

Helen—the elegant Helen!—had suddenly become galvanized.

"Miss Pritchett—it was Miss Pritchett!" she almost shouted. "My captain! Order me a taxi, will you?"

Already she had hurried back to her bedroom.

"Taxi? You don't mean you're going ——"

"Of course I'm going!"

"There'll be plenty of other women ——"

"I'll be one of them."

"Helen," I expostulated, "you mustn't do this kind of thing. You're not fitted for it! You're not strong enough, to begin with. And you won't know how to handle that kind of people. The sort of woman that is needed to feed a lot of soldiers is a—a—masculine sort of woman—like Miss Pritchett!"

I was shouting through the door now. A subdued laugh came from inside.

"Be a good boy—order my taxi!"

"Hanged if I will!"

The door opened just a crack.

"John, you goose; don't you realize I've got to go? I'm pledged to. I'd be forever disgraced if I didn't. Besides, I want to. Please order me a taxi! If you don't I'll be late. I'm almost dressed."

Almost dressed! Five minutes! Usually Helen took fifty.

"You're crazy!" I retorted. "Of course, if you insist, I'll order a taxi; but I'm not going to have you go over there alone at this time of night. It isn't decent. I'm going with you."

"Then you'd better get started, instead of standing there talking in your pyjamas," she laughed. "Come ahead! It will probably do you good. Besides, it will give you a chance to meet Miss Pritchett."

Fuming and still more than half asleep, I telephoned for a taxi and hurriedly began to dress; but long before I was ready the motor was at the door and Helen was calling to me from the front hall to hurry up.

As I came downstairs I noticed that she had on a brown military cap. I hate anything conspicuous or ostentatious, but it was so becoming to her that I held my peace. Besides, this sudden call—to arms, as it were—in the middle of the night, once one was fully roused, had something rather romantic and thrilling about it. She intercepted and interpreted my glance, however.

"It's the regular canteen uniform," she explained. "It helps a lot in a crowd. People understand who you are and let you by."

Up in the blue alley between the housetops the stars snapped in the crisp keen air. A pale greenish efflorescence suffused the sky across the park and marked where glowed the as yet undimmed lights of Broadway. The city was still, save now and then for the subdued distant clang of a surface car and the rumble that, like a giant pulse, throbs in its arteries night and day. I felt the stimulus of the unusual, the excitement of being abroad before the dawn while the rest of the world slept. But Helen had stepped into the taxi, and I clambered in after her as quickly as I could.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver as he closed the door.

"To the Pennsylvania Station," replied Helen before I could answer. "And please hurry!"

As we passed the illuminated clock in front of the Hotel Netherland the hands pointed at twenty minutes to four. Straight ahead, for a mile or more, the street lamps drew away in a long parallel until they merged far below us in the glow of Forty-second Street.

The smooth asphalt of the Avenue reflected the lights of our taxi, as if wet with rain. No one was abroad. The sidewalks and roadway were bare of traffic. We had the city to ourselves.

Was it possible that we were on our way to meet fifteen hundred young crusaders, sworn to rescue Europe from the tyranny of military despotism? It was as difficult to believe as that millions of men had died or had been wounded in that same cause. We knew it, yet we didn't know it! The men Helen was going to meet to-day might be floating dead in mid-ocean before the week was out!

It occurred to me as we whirred down Fifth Avenue that the last time Helen and I had been out at such an hour together was when we had come home from the Highbilts' dinner dance in February, 1914. Not since that grand affair had we been invited to any elaborate function. The concussion of the great conflict had demolished the strongholds of American society, much as the German siege guns, at the beginning of the war, had leveled the fortresses of

Liège and Namur; and the garrisons had been driven out to mingle with the rest of the population—many of them for the first time on equal terms.

I had always deplored the fact that Helen, along with most of the other American women of her type, in spite of her keen intelligence and bodily vigor, had been content to remain in a state of ignorance and inactivity, so far as current affairs were concerned. She was quite satisfied with her friends, her family, her social life. Her world had consisted exclusively of rich women, upper servants and high-class shopkeepers. She had no social relations with the kind of woman who went to market in the morning. She had had an instinctive feeling that it was mean to care what it cost to run the house or to ask the price of anything. She had never seen the butcher, the groceryman, or her own kitchen maid except on the day she engaged her. She shrank from any contact with people like street-car conductors, ticket sellers or taxicab drivers. I had known her to walk half a mile in the rain rather than go through the process of paying a cab driver. She had been so protected all her life that it caused her acute suffering to talk to anybody whose point of view wasn't perfectly familiar to her beforehand.

She viewed women who went in for suffrage, temperance or other movements as freakish. She held woman's place to be not so much in the home as in the drawing-room. In a word, even if she were not, in the words of the hymn, a "broken and useless vessel," she was nevertheless a thing apart, whose value lay, if anywhere, in her very inutility. She was a sensitive plant, moving in an atmosphere more rarefied than that of a noblewoman at the time of the French Revolution. Sometimes I wonder whether this war has not saved her from the guillotine. Anyhow, it has saved her from herself.

We had not been back in New York a month before I observed an extraordinary change in Helen's point of view. In the first place, as she had no motor she was obliged to make use of public conveyances; and, though at first she walked in preference to so doing, she soon so exhausted herself that she had no choice in the matter. How are the mighty fallen! Helen a strap hanger!

Helen's Next Discovery Was That the Butcher Was Really a Very Well-Meaning Human Being, Who Would Much Rather Transact His Business With Her Than With Her Cook

Her next discovery was that the butcher was really a very well-meaning human being, who would much rather transact his business with her than with her cook. She now confesses that she looks forward to her morning excursion to Third Avenue as one of the most interesting features of her day.

Moreover, as she has fewer servants she is compelled to see more of them and to pay more attention to the way they perform their duties. She has incidentally learned that they have feelings of their own and are not the hostile automatons she supposed. Indeed, she now finds that there are no less than nine brothers and cousins of our small family of domestics fighting with the Allies, and that two have already been killed.

You can't say "Home, James!" with quite the same inflection or with your nose quite so high in the air when James' only brother got a machine-gun bullet through his heart only last week at Poelcapelle. It makes a vast difference, too, when you find the girls in the kitchen ready and eager to roll bandages and knit sweaters. Up to this time the sisterhood of women has always seemed more theoretical than the brotherhood of man. The ordinary lady of fashion has always had her butler and chauffeur standing on guard between her and the world. And now those guards are gone—at least ours have.

A year ago I should have been inclined to believe that Helen couldn't have changed; that her attitude toward life would have been as immutable as the expression upon the face of a graven image. Offhand one would have agreed with Mrs. Putnam when, in her analysis of The Lady, she says: "Sentimentally the lady has established herself as the criterion of a community's civilization. Very dear to her is the observance that hedges her about. In some subtle way it is so bound up with her self-respect, and with her respect for the man who maintains it, that life would hardly be sweet to her without it. When it is flatly put to her that she cannot become a human being and yet retain her privileges as a noncombatant, she often enough decides for etiquette."

There is a student of women speaking about women; and yet her generalization has been proved an error only seven years after her book was written. The ladies of America haven't decided in favor of etiquette; with one accord they have chosen to become human beings.

Though it is true, as Mrs. Putnam says, that "a lady may become a nun in the strictest and poorest order without altering her view of life, without the moral convulsion, the destruction of false ideas, the birth of character that would be the preliminary steps toward becoming an efficient stenographer," nevertheless that convulsion has occurred; and all over the country women of every class are rallying to the call of service. The millionaire's wife is working side by side with the grocer's daughter, the music teacher and the seamstress, at the Red Cross building, in the rest huts of the Y. W. C. A., the canning kitchens, the canteens, in the Food Administration's house-to-house canvass, and in the thousand and one other activities their sex enables them to carry on so much better than men.

The woman power of the United States is being mobilized with extraordinary rapidity. Already the women of New York have demonstrated their effectiveness in the State Military Census, which was carried on by a volunteer body of five thousand women workers. There are in the United States probably ten million women who can take the places of men who are either with the colors or engaged in war work. Another ten million are able to help. It would not take long, if it were necessary, for this great reserve army of twenty million women to become almost as efficient as the women of Germany are to-day.

It should mean that the United States can send as many men as shall be needed to insure the defeat of the Central Powers without a vital reduction in producing power, however large that number may be. But better than beating Germany is the democratizing effect this common service is having upon the women who are sharing in it.

It is teaching the women of leisure that there is no play which is half so much fun as real work, and that the people who are doing something are vastly more interesting than those who aren't. It is teaching the worker that the society woman has her good points, and that the main trouble with her is that, never having had any contact with the edges of life, she doesn't know how to act along with real folks. "The poor little rich girl!" It is teaching all of them, rich or not, that when it comes to service the only thing which counts is delivering the goods; and it is bringing into the limelight a lot of extraordinarily able women of both classes.

The striking feature of this wholesale transmogrification is the ease and rapidity with which women like Helen have sloughed off the skin of their conventionality, shed all their pretenses and affectations and plunged *in medias res* as if they had never done anything else all their lives. They remind me, somehow, of chicks who have felt the tingle of life and suddenly cracked through their shells; they are just as keen to get busy. Helen had no sooner put her house in order than she became passionately interested in everything that other women were doing.

A year ago she would have retired from the world in shame rather than have a Votes for Women poster exhibited in our front window. It is there now, however, along with the sign manual of the Food Administration, and a Service placard showing the American woman as a modern Joan of Arc against a background of the Stars and Stripes. I'm proud of all those cards and posters. I'm proud of what Helen is doing, and of the spirit that makes her want to make a public declaration of her principles. But it is so sudden! Yet everything is sudden these days. I suppose the earthquake has simply shaken the frosting off the façade, leaving exposed the solid stone and cement of American womanhood.

There's a new community spirit abroad. It's great sport, when it comes to putting up cherry jam, for Mrs. Angelo, whose husband runs the barber shop at the summer resort on Long Island, to put it all over Mrs. Robinson, whose husband controls forty per cent of the independent steel companies of America. But Mrs. Angelo has an unfair advantage—she learned how as a girl in Palermo. Her thirty cans make poor Mrs. Robinson's thirteen look like thirty cents. Just so that Mrs. Robinson shan't feel badly about it she gives her a friendly pat on the arm and an encouraging smile.

Then there is Aunt Silena Pratt, who walks into town from down the road, three miles, twice every week—a vigorous old lady, whose taciturn disposition has given her a rather lonely time of it heretofore. You should see Aunt Silena and Mrs. Trust Company Thompson hit it off together! When Mrs. T. was Miss Althea Onderdonk, up in Athens, New York, she had an Aunt Sally who was a dead ringer for Aunt Silena. It makes no difference to Althea now that Silena doesn't wear corsets and says "You was" and "She ain't." If any grocer held out the sugar on them they would all—as a bunch, with hearts beating as one—march in a committee of the whole to the offending store and—well, you remember what happened to old Floyd Ireson at the hands of the women of Marblehead!

And the significant thing is, they are all doing it! It was inspiring to see them go to it, but it is astounding to see them keep at it. They have got their teeth in and don't intend to let go until the struggle is over and won. The war is bringing out a lot of women the world had forgotten, even if they had not "the world forgot"—which a good many of them had.

There is my Cousin Minnie, for instance. Minnie is fifty-three years old and lives by herself in a high-class boarding house on Madison Avenue. She is a well-educated, intelligent and capable woman; but she never married, and, since she belongs to the generation that believed it wasn't the thing for women to have occupations, has never done anything except take trips abroad with spinster friends and make herself generally useful to her relatives. If one of the family is sick we are apt to ask Minnie up to help us; if Helen and I want to go out West we send for Minnie to come and stay with the children; if the house needs to be cleaned while we are away in the summer we get Minnie to keep an eye on it. We are always sending for Minnie—or, rather, we were always sending for her. Not a very enviable position for a woman—that of a family hanger-on; the poor relative, always ready to use the opera tickets.

Well, you should see Cousin Minnie now! She is the local commandant of some important organizations, and has her own hangers-on—dozens of them. I think she runs something like a hundred diet kitchens—and all the butchers and grocers tremble at her approach. She has no time to waste on her relatives, for she is one of Hoover's right-hand maidens. She is an authority on cuts, calories and cubic contents. She is living for the first time, and making things hum. I shouldn't be surprised to see her at the head of an Allied Food Commission. Anyhow, I take off my hat to Minnie!

There are thousands of women just like her all over the United States. They are helping the country, and helping themselves and each other too. Starting with the making of surgical dressings in 1915 for the Allies, the work has gradually broadened until now there is hardly anything a woman can't do to help—even if she wants to become a letter carrier or a yeoman in the United States Navy.

It is all very well to say that it is the fashion. Fashion might make it easier to start, but nothing less than patriotism would lead the women to keep on.

I thought of these things as I watched Helen's alert face under the floating lights of the arc lamps. It seemed to me that she looked ten years younger. Certainly she had lost weight, and there was a youthful contour about her face that no masseuse, however expert, could have been responsible for. It may have been her cap; but I thought she looked prettier than I had ever known her to be since we had been married, and I experienced a new feeling of admiration for her. Speeding through the sleeping city I realized

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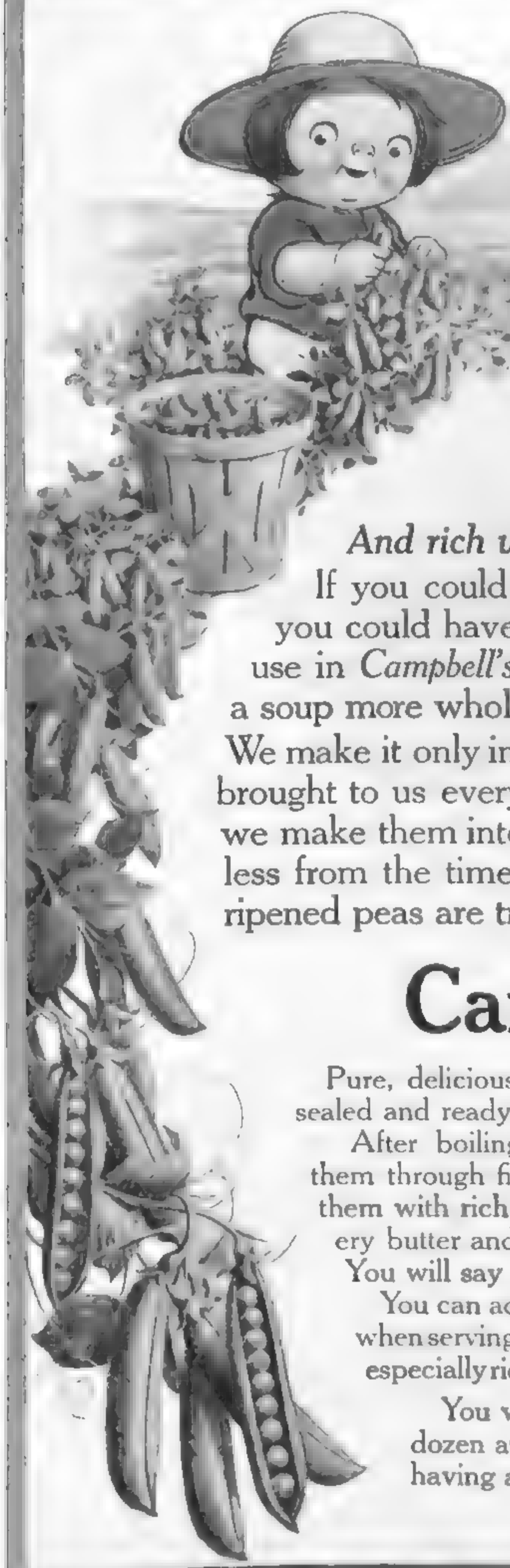

"Tender, green delicious peas
Think of soup from such as these!
Just to taste it in my spoon
Takes me back to early June."

Made from fresh green peas

And rich with real nourishment.

If you could go out and pick peas in your own garden today you could have them no fresher nor more tempting than those we use in *Campbell's Pea Soup.* And no home kitchen could produce a soup more wholesome and satisfying.

We make it only in the growing season when the fresh green peas are brought to us every day direct from the near-by fields and farms and we make them into soup the same day. Within twenty-four hours or less from the time they are hanging on the vines these tender June-ripened peas are transformed into

Campbell's Pea Soup

Pure, delicious soup, hermetically sealed and ready for your table.

After boiling the peas we rub them through fine colanders, blend them with rich milk, choice creamery butter and delicate seasoning. You will say "perfection!"

You can add hot milk or cream when serving, if you want the soup especially rich. Served in bouillon cups topped with whipped cream, it makes a remarkably pleasing attraction for a ladies' luncheon or any formal occasion.

Its use is particularly appropriate, too, for "meatless days," and as an aid in carrying out the national program of food conservation; for this soup, it should be remembered, abounds in nutritious proteid elements and the carbohydrates which supply energy and force.

You will find it a distinct advantage to order it from your grocer a dozen at a time. This saves extra delivery expense, and insures your having an inviting soup always at hand when you want it.

21 kinds **12c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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all over again that I was in love with my wife; and I had a curious sensation that I was eloping with her out of an old life into a new.

It was ten minutes of four as we rolled up to the curb at the Pennsylvania Station. No red-capped porters sprang forward to relieve us of our bags; no pompous officials watched our movements with courteous condescension. The brilliantly lighted concourse was empty, save for a few bent heads partly visible through the windows of the ticket offices.

"They must all be down on the platforms already!" exclaimed Helen, hurrying toward the gates. "I hope we're not late."

The guardian at the head of the steps touched his cap as his eye caught Helen's cap.

"The train isn't in yet, miss," he remarked encouragingly. "The other ladies are below, on the platform."

It began to look like business.

"Guess I'll go with you," I hazarded. "May I?"

"You'll have to ask Miss Pritchett," retorted my wife. "Maybe she'll let you—if she doesn't bite your head off first!"

We made our way down to the lower level and looked about us. At the farther end a group of perhaps twenty women, all in uniform, were standing about some crude plank tables piled high with rolls, sandwiches and fruit, while on two trucks stood four huge canisters. The tracks were empty of trains, but there was an air of expectance which indicated that we were none too soon.

"I must get assigned," said Helen, hurrying away.

I followed in more leisurely fashion. It was up to me, I recognized, to make some sort of explanation to the female autocrat running this show; and unfortunately I had to get her permission to remain there at all. It was not difficult to find her. There was only one woman there who by any possibility could have been Miss Pritchett. She—a tall, geometrical woman with strong-minded feet—was standing beside one of the canisters, and her aggressive profile, with its firmly compressed lips, left no doubt in my mind as to her identity.

But they were not all like that. Indeed, between Miss Pritchett and myself I descried a slender Artemis whose cap was refusing to remain on her chestnut hair and whose large gray eyes let themselves fall good-naturedly upon mine as she tried to force the rebellious thing into place. I was glad I had heard that telephone. Surely we were all comrades—even if not in arms! And there were others, a few of whom I already knew. A stout woman with a slight mustache and an unmistakable Italian cast of features, who seemed to be quite at home among the bananas, was arranging the fruit stand. Assisting her was a scholastic angularity in specs, and beyond, dallying with the sandwiches, I perceived two of my daughter Margery's friends.

The platform was crowded with women of every sort, from awkward young girls to motherly white-haired old ladies, all with an unmistakable air of purpose. Evidently getting out at four in the morning had not proved such an undertaking for them as I had assumed it would be for my wife. There were shopgirls, scrub women, a couple of actresses, and twenty or thirty others who had no peculiarly distinguishing characteristics, and among whom—could I be seeing true?—was an elderly female, who strikingly resembled my friend Mrs. Highbilt, in an old traveling suit. Shades of Fifth Avenue! She signaled with a gloveless hand.

"What are you doing here, you mere man?" she cackled genially.

"Taking lessons from my better half," I admitted. "Honestly, Anna, I think this is about the greatest thing I've seen since I got back!" She seemed pleased.

"The women are all right," she said confidently—"all of them!"

At that instant we were interrupted by the Italian lady, and I turned to render apologies to my Nemesis beside the coffee cans.

"I must ask your pardon," I began, approaching that forbidding personality in considerable embarrassment, "for the way I answered you over the telephone this morning ——"

"Telephone?" she interrupted in a resonant basso profundo. "Telephone! I never spoke to you on the telephone."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Aren't you Miss Pritchett?"

"No," she replied stiffly, "I am not Miss Pritchett! I am Mrs. Judge Wadbone—my husband is one of our Supreme Court Justices. That is Miss Pritchett—over there!" And she indicated my goddess of the erstwhile rebellious hair. "Thank you for the compliment—just the same!" she added rather humorously.

Any disastrous effect that this thrilling discovery might have had upon my future career was prevented by a heavy rumbling. The train was coming. Instantly the platform became a hive of activity as each woman rushed to her appointed position. The rumbling grew louder, the shriek of the brakes rising high above its diapason. Soon the train shot out of the shadows and ground slowly to a stop beside us. Simultaneously every window was pulled up, revealing sober bronzed faces.

"It's the ——th Regulars," a musical voice shouted in my ear. "Mr. Stanton, do you mind handling those coffee urns?" It was she!

"Anything! Anything for you!" I answered tremulously as she shoved me coffeeward.

A couple of officers had descended from one of the platforms and were saluting our commander. I had a fleeting vision of Helen carefully pouring something from a steaming pitcher into a tiny cup, thrust by a hand from a neighboring window.

"Would you prefer to have the men in company formation?" asked one of the officers.

"Thanks—yes. It would be quicker," answered Miss Pritchett.

The major ascended the platform and gave some short sharp orders. There was a loud scuffling, and in a moment the men came pouring out of the cars and formed in company front, facing the train. They were a fine-looking lot of fellows—those young patriots. And they held themselves erect, with a conscious pride in their uniforms that somehow took hold of me as nothing had for a long time. Strange how the uniform wipes out every difference of race or station!

The company slowly filed down to the end of the platform, where each man filled his cup at the coffee canister and received his sandwiches and fruit; then they filed back and into the cars. The sandwiches had all vanished; so had the bananas. One of the coffee canisters had been overturned. They had made a clean sweep of everything in sight.

On the platform they had maintained a dignified silence; but once back in their seats they all began, as a matter of course, to sing. And how they sang! Their mellow voices floated out through the car windows and through the station until it echoed like some big dimly lighted cathedral to the antiphonies of a full choir. In the midst of Carry Me Back to Old Virginny a station hand came running along the platform, saying that the train was going to pull out, that they were eleven minutes behind time. From inside came the sound of a mouth organ and a chorus of Where Do We Go From Here, Boys?

"All aboard! All aboard!" shouted the train starter.

The young major saluted Miss Pritchett again.

"Thanks a lot!" he said. "The men hadn't had anything to eat since three o'clock yesterday afternoon."

"Thank you for the concert!" she answered. "They're a fine regiment. Good luck to you!"

The song inside changed to a thundering chorus of Onward, Christian Soldiers! The train began to slide along the rails, and the major moved up on the lowest step of the car, seemingly loath to go.

"It's awfully good of you, you know," he added feelingly, "to take such a lot of trouble."

"Not a bit!" she answered. "It's not much. I wish it was more."

His eyes continued to linger upon her until an intervening pillar cut off his view. The whole episode had not taken more than twenty minutes. Oh, to be young! And to be going!

I was meditating upon the misfortunes of being old when I was ordered to superintend the refilling of the coffee urns. Mrs. Wadbone was brushing off the tables, and Mrs. Highbilt was overseeing the efforts of two truckmen, who were staggering from the other end of the platform with a basket of sandwiches.

"You get the coffee upstairs in the restaurant," ordered Miss Pritchett. "These men will take the cans up in the elevator to the main level."

An official now came down the iron steps from the gate.

"We have just had word that the next train, with fifteen hundred men from Yaphank, has been delayed two hours. It will get in about quarter past six."

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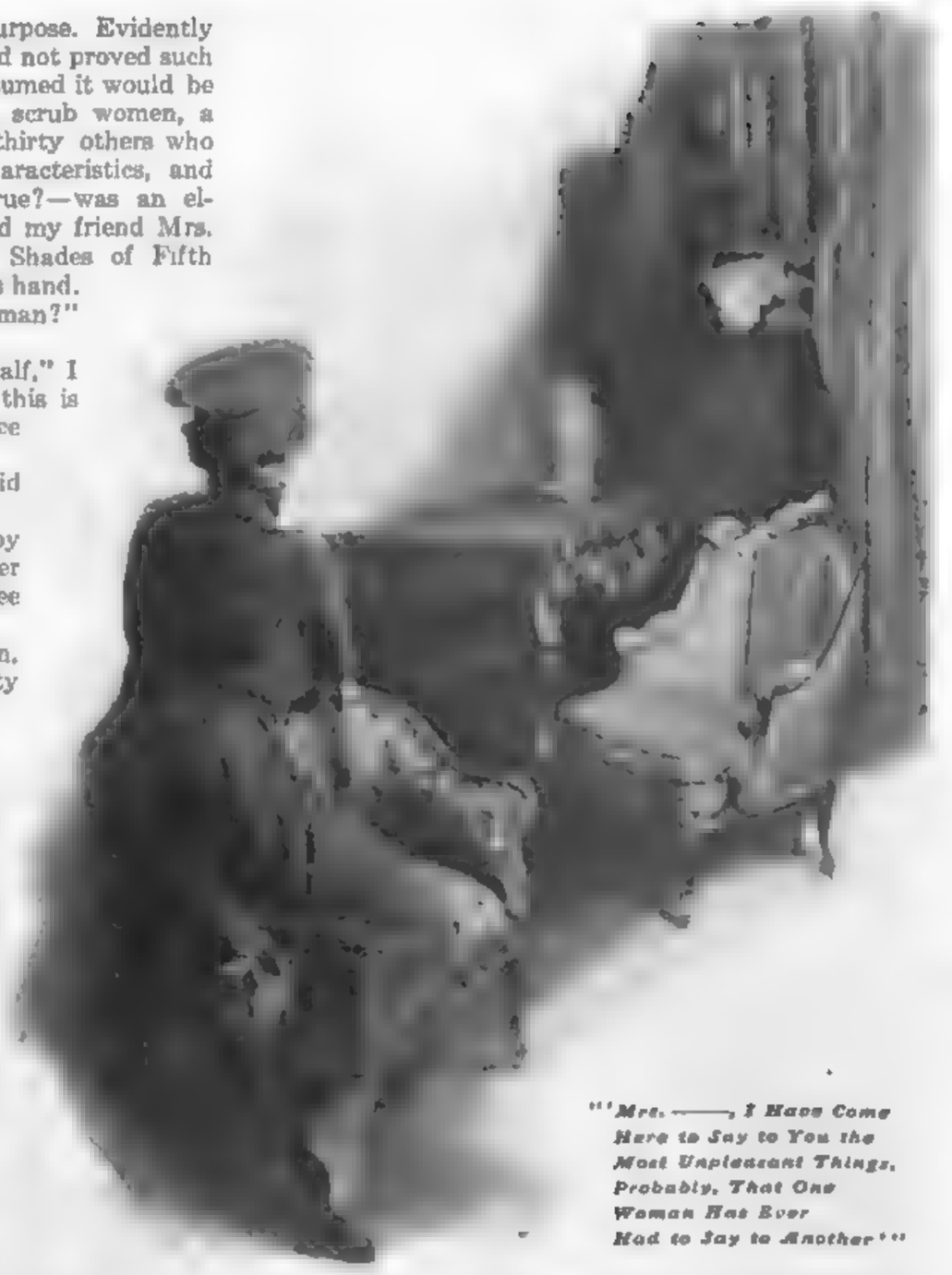

"'Mrs. ——, I Have Come Here to Say to You the Most Unpleasant Things, Probably, That One Woman Has Ever Had to Say to Another'"

You Should See Cousin Minnie Now! She Has No Time to Waste on Her Relatives, for She Is One of Hoover's Right-Hand Maidens

Confidence In The Republic

You will find a loyalty among users of Republic Tires that is unusual.

You will find that they have extraordinary confidence in Republics.

They will tell you that the patented Staggard tread holds the road wonderfully well.

They will tell you that Republic Tires last longer and wear down evenly as steel.

They will tell you that these tires are practically immune to road cutting and chipping and are responsive to a remarkable degree.

They will tell you that because of these things they not only avoid tire trouble but actually effect large savings in tire costs.

Republic Black-Line Red Inner Tubes have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
PAT. SEPT. 18-22, 1908
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

(Continued from Page 2)

As to expenses, the manager of the bazaar, whose own fee in this case turned out to be small, said that a bazaar could not be given in the desired place for less than $40,000, including the "usual $5000 fee for the managing director!" That cost alone is an argument in favor of direct giving. The more excuses that were made for that bazaar the worse the affair appeared. The indictments and exposures that followed would have caused New York to blush for shame if her face were not already roseate in regard to other war-charity waste.

It has been not only so appalling but so grotesque that I asked a publicity agent who has been engaged in the wasteful method of indirect giving through bazaars why New York could have permitted the barefaced depredations in the name of war charities which have battened upon her since the autumn of 1914.

"Because," said he, "it is no newspaper lie but the stark truth that New York is preëminently the sucker city. The people who live there are provincial and the people who go there are boobs. If I had a gold brick to sell I'd take it to the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, and they'd throw the money into my pockets just on the chance of getting stuck. If it were hollow I could sell it just the same. If it were the imitation of an imitation of a gold brick, they'd take it. If it weren't that I want to keep honest I'd transfer my business to New York."

This view is rather stressful perhaps. It might be fairer to regard New York as an eternal playground. When people are in the mood to play they do not fasten their pockets with safety pins and meet all passers-by with looks askance. Neither are they in the mood for investigating. They wish to spend rather than to save or to think. Above all, they do not wish to take any personal trouble. If they are asked to give, they are perfectly willing so long as what they give is only money, and not personal service, or thought, or common sense. Let George do that—and George turns out usually to be some canny agent who does it for a large commission.

It works out this way in New York: A prominent man is asked to be on the executive board of a proposed war-relief organization. He sees a list of other directors, all equally prominent. The charity must be all right if they are interested.

"Shall I have to do anything—attend any meetings?" he asks cautiously—and it is the only caution he displays.

"Oh, no!" he is assured. "It is just your name we want. The fact that you are interested ——"

The Press Agent's Testimony

It ought to occur to the prominent citizen that every other man on the list will act precisely as he is acting. He writes a check and dismisses the subject from his mind.

Various beautiful society ladies are asked to take part. They agree, for the cause is good, and they are used to being patronesses. Unfortunately the patroness state of mind is the wrong one for the bazaar worker. Something more is needed than smiles and graciousness. It does not do to run in between a fitting and a luncheon, and take a look at the men who are nailing up the decorations. It is essential to stay there, speed them up, and if necessary lend a hand.

"Society people," said a bazaar manager, his voice rising to what if he had been feminine would have been called a scream, "so far as I can see—'*raus mit* 'em; also *a bas*' I had managed benefits and shows of sorts for charity. I had been a press agent. I had been a newspaper man. Well, then I came to a society crowd to run their bazaar. I didn't do it on a commission, mind you. I was hired at the smallest sum I have ever taken, and I took it because I wanted to do my part.

"If it hadn't been that I wanted to make good with the husbands of those society women I'd have ditched them all. Many a time I regretted the law and a certain instinct of natural chivalry that kept me from haling them round the hall by the hair of their heads.

"Bitter and prejudiced? Maybe I am. Met the wrong lot? Perhaps I did; but I can only speak from my own experience. Ask the newspaper reporters and they'll tell you the same. The whited-sepulcher attitude of those women to the newspaper girls was this:

"'Creature! Come here! I will present you to Mrs. De ——. Mrs. De ——, darling, you understand one has to meet newspaper persons in one's work for charity. Creature, don't dare to put my picture in the paper to-morrow! But, since you will insist on doing it, mind you, give it the most important place on the page.'

"No, I don't exaggerate. I just feel strongly. Put calmly, my view is that the untrained society woman who tries to work ought to be pushed out of the hall and given a new flirtation to occupy herself with."

Not all society women are incompetent, however, and not all prominent business men are unwilling to give personal work to a big bazaar. A group of such men and women who understand keen management and hard work can exploit for a worthy end the human folly that likes the extravagance of a bazaar, and can net a large sum for the particular charity for which they are working. That sum will have cost infinitely more in human energy than the same would have meant in direct giving. Moreover, it's no use to try to keep expenses at an inconspicuous minimum. Experience has shown that no matter how carefully people lay out plans for the return of proceeds and the reduction of cost the net result in this form of charity is always disproportionate to the outlay of energy and of money. That is what the mass of us get for preferring to the straightforward the route round Robin Hood's barn.

Mr. Insull's Bazaar Methods

The bazaar held in Chicago about a year ago is a good example of the best way of handling this wasteful method of giving. The man behind it was Samuel Insull, supreme in business ability. He entered into it with an intention of working hard himself, of making his committee work hard, of getting good subscriptions, of having plenty of free advertising, of running the whole bazaar on a strict business basis, and of keeping the authority in his own hands.

During the months the bazaar was preparing there were ladies accustomed to meeting him socially who had their own thoughts about him; but before the last receipts were counted they were back in their old attitude of admiration. He engaged a paid managing director to do the detail work. He selected as his publicity manager a society woman of excellent mind and training and allowed her a paid publicity agent. And he engaged a few paid clerks and stenographers. For the rest, the work was voluntary. He chose for the heads of the various booths fashionable women of Chicago who he knew had good business and executive ability—mostly the sort that could lose their fortunes on Monday morning and be earning their own living by Saturday night. He got another well-known business man to contribute an auditor, who every day for three months and a half audited all the accounts. He impressed into his service all the brilliant ideas of his friends. He had the most noted actors and singers in the city giving their services to the cabaret. He was able to have free posters put on the billboards and in trains and street cars. He was able to make countless firms feel that they wanted to take large bundles of advance tickets. Every day his committee of men met. Every day his women workers assembled. In short he succeeded because he made that bazaar his business, and treated his associates as if it was also their business, getting as much out of voluntary workers as if they were paid, insisting on business principles plus disinterestedness. The expenses of the bazaar were $87,000 and the net proceeds $535,000.

That is the way to run a big bazaar, if it has to be held. But to hold it at all is a concession to human futility. To give in this indirect way is like traveling ten miles to get across the street. And everybody really hates bazaars except the few fussy workers that like to run about. Hotel managers complain that too much is expected of them in this connection. The theater people object. In the end too many people are disgruntled, maybe because they overwork or maybe because they are like one manufacturer in connection with a bazaar, who understood that he was to have orders from the Allies for a million dollars' worth of business and put in machines costing $8000, besides giving a subscription of $1000.

We have been to blame. The just course is not to grow overdistrustful and refuse to give at all. To do that would be to punish our own soldiers. It is ourselves we should punish, by making real sacrifices on the one hand, and on the other by investigating and by giving only to properly authorized war-relief organizations. There are enough of these, such as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and some other nongovernment bodies, which have proved their value.

Nor should we start any new organizations when there are so many in existence. This is the way such a new organization may begin: There is a rich business man with a son in a local camp. Other rich men have sons in the same company. They organize a society for the purpose of making their boys as comfortable as may be. They don't stop to inquire about existing agencies; they hire an office and a secretary and a stenographer and other appurtenances. They wish to follow their sons up to the very firing line, and they begin to cast about for means of particularly caring for the wounded of that especial company in France. There is talk of establishing a convalescent hospital in the war zone. They evolve various ideas already thought of by the Red Cross. Meanwhile they run a few emergency errands for some of the relatives of members of the company and are very hard put to it to frame a report that would satisfy the contributors—or anyone else! In some fashion this society comes across another organization similarly conducted. A merger is suggested. Some of the more intelligent officers hold a meeting, confess that what the societies are doing looks like Red Cross work, and propose that they join the Red Cross.

Watching that kind of waste and observing the reduplication of the work of clubs in big cities and the suburbs of big cities I am reminded of a duty I have to perform when I next go back to England. A year ago, when I was getting information in London about the work of various English leagues and clubs, I found not only that there was some reduplication there but also that it was not often that one group could tell me what another group was doing. And quite irritated I said to an English friend: "There is not one alert club in a live city in the United States that cannot tell you what all the other important ones in the city are doing. We lag behind you in some things, but not in a certain coördination of our active clubs."

Now I shall have to apologize to my friend, saying, "Our clubs are working, and they know what the others are doing; but only too many of them are doing the same thing, though they know work is being reduplicated. Some of them are trying to minimize the reduplication, and some are not. I take back my loud boast."

Safeguards in Chicago

There are well-organized groups, such as the American Fund for French Wounded and the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania, started more than three years ago, which are not merged with the Red Cross and yet are doing similar work. It is not necessary to merge such groups with the Red Cross, for the reason that they have their channels of activity well set, they have a recognized constituency, and they are doing a vitally necessary work for the Allies. Further, if such mergers were made the service of valuable women might be lost or lessened. Above all, the work of such well-established groups is coördinate with that of the Red Cross. But it is the sheerest waste to start new groups, based on service to this or that regiment. Such units should combine with some organization already well established.

In any women's organization each helper should be selected just exactly as a man is selected for a big job by a business organization; the reason should be her unusual fitness, and not the fact that some other women know her or like her voice or the way she meets people. The groups already well organized have their women trained; they can, without delay, put the new volunteer worker where she will do the least harm. They could, with profit, absorb new groups anxious to work. The minimum of reduplication, the maximum of coördination—that is the war worker's litany. It is practiced in certain civilian charities such as the Associated Jewish Charities, while in at least one city the Roman Catholic charity bodies have recently coördinated for more effective results."

Intelligent coördination is not easy to bring about. It can be done only through the coming together of the various organizations in discreet and tactfully managed conferences. It is a hard matter to get together in a room people representing a dozen different interests that have similar or related lines of service, and to draw up agreements and mark out territory and then scrupulously keep to these agreements and territories—hard, but it is the job for the war-relief organizations.

But has nothing been done to stem the tide of waste and graft? Yes; in some cases by wholesale in cities such as Cincinnati, Minneapolis and Cleveland; and in other cases in a retail way by such organizations as the Chicago Association of Commerce, the Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross, the New York Bureau of Advice and Information of the charity organizations, and a few such others. With these should be included the New York World, which exposed the bazaar graft in New York.

The Chicago Association of Commerce has stood long for the cardinal principles of a minimum of reduplication and a maximum of coördination. It has a Subscriptions Investigating Committee, which investigates, classifies and indorses the worthy local philanthropic and charitable organizations. It insists that any organization it indorses shall do a work whose value is commensurate with the amount of money expended. It takes the point of view that an auditing report may be satisfactory, but that the work may be so inefficient or so useless to the community that its support is not justified. It demands that each organization shall fill a need not already well filled by an existing organization, and that an organization shall agree to coöperate with others in promoting efficiency and economy of administration in the charities in the city as a whole and in preventing reduplication of effort. It judges methods for raising funds, refusing to indorse organizations that employ solicitors on commission or that give entertainments where the expenses are disproportionate to the receipts. This Chicago Association of Commerce has been one of the clearest voices in the wilderness raised against the waste of our war charities.

The Beginnings of Reform

Another voice is the Chicago Chapter of the Red Cross, which is conducted without waste and on business principles. When it was concentrating on war work its director met every day with an executive committee, which took the work seriously. His view was that, though in times of peace unorganized giving might be tolerated, it would not do in times of war.

The Bureau of Information of the charity organizations and societies of New York has done all in its power to prevent misappropriation. It issued last August, and several times since then, a bulletin of war-relief charities which had submitted evidence of responsible management, including satisfactory financial statements. The list included only those organizations engaged in actual relief, not covering propagandist, educational or purely patriotic activities.

A beginning of reform, and no more than that, has been made by the laws—perhaps modeled on the English practice—passed some six months ago in Chicago, and recently in New York and in a few other cities, designed to regulate the solicitation of funds for the purpose of war aid by means of licensing. The New York law—naturally, in view of recent exposures—is more stringent than the Chicago law in that it provides that no manager of a charity entertainment, unless he has been connected for at least three months with a regularly incorporated charity, shall advertise any entertainment or receive money from its promotion without a license or without giving bond. Further, he must file a statement of estimated expenses and percentages to be retained; and this must appear in advertisements, programs, and so on. Records of receipts and expenditures must be open to the inspection of the commissioner of licenses.

But since bills are designed only to prevent actual fraud, the matter of waste through reduplication is not provided for. Coördination of effort is not provided for. The ideal persons to draft a workable, flexible law would be a group of representative and disinterested citizens who had had wide experience in business, in civic work, in philanthropic work, and who had also worked with the national war-relief organizations such as the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. men whom the public could count on for a point of view that could be at once national, state and local.

(Concluded on Page 30)

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They are not rubber; they are not leather. They are different from any other shoe-sole; and the stamp "Neōlin" distinguishes Neōlin. If you see this stamp, Neōlin, you have bought Neōlin. If you do not see the stamp Neōlin, you have not bought Neōlin.

Mark that mark; stamp it on your memory: **Neōlin**—

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If your children hate to practise, they are not getting the right start in music.

Many a boy or girl who has fussed and fumed about practising has gone to his task with a will when his teacher placed on the piano "Betty Waltz" ("Cuckoo Song," or "Happy Childhood") from the CENTURY EDITION printed with extra large notes.

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Rustic Dance—
Second Valse—Godard
Shepherd's Dream—Heins
Alice, Transcription—Archer
The Flatterer—Chaminade
In Rank and File—Lange
Longing for Home—Jungmann
The Last Hope—Gottschalk
Norma—Leybach
National Airs—Keiser
Orange Blossoms Waltz—
Pearly Dewdrops—Strbeck
Pure as Snow (Edelweiss)—Lange
Stars of Glory—Kennedy
Starlight—
Sweet Dreams—Will Porter
Tulip, Op. 111, No. 4—Lichner
Tam O'Shanter—Warren
Tag Waltz—Swift
The Wayside Rose—Fischer
Warblings at Eve—Richards
Dying Poet—Gottschalk
Dancing Waves—
The Maiden's Prayer—
Saint's Procession—
Turn Back Waltz—
Dreams of Spring—

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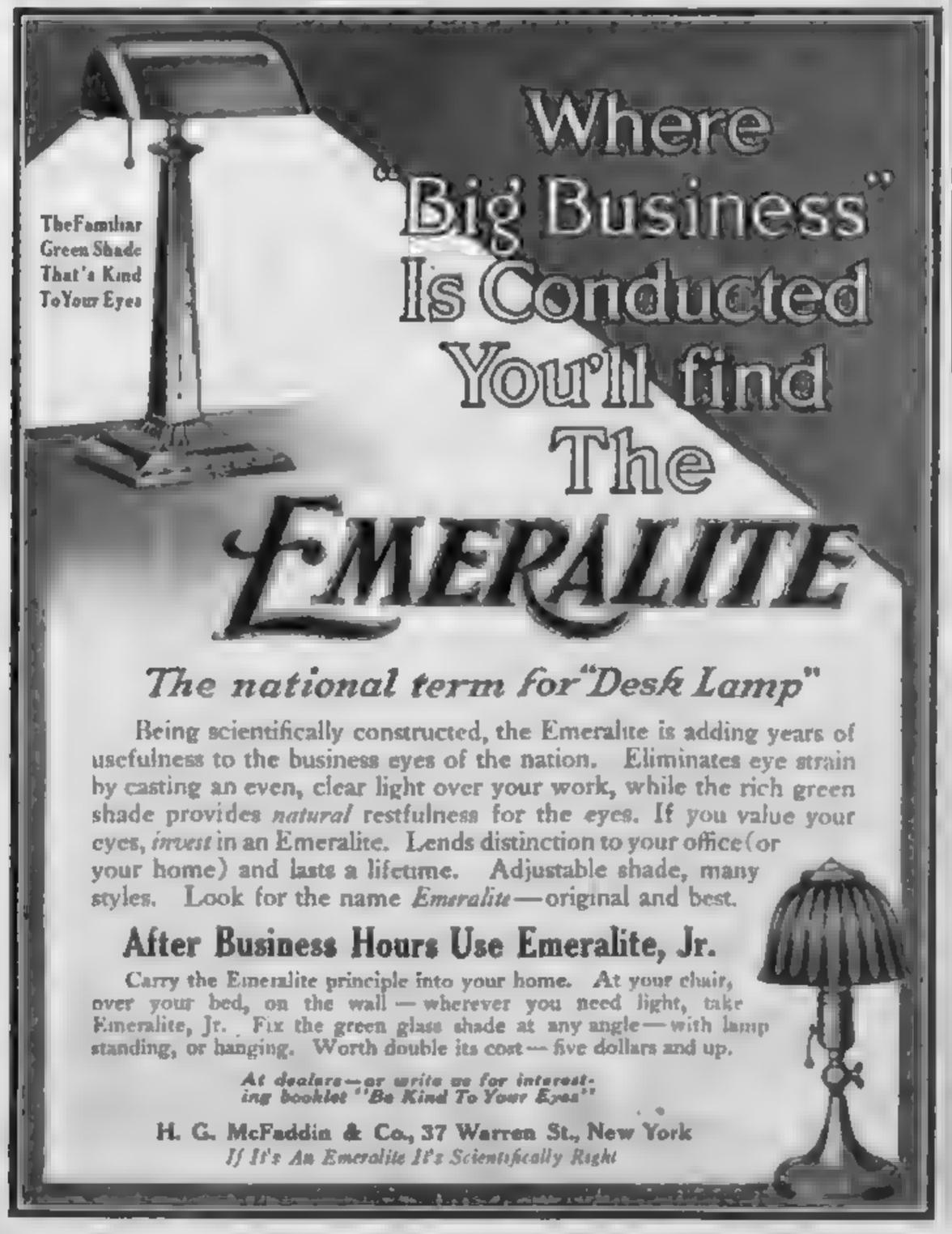

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(Concluded from Page 28)

The most hopeful sign of all, however, is that not only are various individual bodies organized to prevent waste and graft, but that the three cities mentioned above are setting such excellent examples. Cincinnati manages its various charities with the minimum of outlay, because it has a citizens' war board, made up of representative men trained in public work. Before the war Cincinnati had already a council of social agencies, which admirably prevented waste and looked after coördination in the civilian relief and charity organizations. The secretary of this council was made the investigator for the war board, thus at the beginning illustrating the policy of economy and coördination for which this citizens' war board stands. So strict has it been in its regulations that very little fraud has resulted.

Cleveland also has a citizens' committee. Minneapolis works through the Chamber of Commerce. But all three cities exercise strong control over their war charities, because the members of these controlling organizations are men who take their job seriously and as a patriotic duty, who give the same time and thought and tact to it that they do to their own private business, and who have had their technic developed for some time.

We ought to know instinctively how not to waste—but we have to learn it. It is a pity that we not only have pro-German traitors in our midst—some of them will misrepresent this article and say it is no use to give to war relief because the money will be wasted—but that we also have American traitors, ready to batten on the blood of the men who die for us in France.

Rules for Charity Control

We simply must guard against them and must give worthily and go on giving, not only to war charities but to the civilian charities. In the long run, legitimate war charities should not affect the contributions to home charities. There are never exactly enough contributions to home charities and there is always the type of person who is blind to their appeal and is attracted to more spectacular misery. When the war began certain people accustomed to giving small amounts to the normal social agencies felt that they must retrench in their contributions for the sake of helping the Red Cross or investing in Liberty Bonds. On the other hand, various well-to-do and rich contributors not only gave to the war charities but continued and increased their contributions to the civilian charities, because the need for these has grown, due to the increased cost of living. More and more people are learning the art of giving. The home charity work is an essential part of a large war program. We need men for the nation now and hereafter, and it is being brought home to the world that lack of vigor is a widespread disease, to get rid of which we must look after infant welfare; must strengthen our weak groups; rehabilitate; do away with bad conditions; mitigate social injustice. It is not fair to ask our men to fight for democracy and then not maintain the democracy at home. Since we got into the war there has been a quickening of the social consciousness. Men, women, children, energy, money—we have to enlist them all for the sake of the nation.

There follows a set of rules by which war relief might be guided. These are not by any means solely the lucubrations of the writer, but are garnered from the policy of various organizations, such as the Chicago Association of Commerce, from the policy of Cincinnati, and from various distinguished men and women who have had long experience in national, civic, philanthropic and war-relief work.

There are those who think that full governmental control is necessary; that all war charities should be under a Federal commissioner or administrator of war charities—occupying a position similar to that of our Food and Fuel Administrator—who would have an increasingly large control over war relief, and who would administer all war relief in coöperation with the Red Cross as a clearing house of demand and supply. There are others who think control could be managed state by state.

Give, But Give Wisely

But here are the rules, and with them should go along the education of the public to direct giving rather than to the extravagance of giving by the route of bazaars, of little organizations that repeat or are mushrooms, or of any of the other indirect ways that are expensive and will hold back the businesslike conduct of the war and thus help the Germans:

[1] For every city and town the appointment of a citizens' board of representative, disinterested men and women, experienced in the conduct of business, civic reform and philanthropy. No professional promoters or paid agents should be admitted.

The duty of the citizens' board would be to investigate and pass upon the merits of all local appeals, and to register legally all organizations for war relief.

The war board would demand from all individual organizations working for war relief, tentative budgets showing probable items of expenditure; would pass judgment on all methods of raising funds, repudiating collection on commission and charity broker's fees; would demand the prevention of all costly and unnecessary bills for administration; would exact businesslike methods of handling funds to prevent fraud in administration; and would require full and complete auditing by public accountants. By such procedure the citizens' board would have exact knowledge as to what every organization represented, where its money went and by whom it was administered.

[2] Individual organizations working for war relief should be agreed as to division of service and territory, so as to avoid overlapping of work. They should furnish frequent reports on these points to the civilian board, to the end of making necessary modifications and readjustments.

[3] Full use should be made of government agencies, such as the Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A. and the War Recreation Board. It is waste to start new, rival societies to these organizations.

[4] A clearing-house system should be established for promoting the coöperation and coördination of all relief work and of all appeals for funds. All plans of individual organizations should be submitted to the clearing-house board before being adopted.

[5] The boards of the various national organizations which make nation-wide appeals should confer from time to time as to plans and policies, to the end of getting the best financial returns from the public.

Lastly, and always, the public must go on giving, but wisely; we must give, if necessary, until it hurts; that is the civilian weapon for winning the war.

OUR PROGRESS IN THE AIR

(Continued from Page 5)

this country to make one hundred thousand airplanes in a year. Why not? We make one million five hundred thousand automobiles a year. Surely we can make one hundred thousand simple little things like airplanes! Passing the obvious objection that it took us twenty years to develop our manufactories so we could make one million five hundred thousand automobiles a year, what could we do with one hundred thousand airplanes if we had them? Where could we put them?

Where could we get the men to handle them and fly them?

One hundred thousand airplanes, placed tip to tip, would extend for about one thousand miles. There wouldn't be enough hangar space for them in France, with Spain and Portugal annexed. It takes ten men for the upkeep and flying of each airplane. One hundred thousand airplanes would require a million men to handle them, divided as follows: Two hundred thousand flyers and pilots and bombers, and so on, and eight hundred thousand trained mechanics and helpers. Even if we could make a hundred thousand airplanes in the first year of our part in the war—which we cannot—we couldn't get the men to handle them, or the ships to transport them, or the space to store them—except in the air.

We shall not make a hundred thousand airplanes in our first year, or anything like a hundred thousand; but we shall make a large number, a very large number, and they will be in France in excellent time.

(Continued on Page 33)

The Dentifrice that made fine teeth Fashionable

FIFTY years ago the advanced, refined, fashionable people were the only ones who paid attention to the welfare of their teeth.

At that time, Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder "came out." It was "taken up" at once and became a social favorite. Dentists used, praised and recommended it.

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To have fine, healthy, *fashionable* teeth is simple.

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Powder Cream

DR. LYON'S does its work of *cleaning* the teeth pleasantly, thoroughly, harmlessly—and nothing more—doesn't pretend to do anything more. Cleanliness is the prerequisite to health and therefore DR. LYON'S is a great help in keeping your health.

Civilization has formed the habit of brushing the teeth regularly with a dentifrice. DR. LYON'S is the most important factor that has built up this custom. DR. LYON'S is used today everywhere as the best dentifrice procurable. The mission of a dentifrice is to clean the teeth—that's all. It is unsafe to try to make it go further—to try to be your own dentist or doctor.

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(Sample sent on receipt of 6 cents.)

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Fertile soil, busy workshops, and quick and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place

We have the fertile soil—never was it worked as it is today.

We have the workshops—never were our factories so busy as now.

We have the "quick and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place."

True—the railroads are strained to the limit to move men and merchandise these days,

—but the automobile—both passenger and commercial—has come to the front and met the need of the hour for more—more—more transportation facilities.

You must keep your car—passenger or commercial—fulfilling its part of the nation's work,

—keep it ready day and night in your transportation service,

—keep its "feet" well shod,

—give it the tires that have stood, and are continuing to stand, the test of mileage,

—the tires that give low mileage cost—that will do, and keep on doing, the work that good tires are intended to do.

United States Tires—all five of the passenger car types, and both the Solid and the 'Nobby' Cord Pneumatic for commercial cars—have demonstrated month after month, year after year, that they are the tires of supreme service.

Tremendous sales increases prove that tire users know their value.

Put United States Tires on your automobile—passenger or commercial—and make comparisons.

For Passenger Cars:

'Nobby,' 'Chain,' 'Usco,' 'Royal Cord,' 'Plain.'

Also Tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tires Are Good Tires

For Commercial Cars:

The Solid Truck Tire and the 'Nobby Cord' Pneumatic Tire

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have All the Sterling Worth and Wear That Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 30)

Holding in mind that there was no foreign standardization of the war plane, and that materials, machinery, fittings and other necessities had been developed by experience over there, none of which we had produced in any quantity, let me take up the discussion of the essentials we were forced to consider when we began to plan our battle planes.

The initial requirement, having no standard to go by, so far as our needs and capabilities for building are concerned, was to study all other machines, build our own, try them and fly them and get our results. Our engine was there. We had to fit our planes to it. We needed propeller designs; needed all sorts of things we did not know about. So we set grimly to work to develop what we had not.

The battle plane has three functions—reconnaissance, combat and day bombing. I shall point out the special problems connected with these three functions before taking up the general subject of the construction of the planes. Battle planes carry two men—one who guides the machine and who sits in front, and a second who operates the rear machine gun and various other attachments. They go out to make photographs and observations, to fight and to drop bombs. After a plane is completed in its working parts they hang things on it until it looks like a Christmas tree—and highly specialized things too.

One of these is a camera, which is used for photographing the enemy's positions. The French and the English have cameras in their airplanes, and so have the Germans; but we designed a new type, based on their designs and having the benefit of their experience. It is an all-metal camera of a rigid type, and uses plates, not films. It is placed in the machine near the rear seat of the plane, and its lens points down through the bottom of the fuselage, or body of the plane. It must have an especially constructed shutter and, as it takes pictures from elevations above ten thousand feet, a powerful lens. We found we could not make the glass for the lens in this country in time, so we were compelled to get that in France; but we developed and designed and are making the remainder of the camera. We never made a camera of this sort until after we entered the war, and now we have it in production; and it is a superior article.

We also developed and installed a special radio apparatus, and various other instruments—such as barometers, revolution indicators, altitude indicators, and so on—in which our production was embryonic. We do produce the glass for the sight of the forward gun, the fixed gun that is operated by the pilot on our battle plane. That glass was a separate problem. We had never made any of it; but we make it now.

Shooting Between Blades

Nor had we ever made a machine gun for use on an airplane, or any of the delicate synchronizing apparatus needed. We were absolute strangers to that production. As explained, the man who sits nearest the engine in a battle plane operates a machine gun. This gun is rigid. It extends directly forward and shoots through the propeller. The propeller is at the nose of the fuselage, dead ahead; so the machine gun must fire its multitude of shots at such times that they will not hit the blades of the propeller as that great appliance whirls round—that is, the problem is so to synchronize the machine gun that its stream of bullets will not hit a propeller blade ten inches or a foot wide which is making an enormous number of revolutions a minute. This is done by a mechanism attached to the engine: very delicate mechanism that we had never produced in a single item before we went into this war. We developed that, or the tools to make it.

Also, we had to make special types of guns, and to provide ammunition of which every fifth bullet is a smoke bullet, or tracer bullet, in order that the man who is firing the forward gun may know whether his shots are hitting. This forward gun is sighted by direction. The man who is firing it gets his special sight on the enemy airplane and lets go; in fact, he aims the airplane and not the gun. The rear gun is fixed on a movable device and may be elevated or depressed, and fired from any point of a complete circle. We copied a good deal of this sort of mechanism from French and English devices; but we had to produce it and to produce the tools to make it with. Which we have done.

The day-bombing apparatus called for new development in this country, and that new development has been forthcoming. One improvement has been a bomb-sighting apparatus or device that makes bombing far from the hit-or-miss enterprise it formerly was. These bomb sights are successful and operate in accordance with the altitude and the velocity of the wind.

The Spruce Regiments

In photography the old enemy device of painting fake hangars on the ground in white, and disguising the real hangars and ammunition shelters, and so on, in order to fool the photographers, has been made obsolete by making stereoscopic pictures. And, though it brings out projections or buildings when its pictures are enlarged, it leaves the flatness of the fakes flat.

There are other complicated delicate instruments and instrumentalities on an airplane; and, with the single exception of the glass for the lens in the cameras, we have fashioned tools to make them, provided materials for their construction, and put them into production since this war began. What we made of these before the war we made in very small numbers; most of them we did not make at all. Now we are prepared to make them by the thousand; but it took a lot of work to organize and get production.

Leaving these comparatively minor problems we come to the major problems that met the army aircraft producers. There were and are problems of materials—things out of which airplanes may be made or, rather, must be made; for an airplane cannot be constructed of any old material. It is an aristocrat among machines and must be built of the most exclusive sorts of products. Otherwise it will not work. The time will undoubtedly come when airplanes will be built of many materials not utilized now; but that time has not yet arrived. Now the requirements are rigid, though all sorts of continuous experimentation is in progress, seeking to lessen costs and to get results from materials that are easier of access and in greater quantity of supply.

Up to this time no satisfactory substitute has been secured for spruce wood for the frames of the fuselage, the wings, the struts, and so on. Spruce is king among woods for this use. It answers the purpose better than any other, resists shocks with greater strength, has a greater all-round capability than any other wood or metal that has as yet been tried. Now we have spruce in this country, but not so much as there once was, nor is it so easy of access as it was formerly. Also, the airplane requirements on the other side have depleted our stocks of seasoned spruce. We needed spruce, need it now and shall need it—seasoned spruce; for without spruce we cannot make satisfactory airplanes—as yet.

Therefore it was up to us to get spruce. There was no way to get spruce in sufficient quantities through the ordinary mediums of supply; so we organized spruce regiments, taking men who knew logcraft from the Army and from the cantonments, and sending them out to Oregon and Washington to cut the trees. We organized two of these regiments and shall organize another. We had to do it.

But, needing spruce, we needed seasoned spruce. The wet, sappy spruce, just cut, was of no consequence, and by the ordinary process of seasoning would not be of any use for a year or eighteen months. It took that long to dry and season spruce as it was ordinarily dried and seasoned. That meant a year's delay in our airplane production; and that was impossible.

Men were set at work to contrive processes by which spruce could be dried in a much shorter time, and adequate seasoning was brought down to four months. Four months was too long. So, after the best brains in the country had tackled the job, a process was devised by which spruce can be seasoned and made ready for use in fourteen days; and that process can be reduced to eight days. It is a process of seasoning by saturation, too technical to be detailed here; but it works.

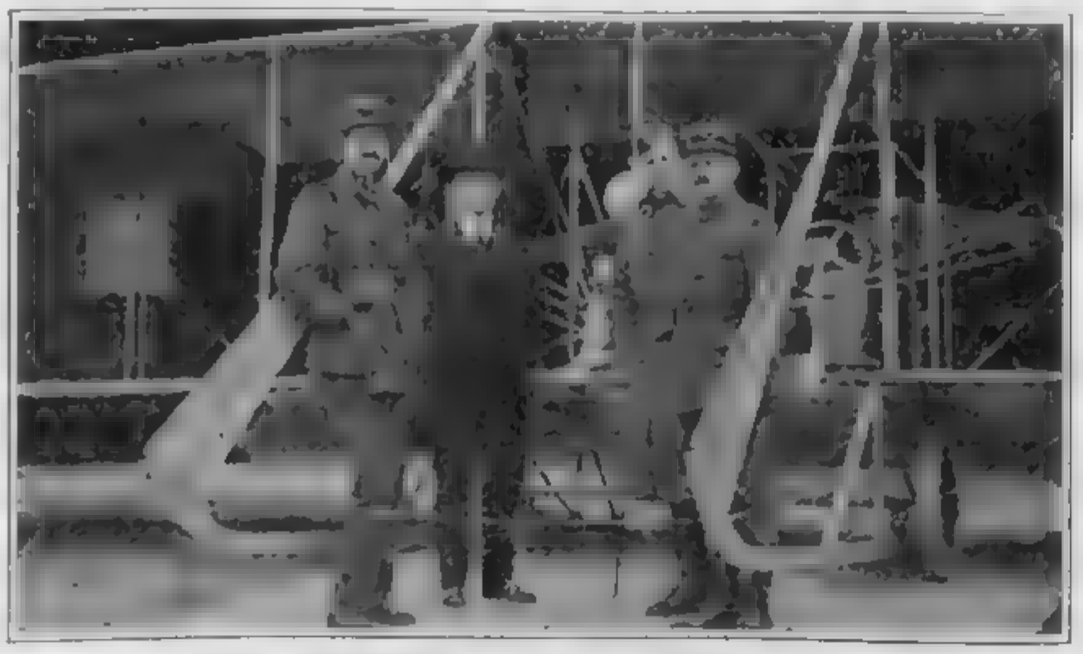
Each airplane requires one hundred and twenty-eight board feet of seasoned spruce, and to get that one thousand feet of spruce is needed—that is, spruce free and clear of knots and kinks. At present we are using about forty-five hundred feet for each airplane, because the quality of the earlier lots is not so good as it will be. And our production will take great quantities of the wood. Meantime competent men are studying the problem of substitution. Metal has been tried in France, and here, also; but it is not satisfactory. Other wood has been tried, but it is heavy; and steel does not stand the action of the altitudes. Presently, without doubt, the substitute will be secured; but the seasoning problem has been solved, and spruce is coming forward in adequate quantities.

However, this was not done in a day. It took time to get this result.

Castor Oil and Acetone

Next, there was the problem of lubrication. The most satisfactory lubricant for airplane machinery is castor oil. We shall require several million gallons of castor oil each year. A careful canvass and collection of all castor oil securable in this country brought in a supply of two hundred and fifty thousand gallons. That was all there was without robbing the medical stores, which were not very extensive. Formerly we produced much more than that; but with the development of mineral-oil lubricants we stopped planting castor beans. When the survey for the absolutely essential castor oil was begun it was found that not only was there no oil, but there was no seed for castor-bean plants, no mills to crush the beans if we had them—nothing.

We were obliged to begin at the bottom there also; so we went to India, bought a shipload of castor beans, and shipped them to this country. Then we went to Texas and made arrangements with the farmers to plant castor beans and raise the plants, and fixed a paying price for the work. Then we began the construction of oil mills for crushing the beans, and by the time we need the oil we shall have it. Far more serious than the castor-oil problem was the acetone problem. Here was an indispensable article, and we had very little of it. When the Wright Brothers were making their earlier planes they discovered the need of a dope to put on the cloth of the various wings, planes and rudders, that would stretch the cloth to the desired tautness; so they told their painter to put on a dope which would produce that result. The painter made a dope of which the solvent and base was acetone; and acetone has been exclusively used for that purpose ever since.



Lieut. Colonel Rees of the Royal Flying Corps, With Orville Wright and Two French Officers in Front of One of the Original Wright Machines

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Acetone is a derivative of acetate of lime, and is obtained in various ways, but principally by the distillation of wood. Also, it can be secured from the black liquor of the paper-making process, from sawdust, from vegetable matter, and in other ways. In addition to its use for doping airplane wings it is used in the manufacture of cordite, a high explosive, and for various other scientific purposes, most of which are intimately connected with the waging of war.

There was little acetone. We had to have it; so the problem was how to get it. To that end the aircraft producers summoned scientists and told them the need. We must have acetone; so the scientists, working as patriots, produced acetone. They utilize or will utilize a hundred million bushels of frosted corn. They contrived a new, superior and speedy process for getting it from sawdust. They ransacked every available base. They made possible a new production which will make what this country and our Allies need for this essential purpose. All cloth used in airplanes must be doped, not only for purposes of tightening, but with anti-inflammable dope for protection against incendiary bullets, which are a favorite projectile of the Germans. And acetone is the paramount requirement.

Castor oil, spruce and acetone were all problems; but they fade in difficulty compared with the seriousness of the cloth problem. Nothing equals linen for use on airplanes—pure Irish linen. And nothing, it seems, is so hard to get as this required linen. The demand is tremendously in excess of the supply. We have some, but not much. England has some, but not half enough. France is restricted also. England is using substitutes—silk, and combinations of silk and cotton. France has tried metal sheets and veneers. Nothing is so satisfactory as linen.

As there was not enough linen to go round—not a hundredth part enough—the problem facing the American aircraft producers was to get a substitute. They had to have it. Naturally the substitute that came to mind was cotton, and they bought several million dollars' worth of long-staple Sea Island cotton, inasmuch as neither this country nor any other could produce the linen required.

Experiments are now being made with this cotton in the form of a fabric that shall be adequate for the purpose. The fabric must have strength, lightness, and a certain absorbent quality of taking the dope, which linen has in a high degree. They expect to get it. They must! Hence, they will. But it is a problem that is taking the greatest effort of the best brains in America. It is no hit-or-miss job.

Further than this, there were allied problems of supply and supply development—or, rather, supply source development. Alloy steel was needed in great quantity, and aluminum alloy. We had to devise special fittings to meet special stresses. We built our own oxygen apparatus; and in this we met with great success. We had made electrically heated clothing for the aviators—clothes and helmets heated by storage batteries, so the intense cold of the upper altitudes could be better withstood; truck photograph galleries for developing pictures behind the lines; various trucks for carrying up supplies; tools for mechanics—a thousand and one details. And yet there are plenty of people who think an airplane is a simple thing to build and maintain.

These have been some of the problems met by the aircraft producers; and, in spite of them all, the Liberty engine is in production, and so are the big battle planes—being made and delivered each day. The constant endeavor of the makers and the Army is so to standardize the entire process that the question of making airplanes shall not be a question of making airplanes at all, but of making airplane parts. Once we get to that stage we shall overwhelm the world. And it is coming. It is just as feasible to make a standardized airplane, standardized and interchangeable in all its twenty-seven hundred parts, as it is to make a Liberty engine interchangeable in all its more than two thousand parts.

That is the American way of doing things and that is the way this American thing will be done. Difficulties in administration will be overcome. They are rapidly being overcome. All that the people need do is to have faith and not expect the impossible or underestimate the difficulties, which I have understated rather than overstated. I have not touched at all upon the Washington inhibitions, the system and the red tape, which must be encountered and subdued and cut. The airplane production of this country will meet all requirements and overtop them; fulfill all expectations and surpass them.

A big American job is being done in the production of our airplanes, of all sorts and for all works; and it is being done by a lot of big Americans who know what they are doing, who have the power and the ability, who have the patriotism and the enthusiasm, who are getting results, and who have surmounted difficulties which are so much greater than they appear as I have touched on them in this article, that what I have set down seems only to tell of the littler things accomplished.

The mastery of the air shall be ours!

THE SPY

(Continued from Page 15)

"When I think of all the splendid lads gayly risking their lives to free their country, and think that they might be murdered—murdered!—my gunners!—for that is what it comes to—by a treacherous dog in a Paris office—*mon Dieu*, father, mercy is out of the question! The severest justice is too weak!"

"*Accordé*," said M. de Marieux, looking down at the gold pencil he tapped upon the white blotting pad of his desk. "Now Henri, I want to talk to you about that staff appointment. I have arranged everything ——"

The young man interrupted him:

"Pardon, father; but it is useless. I shall not leave my battery. Soon—I don't know when, but all the world knows—the grand offensive will commence and we shall sweep the boches back across the Rhine into the sties they came from. I have been with my battery since the first day. I shall be with it to the last if I live. I would not miss the great time before us for life itself!"

"*Parfaitement*," agreed M. de Marieux, without lifting his eyes from the desk. "I quite understand and sympathize with your sentiment. But," here he raised his glance to meet his son's, "I will guarantee that your staff appointment is in the attacking army. You will see more—find it infinitely more interesting. You will have a front seat, in fact. And your career will be assured."

The young man shook his head firmly.

"Pardon, father; but I know myself. I have no talents for the staff. I am an artilleryman. I know my seventy-fives. Serving them, I am useful to my country, to this poor France of ours; you cannot realize it, father—you have not seen the desolation, the havoc, they have wrought—these swine! I kill Germans, father—that is my one glory, my one excuse for being a Frenchman and still alive. I kill Germans!"

M. de Marieux's eyes sank before those of his son, flaming as in the exaltation of a crusade. The young man continued:

"France! That is all I live for—to feel that I am usefully helping to rid our country—for it is ours, father; it became yours long ago, before I was born—think of our house, mother's house, in the Argonne, and how you love it!—to rid it forever of these vermin! I declare to you, father," he finished passionately, "that if you intrigue behind my back to put me into a safe place in the staff, I shall never speak to you again—will cease to be your son! I should feel myself dishonored. Others are useful, necessary, on the staff. My place is with my cannons! Let me hear no more of it, father!"

M. de Marieux raised his head slowly.

"You are scarcely just to me, Henri."

"Pardon, father! I know I said absurdities. You are incapable of intrigue. You are as French as I, as my mother—she would not have loved you else. Forgive me!"

M. de Marieux drew a long breath.

"Very well, Henri. It shall be as you wish. You shall go back to your battery." He glanced at his watch. "Now you must leave me. I have a most important appointment. Come back and lunch with me at twelve o'clock."

"Thanks, father—thanks!" cried the young man, seizing his father's hand. "I knew I should make you understand—you are French, father, more even than I, for

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you have lived longer than I have in this dear France of ours: and no one can live as we three lived, mother, you and I, *dans le pays*, and not become French to the bone! Of course you are! I know you do your part—helping the government—finding the money all sorts of ways I don't understand—making it possible for me to kill Germans. I am proud of you, father, because you are so French—I often talk about you; but then a Swiss is already half French, isn't he?"

He laughed. "All right, father, I'm going. *Au revoir—à midi!*"

He went out of the room as boisterously as he had entered it. M. de Marieux sat pondering, with bent brows, his mouth troubled. Could he change his plans now—at this last moment? Yes; it was possible! He saw himself forced to relinquish his dream of retirement, forced to continue, with failing nerve, on his hazardous path. As an alternative, he glanced at Henri, dying amid the wreckage of a battery on a day of appalling disaster. It decided him.

He looked up at a soft tap on the door. M. Jocelyn entered, bearing a visiting card—M. Olivier Lammartin. In the short interval of solitude before the entrance of his visitor he braced himself for a contest with an unknown he suddenly felt to be an adversary.

The stranger entered—tall, with a clipped ruddy beard, faultlessly dressed, silk hat in hand.

"M. de Marieux?"

The financier stared like one incredulous. M. Jocelyn retired softly behind the closed door.

"Conrad!"

"The same, my dear Victor! Messrs. Lammartin could not refuse to render us this little service!" He smiled. "Many years since Heidelberg!" He released his grip of his old student comrade's hand and threw himself into an armchair, like one at home. "*Ach! Sprich Deutsch, alter Kerl!* I am sick of this *verdammte* French—I have not been in the country for twenty years. I am surprised at your recognizing me—the police did not; but you always had a good eye, *lieber Victor—nicht wahr?*" He laughed. "I remember your first success—the woman ——"

He desisted at M. de Marieux's gesture of the hand.

"*Genug!*" He laughed again. "You have gone far since then. *Gratuliere!*"

M. de Marieux leaned back in the chair at his desk. His eyes hardened as he caressed his chin.

"You come fully empowered to negotiate as from Lammartin?" he asked.

"*Ganz, lieber Freund! Ganz!*" The German's blue eyes smiled at his old comrade—smiled with a slight change of expression as they slid toward the open newspaper on the desk. "That poor Valrouge!" he said. "What has happened to him?"

"Shot this morning!"

The brows over the blue eyes lifted slightly.

"Why?"

M. de Marieux's mouth thinned as it tightened.

"These subordinate agents sometimes become too exacting."

The German's eyes rested full on the financier in a moment's silence.

"So! And you"—he waved his hand—"without any suspicion?"

"I obtained authority from the French Government to tempt him into selling me specifications of the new air craft now being made in a factory of which he was director. It was simple. He knew his only chance of pension for his wife and children depended on his silence. It will be paid."

The German smiled.

"The orthodox way—but very effective, *lieber Victor;* very effective!"

The financier responded by a grimly humorous twitching of the mouth, a gleam of the eyes. He shrugged his shoulders.

"One has perhaps to be trained to a sense of values," he said, by way of epitaph.

"*Ja wohl*—Valrouge is not the first to miscalculate them; nor will he be the last. . . . It is a delicate balance between price and usefulness, my dear Victor," he added, smiling through the clipped ruddy beard.

A little alarm bell rang suddenly somewhere in the recesses of M. de Marieux's consciousness. His eyes narrowed slightly, imperceptibly, as he contemplated his old college friend. Then he dared a provocative phrase, by way of reconnaissance.

"We shall all come to it one day, I suppose," he said lightly, "if we continue long enough in the *métier*. The bureau makes no pretense to gratitude."

"Nor any other virtue—save that of efficiency," laughed the German. "Yes; it is an ungrateful profession. I wonder you have kept at it so long, *alter Kerl!*" His eyes swept carelessly over his friend's face. "I should have expected you to retire long ago."

M. de Marieux shrugged his shoulders.

"It is difficult to retire," he said. "And then, I have had important work to do—for the Fatherland," he added hypocritically. "But I will confess that sometimes I look forward to an unharassed old age—I am not so young as once—to make way for others perhaps more useful; not, of course, now, in the great time," he interjected in cautious parenthesis, "but when the victory is won. To go down to my little country place and live with my pictures, and, I hope, see my son happily married that is my ambition, Conrad!"

"To live in France?"

"Why not?"

"Why not? I agree," suavely concurred the German. "France is a charming country—for those who love it."

"I adore it!" murmured M. de Marieux, half unconsciously, seeing his Argonne chateau, set like an exquisite jewel amid autumn-tinted woods. He suddenly perceived his friend's eyes piercingly upon him.

"Your son?" said Conrad. "Shall he succeed you?"

M. de Marieux laughed.

"He is the most fervid of Frenchmen!"

"So! Well, it has its advantages at the present time. A useful camouflage, Victor."

The little laugh that followed this remark was unpleasant to M. de Marieux.

"Suppose we come to business, my dear Conrad," said the financier. "I will put it tersely: I have the opportunity to purchase a controlling interest in La Feuille du Jour."

"A useful newspaper to capture," commented the German. "Valrouge had opened up a connection with it, had he not? Yes. The price?"

"Twenty million francs at once," said De Marieux calmly as he leaned back in his chair.

The German raised his eyebrows.

"A large sum," he said. "You can guarantee—everything—for that?"

"I can guarantee a subtle discouragement in the country—well-concealed propaganda for the peace by understanding so urgently desired—and, of course, much valuable private information. But the offer must be seized at once. There is one more point: To establish my bona fides in case the check is traced, I propose to transfer my Mannesmann securities to the Lammartins against their check for this amount."

The German cogitated for a moment.

"And this is the big deal about which you telegraphed?"

"It is," replied M. de Marieux, awaiting the result of the emissary's deliberations with an outward coolness that gave no hint of the desperate anxiety within. Would he succeed? He saw his son's face, heard his son's voice—and tried to obliterate the hallucination, lest it should shake his nerve.

"H'm!" said the German. "We had hoped for something of more precise and immediate value. But we have confidence in you. I agree to this proposal. Twenty million francs! Your sense of values is very acute, *lieber Victor!*"

The financier smiled to cover his deep exhalation of relief.

"Very!" he said. He pressed the bell on his desk.

M. Jocelyn appeared at the door with a bundle of papers.

"The Mannesmann concessions and the transfer, M. Jocelyn, if you please."

"They are here, monsieur."

M. Jocelyn deposited them on the desk and withdrew.

The German laughed.

"*Ein echter Geschäftsmann!*" He produced a check book from his pocket and advanced to the table. "I shall not be less prompt." He drew up a chair, sat down and filled up a check, already signed by Messrs. Lammartin, for twenty million francs. "I congratulate you on your deal, Victor!"

M. de Marieux smiled as he signed the transfer of the concessions and pushed the bundle of documents across to his friend.

"*Voilà!*" he said. "*C'est tout!*"

"Not quite all, *lieber Victor*," replied the German. "One moment."

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What about the labor supply? What of production when peace finally comes? The Secretary of Agriculture answers these questions in an interview by David Lawrence in this week's issue of *The Country Gentleman.*

Secretary Houston Looks Ahead

"I look," he says, "to see the farmers of this country called upon to supply foodstuffs, especially meats and animals, for a considerable time to come, just as I expect the manufacturers of farm implements to be called upon to satisfy Europe's extraordinary demands . . . . . The importance of the farmer and producer has become impressed on the mind of the nation as never before"

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He took a sheet of note paper from the desk and wrote rapidly: "I—undersigned—Victor de Marieux, acknowledge to have received twenty million francs [F'cs 20,000,000] for the purchase of the newspaper La Feuille du Jour; and I undertake to direct the policy of the said newspaper in conformity with whatever directions I may receive." He handed the document to M. de Marieux.

"Sign it, please," he said calmly.

M. de Marieux signed. He placed the check under a paper weight on his desk as the German rose from his seat and strolled toward the big bay window, high above the boulevard. He stood there, looking down upon the streams of traffic passing between the green trees, the striped awnings of the cafés. M. de Marieux joined him, contemplating the scene below with that enjoyment which the view never failed to produce in him.

"*Il n'y à que Paris* " he murmured to himself.

Conrad half turned to him.

"*Vous devenez tout à fait Parisien!*" he said suddenly, his tone bantering.

"*Plus Parisien que les Parigots!*" replied De Marieux with a happy little laugh; the memory of his son did not now clash with the phrase.

The German saw a face at a window level with him on the other side of the boulevard. He stared at it fixedly. M. de Marieux returned to his desk, bent over some documents. He looked up suddenly to see his old friend standing by his side—and was startled at the expression of grim Satanic humor on the blond face.

"Hand them over, De Marieux!" said the German. "The farce has gone on long enough!"

"I—I don't understand," stammered M. de Marieux, losing his self-control almost for the first time in his life. "What is it you want?"

"The plans for the grand offensive. The plans Valrouge stole for you and of which you cheated him. The plans you meant to sell us for twenty million francs to bolster up your bankrupt business—until you changed your mind and fancied you could play a trick on us!"

M. de Marieux tried to laugh.

"My dear Conrad ——"

"Enough!" said the German in a voice that smote him speechless. "Obey!"

He handed him a card on which was a letter and a number, authenticated by mystic initials in the corner.

M. de Marieux's face went deathly pale. He sprang from his seat as a slave might at the entrance of a barbaric despot, bowed low, his hands trembling at the end of his pendent arms.

"*Aber, Excellenz*—I—I—had no idea ——" he stammered.

"Obey!" thundered his master.

M. de Marieux raised his eyes, met for one brief instant the blazing cruel blue eyes above the square ruddy beard—and faltered.

"You are losing your sense of values, De Marieux! Remember Valrouge! You, too, have a son! Be careful he is not involved in your ruin! Produce the plans—I know they are in this room!"

"My son! My son!" murmured De Marieux. Once more he tried to challenge the fierce blue eyes. "And if I refuse?" The voice sounded strange to him—not his own.

"You know our power, De Marieux. Obey! You are a German. Germany commands you. And Germany dishonors the son of the executed traitor!"

Something in the voice of the master was greater than the master himself; something that called up a flitting vision of a Bavarian soldier; something that summoned into activity omnipotent racial instincts of obedience, of solidarity, in this German who had been half metamorphosed into a Frenchman. Individuality collapsed in him.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*" he stammered, and went falteringly across to the Degas picture.

The heavy door in the wall swung open at his touch. He took out a thin envelope, glanced to see that it was filled with flimsy sheets of paper, and handed it to the chief he had so long obeyed, now for the first time an identity to him. The German buttoned it up in an inside pocket.

"So!" he said. "I see we can no longer trust you, Mardorf."

The financier trembled at the ill-omened name. He threw himself on his knees.

"Pardon, Excellenz! Pardon!"

The German looked down at him with an enigmatic smile. Then he walked across to the window, fixed once more that distant face level with him across the boulevard, and nodded quickly and decisively. He turned to De Marieux.

"Get up!" he said brutally.

The financier obeyed.

"And—and the twenty million francs, Excellenz? You—you shall have good value. I swear it!"

"You can keep them," said the German contemptuously. "The plans are worth that to us."

De Marieux stammered his thanks. He began to recover his poise.

"I regret that I cannot offer you lunch, Excellenz. I have an appointment at twelve o'clock."

The memory of his son was now flooding back on him. He craved to finish this sinister incident before the young man returned. Already a part of his brain was beginning to scheme to detach Henri from his battery; to put him somewhere safe.

"*Danke,*" said the German curtly. "I, also, have an appointment at that hour." He looked at his watch. "It wants two minutes only ——" He smiled. "You have delayed me longer than I anticipated, De Marieux."

"Pardon, Excellenz!"

At that moment the door was flung open. An officer of the gendarmerie, followed by several men, entered the room. He walked straight to the financier and laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Victor Mardorf, *dit* Victor de Marieux, I arrest you, in the name of the Republic, on a charge of conspiring with the enemy!"

M. de Marieux stood, white and speechless, swaying on his feet.

The officer turned to the man with the ruddy beard.

"You have the proof, M. Lammartin?"

"*La voici, Monsieur le Capitaine!*" replied the agent.

He handed over the sheet of paper on which M. de Marieux had undertaken to obey the orders of a person unnamed. The officer put it in his pocket. He turned to two of his men and pointed to the financier.

"Search him!" he said.

Perspiration broke out on De Marieux's forehead as the packet of Valrouge documents was taken from him. He met the eyes of the man who had betrayed him.

"Valrouge did not implicate M. de Marieux, I think, M. le Capitaine?" said the German pleasantly, in suave French. "Doubtless he had his reasons."

A wild revolt surged up in the wretched man. He pulled away one arm from the detaining grasp of the gendarme and pointed at his betrayer.

"That man is a German!" he shrieked. "I swear it! Arrest him! Arrest him! He has a most valuable military secret in his possession. I swear it! Arrest him!"

The German smiled.

"*Mon cher Capitaine,* I am M. Olivier Lammartin, a Swiss banker. My papers are in perfect order. I can produce them now or wherever you wish. I have a special safe-conduct from high authority—*voici!*"

He produced a piece of paper, signed and sealed, and gave it to the officer. It was returned with a polite bow.

"*Parfait, M. Lammartin.* No one suspects you."

He turned to his prisoner, was about to order him to march, when once more the door was burst open. The young artillery officer dashed into the room—stopped in amazement.

"Father!" he cried in an agony of apprehension. "Father! What is this?"

M. de Marieux heaved a deep sigh as he stared at his horror-stricken son; snatched at a desperate resolve.

"Henri!" he said. "That man is a German, a spy! He has betrayed me!"

"Betrayed you?", echoed the young man incredulously.

"I am a German, Henri—I cannot help it; but you are French. That man has the plans for the grand offensive in his pocket—they will not believe me. Don't let him escape! Shoot him—for the sake of France!"

The young officer whipped out a revolver. There was a deafening detonation in the room—the man with the ruddy beard plunged face forward to the floor.

"Father!" cried the young man, a poignant cry of intolerable shame.

There was a second detonation.

The spy was led out over the dead body of his son.

"Thank God!" he murmured.

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WHEN THE HOUSE IS ON FIRE

(Continued from Page 8)

"When war broke out I began to see some of our dear brethren and sistren all over the country shaking Uncle Sam by the right hand and tripping him up by the left leg. And I decided there wouldn't be any of that sort of stuff in Salonica. So we've made war work our main business out there. Up to July, Salonica had more voluntary enlistments to her credit than any other town of her size in the country. We did it through our Sweetheart Campaign—mobilizing the pretty girls, do you see? Folks in our town can choose between working for the war or fighting in it. Those who choose neither can get out. An hour each day every schoolboy has to take his turn at knitting ——"

"Schoolboys?" echoed her astonished son.

"Why not? The spanking average has gone down forty-five per cent since we taught 'em to handle yarn. We've got eleven factories working on war supplies of one sort or another. We haven't got any servant problem because most of our women are doing their own work and letting the hired help go into the factories. It gave us a swelled head, of course, because every political Tom, Dick and Harry that came along told us how good we were, and we had to acknowledge they were right. And it's the conspicuous people that have to look out for the bombs."

It was easy for Bob to see that her talk held something deeper than the garrulity of civic pride. She rested her chin on her small hand and looked abstractedly round the room; and when next her eyes were upon him he saw that they were filmed with tears.

"Is it something really serious, ma?" he asked her lamely.

"You'd think so if you woke up every morning, as I've been doing for days, and heard the sound of guns where they're being shot out in the fields ——"

"Shot!" Had his poor mother gone crazy too?

"Our good cattle—the poor dears! They're shooting them by the hundred. It's all they can do ——"

Her face puckered all over with emotion and she sat wiping her eyes with a small lacy handkerchief.

"I can't understand this, ma," he persisted as soon as she had dried her eyes.

"No. And I don't intend you should," she told him with a brave smile. "I've said more than the law allows already. But I want you to see that I'm not going to Washington on any joy ride."

"Of course if it's a secret I won't butt in; but I'd like to help."

"I don't doubt it, Buddy. Chances are you'll be called into the row before it's much older."

There followed the long silence that usually falls between two people who are eating fish and trying to avoid the bones. Then again she looked up and inquired of her favorite son: "What's matter, Buddy?"

"Matter?" He swallowed a hard crust and tried to look innocent.

"You look tired. Eyes like burnt holes in a blanket. Isn't that girl—Pauline—taking care of you?"

"I want to talk to you about Pauline," artlessly blurted Cleary.

"She looked like such a nice girl in the photo you sent me. Don't tell me you've quarreled."

"I can't do anything with her any more. And now she swears she's going down to Washington to be a White House picket."

Mrs. Cleary, who, perfect housekeeper that she was, sat wiping a spoon on a napkin preparatory to taking tea, merely glanced up and said, "You don't tell me!"

"When she went in for suffrage I encouraged her, but I didn't know she was choosing the wrong brand. The damage seems to be done. Mrs. Gunn has completely hypnotized her, and that Englishman ——"

"What has England got to do with Mrs. Gunn?" asked his mother sharply.

"He says that war is begging the question and calls it woman's higher duty to put the Administration into a padded cell."

"What does the little slacker call himself?"

"Freyne. Cyril Freyne."

"Movie name! Well, if that's your girl's natural taste—poor boy!" Suddenly her capable hand went out and touched his in one of her sparse caresses.

"Ma, I can't let her go like this," he confessed huskily. "Other women seem to influence her a lot. I still believe that if you got a chance to talk to her ——"

"Talking sense into some folks is like shouting in the Mammoth Cave." She expressed it in parables. "All you wake is echoes."

"It's just a case of misdirected energy with Pauline," he apologized for the absent. "Now that the fight in New York is over she can't bear to quit."

"I've been in the scrap over fifteen years," replied the Widow Cleary decisively; "and I didn't go into retirement after we'd won Illinois. This war ought to be big enough to amuse her."

Bob Cleary's seamy face wore a baffled expression that reminded the mayor of Salonica of his teething days, when he would draw in his lips like that preliminary to a spell of boisterous howling. This big engineer to whom the Government had intrusted one of its vital problems had never definitely passed the teething age in the eyes of the Widow Cleary.

"There, there, Buddy!" she soothed. "Do you really want me to talk to your Pauline?"

"If she ever gets into one of those White House mobs," he stormed, "she'll be branded martyr till her dying day. She'd be spoiled forever for all human companionship."

"Yes. Now's the time to head her off," agreed the mayor of Salonica.

"I'll try and get her on the phone. If she won't come will you go to her?"

"Anywhere," she agreed as he came to his feet and hurried toward the nearest booth.

At last he got into connection with the Rance house, in the Murray Hill section. A maid answered. Nobody seemed to be at home. Miss Rance was out, Mrs. Rance was on a visit to Boston.

"It's rather important that I talk with Miss Rance at once," said he. "This is Mr. Cleary. Could you tell me where I can find her?"

"She's out of town, Mr. Cleary," said the servant's voice.

"Out of town! Where has she gone?"

"She left for Washington on the afternoon train."

III

IN THE geographical center of Lafayette Square, Washington, D. C., there rears, prances, swirls and foams a heroic cast-iron statue of the justly renowned Andrew Jackson. If you stand well in front of the ramshackle brick structure now occupied by Mr. Hoover's busy regulators and gaze down the vista toward Pennsylvania Avenue you will get the full value of this effigy as silhouetted against the snowy façade of the White House. It is an equestrian statue which looks as though it had been done in horsehair, for every line seems to be curling in an opposite direction. The curliest little hobbyhorse in the world stands rampant, his curly forelegs aloft, invisible fires curling from his curly nostrils, his tail—a perfect orgy of curls—in a fine frenzy curling. The curliest of all heroic figures strides the steed, his side whiskers curving off in one tangent, his military trousers in another, the while his sinuous forearm uplifts a cocked hat which is curled on the corners like the eaves of a Chinese pagoda. The cares of our Chief Executive are always heavy, they say; but no human being could look out on that statue, say once a day, and not laugh occasionally.

But little Pauline Rance as she walked one dusky hour past this ornamental base never looked up, and consequently never smiled. In a manner of speaking her eyes were all in her ears, for Cyril Freyne walked beside her, his experienced lips uttering the sweetest sounds that ever he knew how. Men in the uniforms of many nations hurried by them; over in the State, War and Navy Building a hundred windows were glowing, many of them to glare all night with the sleeplessness of a driving ambition. A colored newsboy, ambling by, flourished an evening scare head screaming of an Italian retreat in the Trentino. And the unruffled Englishman was pursuing his favorite topic—peace.

Pauline's mood was unsettled, if not unstrung. Once she glanced over at the White House and winced imperceptibly. Even the brightest martyr, upon being introduced to her own funeral pyre, enjoys some regret for the dances and theater parties she will be missing. And Pauline was booked for a public sacrifice to-morrow morning. Late last night she had gone straight from the station to the League of Feminist Freedom Headquarters, Mrs. Gunn, Sherlitt Shannon and Cyril Freyne having acted as her convoy. She had been petted and praised by many ladies, lantern-jawed, pop-eyed, squirrel-toothed, kittenish, determined, intellectual, combative. They had stood her at a distance and looked critically upon her glowing beauty. Connoisseurs in rioting that they were, it was evident they regarded Pauline as a remarkable titbit. Several of them congratulated her upon the hit she would make in a prison costume.

This morning during a quiet hour they had allowed her to do picket duty, just as commanders place a fresh recruit in a safe sector of the firing line as a mild introduction to actual battle. The banner she had held somewhat tremblingly before a sparse collection of scoffers had been a harmless affair, lettered with a stereotyped appeal for rights. But the idle hour had permitted Satan to stand beside the special policeman at the gate to ask her insinuatingly just why she was there, why she had defied the sensible, patient man she had promised to marry, how she would like going to jail and scrubbing messy corridors as a protest against something or other. The vision of herself on a hunger strike, too, caused her a momentary weakening within. Pauline Rance was born with a wholesome fondness for food; even a delayed meal gave her nervous indigestion. She was sure that she couldn't last long under a hunger strike—perhaps the beautiful Freyne would come to the prison and beg her to live for his sake.

So this evening as she walked beside him through the square, cross winds of emotion were gathering cyclonic in her breast. Beside a bench Freyne loitered and suggested pantomimically that they be seated.

"Not nervous?" he smiled coolly as he took a place beside her.

"Well—it's all so novel to me," she faltered. "I've never been celebrated for my physical courage. I'm sure I shan't mind, once I'm in it—but I wish I hadn't so long to wait."

"You have something higher than mere physical courage," he told her solemnly. "That is the glory of women. With their frail bodies they can oppose the brutish man-made god of war ——"

"Oh, yes!" she interrupted. Somehow or other his eloquence didn't in the least hearten her. She wished he would get off the subject of war for a minute and give her a little sympathy.

"Also—I can't help thinking," she said, half to herself.

"You think more clearly than the others. That is why you have been chosen." His eyes devoured her with a lambent light as he said it. For a moment she was uplifted, then again her spirits slumped.

"I've been thinking about the other side. Of course they're all wrong, but they're so positive about it. They say that suffrage agitation can wait, that the important thing is winning the war, that every minute counts and we're wasting minutes. Of course I know that really superior thinkers know we must establish our equality now or be always in chains. And yet ——"

She dropped her eyes before his steady gaze, which, catching reflections from the arc light, seemed to illuminate the darkness.

"There's Bob, you see ——"

"I say! Who have we here?" suddenly inquired the Englishman.

"We've been engaged for nearly a year. When war broke out he gave his time to the Government, making aviation motors."

"Plotting to blot out a few more innocent lives," he cut in promptly.

"He doesn't look at it that way. He says the only way to peace is straight through the war ——"

"Muddy thinking!"

"—— and I believe his mother has had a lot to do toward influencing him. She's rather a well-known suffragist in the Middle West. She's the first woman in her state to become the mayor of a town."

"How amusing!"

He said this sharply, and the comment was so incongruous to Freyne's philosophy and hers that she turned and said, "I don't see anything particularly amusing about a woman's doing what we're all fighting for her to be allowed to do."

"No, no! Don't misunderstand me. I merely meant that it was amusing for her to take a stand so antagonistic to woman's real interest. What is the name of the town, may I ask?"

He looked at her with the same still smile.

"Let me see. It's got some queer oriental name—Bagdad—no. Ah, Salonica! Salonica, Illinois."

"Yes, yes. I understand it's a very remarkable little city with some ideas. I'm sorry to see, however, that your—Bob—has so reactionary a mother."

"That's what I told him, and it made him perfectly furious. It's just as well, I suppose."

"And you're woman enough to miss your protector?"

His face was very close to hers now. It seemed terribly unconventional, being made love to out here in the dim square; but his high-bred countenance with its delicately formed features imparted a nobility and distinction at odds with the environment.

"If he has failed you," he said softly, "won't you let me go with you into the battle?"

She could feel his arm stealing across her shoulder. She permitted it just a moment, then cringed away. A brisk student officer with a sheepskin collar to his military coat came striding by, regarding them with stiff curiosity. She got to her feet and the tall Englishman stood looking down on her.

"I—I think it would give me more courage," she faltered, "if I thought you were—somewhere near—to protect me to-morrow."

"Please trust in me!" he said slowly. He pressed her hand to his lips; but the nervousness returned to her. She wanted to go back to her hotel and rest. She was very tired.

"Do you know," she confided to him just as they were going into the glazed vestibule of the Shoreham, "if you hadn't spoken to me as you have—and given me courage—I don't think I should have had the heart to do what they're asking of me."

"Remember," he was saying in her ear, "I'm with you in everything. We are working for the same cause, you and I."

A moment later they had joined themselves to the acclaiming group of satellites surrounding the very rich Mrs. Gunn and her ever-attendant Shannon, who were there to hold another of their eternal councils of war.

And strangely enough at that solemn instant came to her mind Bob Cleary's unsympathetic warning, "She's a nut. She'll lead you from bad to worse."

Pauline shrugged away the clinging phantom, and when the great lady condescended to entwine her slender waist and refer to her as a prize she was warmed to the heart—which is, after all, the seat of vanity.

She slept very little that night. Mrs. Gunn's meeting lasted until late, and once in her room Pauline spent an hour in front of the pier glass rehearsing the put-on and take-off of Mr. Freyne's banner-lined skirt. By a little recutting certain deft sisters of the cause had made it over to fit Pauline fairly well; she looked at herself from all sides in the high mirror. In dramatic pantomime she went through the act of unsnapping the thing at her waist and smuggling it over to an invisible accomplice who was to attach it to the guy rope and hoist it flauntingly to the top of the pole. She considered the cases of all the historical heroines she knew, but there was not one who had started a revolution by fluttering a challenge on the string of a skirt. Her eyes were bright with inspiration as she read the brash words of the inscription; but her frivolous nose kept asking where in the world a superior man like Cyril Freyne got time to originate novelties in ladies' tailoring.

All night long in the agonizing hours of half-wakefulness she was going through the drill: One, two—unsnap the waist band; three, four—hand it over to her assistant before the eyes of an unfriendly mob could detect her purpose. Once or twice she fell asleep and imagined that a roaring crowd had laid hands on her, had snatched the magic skirt out of her fingers. Then she would awake, squealing "No! No!" and

(Continued on Page 42)

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(Continued from Page 39)

clawing at the bedclothes in a most unmartyrlike and very feminine fit of hysterics.

Morning found her amazingly calm. In the words of the death-house reporter she "enjoyed a hearty breakfast before walking coolly forth." She carried her skirt banner in a roll under her arm as she went briskly toward headquarters in Farragut Square. She had lived on excitement so long that she needed a large dose of it to settle her nerves, and this morning she felt keen as a steel edge.

Several of her determined sisters were already getting into their beribboned regalia as she walked into the rooms. Mrs. Gunn, too, was there in her capacity of High Priestess of Trouble. Out in the hallway Sherlitt Shannon lisped encouraging platitudes. Spirits seemed to be running high in headquarters. Pauline caught the infection for a while; then, as she looked round, the prospect took on a bleakness and a chill. The proudly chiseled head and poetic eyes of Cyril Freyne were nowhere to be seen. Her ingeniously worded inquiries met with indifferent explanations. Somebody had heard that he had been called back to New York. Another hinted that the beautiful Freyne had become temperamental at the last moment. Of course, Pauline reflected, she had no right to expect him there. But he had begged the privilege of going into battle at her side, of heartening her for the fiery ordeal.

Many fussy assistants were now rigging up their prize exhibit. Mrs. Gunn herself was so gracious as to lay her own jeweled hands upon Pauline, snapping the upper seam of the trick walking skirt to the girl's belt and smoothing it out into the semblance of a fit. For the fortieth time the technic of her progress to the White House gate was outlined to her. She was to march at the head holding the pole of a commonplace banner, harmlessly beseeching votes for women. A sister of the Death Battalion was to walk at each hand, holding on to the strings of the pennant. The revolutionary skirt was not to go aloft until half past twelve, at the hour when the Siamese Commissioners were to come rolling through the gate.

"Pennsylvania Avenue will be jammed with government employees. It will be far and away the best riot we've had," explained a fiery-eyed sister as she fastened her insignia.

Miss Cloud, a tall spinster of a bilious temperament, was inclined to quarrel when informed that she would walk on Miss Rance's right and hold the string. She wasn't used to holding strings for other people, she intimated. She had carried the banner on numerous occasions, had been arrested twice and served two terms.

"Of course if you're determined to leave it to a perfectly inexperienced girl ——"

"We all have to begin somewhere," said Mrs. Gunn quite truthfully. Which served as a silencer.

Pauline, who had again managed to work herself up into the martyr mood, wondered if Marie Antoinette before her last appearance on any stage had had to stand in a drafty tumbrel catching cold while committees quarreled over who should drive her to the guillotine.

However, they started presently, Pauline grasping the heavy staff with her ice-cold fingers, Miss Cloud striding sourly at her right hand, a puffy lady with a hairy mole on her chin going at her left. Mrs. Gunn and the secretary Strong accompanied them as far as the Lafayette monument, then faded away. With a sort of hostile timidity Pauline glanced among the grinning unfriendly faces that lined her march. A truckman roared from his mule-drawn chariot and bawled "Go home to yer mommer!" Three rookies came to a sardonic salute. And nowhere in the sparse audience could she see her General in his natty paletot of London-cut clothes. Pauline had a self-conscious fearing that her false skirt was coming off.

At last they came to a stand by the big iron gates. There followed a long cold wait, during which she stood numbly between the hostile Miss Cloud and the stolid lady with the mole. A White House policeman, grown pugnacious under the stress of much violence, walked by and inspected her with a professional eye.

"Pretty cold, miss," he suggested respectfully, touching his visor.

"It's rather cool standing here," she replied, somehow grateful for this human commonplace.

"There'll be plenty to do pretty soon," he assured her and passed on.

Mrs. Gunn and the faithful Shannon drove up in a ponderous limousine at a quarter of twelve. The great lady was all excitement as she stood close beside the martyr-elect.

"Don't begin to hoist the banner until the policeman opens the gates and you see the Siamese Commission's automobiles coming down the avenue," cautioned the commander. "Be sure and have it flying as they come in. We want those foreigners to get the full force of the warning."

It was beginning to drizzle. Pauline was on the point of asking for an umbrella when the thought came to her that she was here to suffer anyhow and that a cold in the head was hardly worth mentioning in the face of impending tragedy.

After delivering her orders the generalissima withdrew to her car of power and drove away, first permitting Mr. Shannon to assure the freshman picket that he was with her body and soul. If Pauline made a reply she spoiled it with a sneeze.

At a little after twelve the crowd began to thicken. In small knots, at first, they would stop and look at the banner.

"They're gettin' cold feet, I guess," commented a tall marine in evident disappointment as he read the mild "Votes for Women" swinging from the pole.

Presently Pauline could see a fast-gathering throng of men and girls, nibbling luncheon as they took grand-stand positions on the high coping of Lafayette Square. The rain was holding off again and the crowd was filled with the holiday spirit which in jolly Georgian days prompted Merrie Englishmen to gather on Gallows Hill before an execution. She wasn't afraid now. The blood of Colonial wars filled her veins and carnage smelt good to her. In spite of it all, however, she was a little confused as to issues and a great deal indignant that Freyne, who had stood at her elbow and lured her into this desperate situation, should have failed her at the hour of trial.

From the circle, which was now drawing closer, a red-headed youth, evidently a wit, asked her why she didn't knit sweaters. She quelled him with the glance which in more conventional surroundings she reserved for impertinent tradespeople. Then a roly-poly lady with red wings on her hat and hard enameled red cherries on the handle of her umbrella walked over to her in the open space and asked in the kindest possible voice: "My dear child, what's this all about?"

"What's what all about?" rejoined Pauline, the corner of her eye alert for an ambush.

"You don't really think you're doing any good by antagonizing all the decent suffragists in the country?"

"If you wish to know our purposes apply for literature at our headquarters," said Pauline in a parrot voice, speaking the speech as Mrs. Gunn had pronounced it to her, trippingly on the tongue.

"I suppose you want to lead women," persisted the little lady with the winged hat. "I could give you a real job in that line too."

"I'm very busy now—if you please ——"

"You're catching a dreadful cold."

At that instant Pauline could hear the harsh clink of the lock behind her. Two policemen were already swinging wide the iron gate. She could see Miss Cloud sidling toward her, purpose glowing in her bilious eye. The air became electric. She could feel the jealous spinster fumbling with the back of the protective skirt and knew too well that she was cramping the thongs of the gray rope to wait in another fateful instant was to swing aloft as the flag of treason.

There came a shifting in the crowd. The policemen were turning at arise. Gathering up the avenue she heard a short procession of motor vehicles rolling toward the open gate.

"Now!" hissed Miss Cloud in her ear.

One, two—Pauline had unloosed the false skirt from her waist. Policemen were treating the popcorn a little farther back. The first of the High Commissioner's automobiles was hesitating at the turn. In the crush of new information Pauline's eyes were turning to the top of the pole from which the incendious Votes-for-Women slogan was already fluttering down. Then upward, upward she saw the fine serge of her walking skirt hitching along the wooden staff. It didn't look like a banner. It looked like the feminine garment that it was. Good heavens, wouldn't the thing ever unfold and show what was on the other side?

"Pull it, you fool!" she heard Miss Cloud's steely blasphemy at her shoulder. She laid a trembling hand on the guy rope, but the harder she pulled the more obviously swung the walking skirt, now dangling above the crowd like a bargain display over the door of a second-hand clothing establishment. And now the throng was diverted into a fit of inextinguishable laughter. It was more hideous than a public hanging, that grim specter dancing on air. It was plain to see what had happened—Miss Cloud in the excitement had fastened the tackle wrong way to!

At that instant the first of the diplomatic automobiles began passing the big gate. Three uniformed yellow men, unacquainted with the ceremonies of our peculiar land, took the swinging skirt for some complimentary decoration and, rising, saluted right and left. Presently they had passed; and as the gates were closing behind them there came a wilder confusion. Miss Cloud, inoculated against all forms of calamity, coolly set to work taking down the pole and arranging the banner so that it would show plainly to the multitude. It was a true act of heroism, for they were now yawping and surging like a pack of wolves. No sooner was the silken lettered side displayed than Pauline recovered sufficiently to give aid. Up sprang the pole to perpendicular and in the slightly rising breeze fluttered the provoking challenge to democracy: "Deluded foreigners, why do you come to America in quest of liberty? The slave driver of the White House is making of womanhood a mockery more sickening than Belgium!"

Martyrdom then came to Pauline Rance with a rush and a roar. A thousand hands seemed grappling for her as she held desperately to the shaft of the banner. To her the battle seemed centered into a duel; for the scrawny red-headed humorist who had spoken to her on the subject of knitting had fastened his skinny fingers to her wrists. One of his nails had dug so deeply into her thumb that blood was beginning to trickle down the pole.

"Let go, you little coward!" she heard herself screaming in a frenzy.

"Leggo yerself!" he was bawling.

"If you were a man—if there was a real man here ——"

Even as a goddess sometimes intervened in the championship encounters of Hector and Achilles, so a short plump lady with red wings on her hat bounced into the encounter, and for the moment turned the tide of battle.

"You little shrimp!" she shrilled. And upon the word she had brought the three gory cherries of her umbrella handle twice and thrice upon the auburn curls of the humorist.

"Aw, then you're a suff yerself!" whimpered the scrawny one, wiping the wide scratch over his eye.

"That's what I am," she told him, her Celtic eyes flashing war fires. "I ain't this fool kind"—pointing her umbrella at the trembling Pauline. "Neither am I the sort that's going to let a little slacker beat up a woman."

All this in a wild tangle of arms and legs. Pauline had utterly relinquished the banner and confusedly she could see it and the belligerent Miss Cloud being borne away in the fury of combat. The mob was now scattering helter-skelter, queer knots chasing other queer knots as ribbon after ribbon of the torn banner was snatched from hand to hand and struggling groups wrestled for fragments of the trophy. Then the police came charging in. One was holding Miss Cloud and another the lady with the hairy mole. Other militants were pouring in. Pauline wavered forward, intent upon giving herself to this last glory of self-dedication. But martyrdom was meeting her halfway, it seemed; for out of the scrimmage loomed the blue coat of the policeman who had spoken to her that morning. His air was rather apologetic as he came toward her, and he grasped stoutly as the little woman with the red feathers interposed her brief person between him and his prey.

"Sorry," he was explaining, "but we've got orders to round up the whole batch."

There was just an instant of pause, and in that flash Pauline saw a dignified gentleman in a gray coat and gray fedora address the policeman in an attitude that was rather statesmanlike for so stirring a situation. The policeman gave the most deferential attention, then touched his visor and turned away to grab another member of the troublesome sisterhood.

"This way, miss, please."

It was the dignified gentleman who gave this order in the tone of a polite suggestion. A heavy limousine had backed against the curb. Little Mrs. Redwing had a hand upon her arm and the two of them were pushing her gently forward.

"Then I'm under arrest?" Pauline made so bold as to inquire.

Her keepers smiled ever so reassuringly and they all got into the car together.

The geography of Washington, a mystery even to the most experienced taxi driver of our renowned capital, had a confusing effect upon Pauline, who had been told in her schooldays that the streets were planned to run from a center like the spokes of a wheel. To her the wheel seemed always turning round, quite disregarding natural laws. And to-day as her prison car sped down one avenue and crooked round another she was soon completely lost. She was in a state of collapse, her cold was getting worse, and she hoped pitifully that the jail, so soon to hold her, would be decently warmed. Once she looked out of the window, down the vista of public buildings, to see whether the other martyrs were following in the grim procession. The street seemed deserted, save for a few loitering tradesmen's vehicles.

"My dear, you've got a bad cut there," said the motherly voice of the short woman beside her. Pauline became aware that her thumb was smarting miserably, and looking down saw the deep, angry gash running from the knuckle to the ball of her hand. Her enforced chaperon delved into a patent-leather bag and brought out a ridiculous lacy handkerchief with which she tied the wound tightly; then she took the bandaged hand in her lap and sat nursing it. Pauline made no protest. This, the first real evidence of protection she had received during the mad adventure, touched her shattered nerves and made her want to cry.

"Doctor Holt will look at it," said the gentleman with the gray fedora.

This was the first word he had spoken since they had gotten into the car. He was a pleasant-faced, well-groomed individual with a somewhat scholarly cast of countenance. For a police officer, she thought, he seemed rather unrobust and detached.

They stopped at last in a tree-lined street before a row of reconverted residences whose front doors, placarded with the names of public departments, proclaimed loudly the Government's famine for ground space that has turned Washington into a boom city. The house at which they stopped had no placard over the arched entrance of its white door. Pauline looked nervously round as they got out. Still there was no sight of the other cars bearing her fellow martyrs to servitude. There was something irregular and disappointing about the whole affair. She had visualized herself as riding in a patrol, bluecoats on each side of her, handcuffs on her wrists perhaps, her pale-faced sisters joining her in a song of courage and defiance. But where was the thrill in this strictly private, respectable affair—driving quietly beside a chaperon and a distinguished gentleman in a gray fedora, getting out of a plutocratic limousine at a handsome private residence? As her feet touched the curb she shrank back slightly and the gentlemanly escort for the first time showed his authority.

"This way, miss, if you don't mind."

He led the way, and the strange party proceeded down a narrow walk leading to a side door. Their only witness was a small colored boy who came dangerously round the corner on a homemade scooter. The gentleman with the gray fedora put a passkey to the lock and swung open the door, then motioned them to enter the big comfortable waiting room, which, so far as she could see, gave no evidence of the turnkey and the cell. There were comfortable chairs, a red rug on the floor, a few engravings on the wall. The central desk, at which a secretary rose deferentially upon their entrance, was piled with magazines.

"Won't you sit down?" suggested their conductor, motioning the little plump lady toward an inner office.

"Don't forget the doctor for Miss Rance's thumb!" the plump lady reminded him.

"Oh, yes! I almost forgot about that. Mr. Strong!" he turned toward his secretary. "Send in Major Holt."

Her keepers disappeared by one door, the secretary by another. Presently Mr. Strong returned with an elderly gentleman whose khaki uniform showed a major's gold leaf

(Concluded on Page 46)

George M. Becker started business in Kenosha, Wis., as he says, "on a box of cigars and a pile of newspapers." In the story below he tells you some of the reasons for his present success.

"Big business has nothing on me, when it comes to *accuracy*," says the proprietor of this little cigar store

It's never "too expensive" if it pays a profit

When I first bought a Burroughs folks here said I was crazy; but I soon found it saved me eight dollars a week in cold cash. How? Why, it made my bookkeeping so easy that I could dispense with a $12 bookkeeper, put $4 into an errand boy and $8 into the bank.

That first Burroughs was a little one just for figuring and listing; but it led me to another profitable investment—a Burroughs Bookkeeping Machine. It cost a lot more money; but the profit is in proportion. When you realize a 300% return on an investment in a Burroughs you don't need an accountant to show you you'd be losing money to be without it.

My saving comes—first, in less clerk hire; second, in knowing where I stand—all the time; third, in knowing my stock on hand (I never carry too much; I'm never "out" of my customer's favorite brands). Most of all, I can collect *all* the money that's due me.

No sir! No man is "crazy" when he puts his hard earned dollars into something that comes back to him at the rate of three to one.

I don't believe *any* business is too small for a Burroughs

Does it pay a little business to keep regular books? To know its assets and liabilities? Look at me—I started on nothing. Today, although I am prospering, I still have a "small-item" business. My profits are made on nickel cigars and 2-cent newspapers. Many of my accounts don't run over 60 cents a month

Yet what I save by *accuracy* is counted in hundreds of dollars.

Remember—the smaller the sale, the bigger the loss of a penny. One cent lost on selling a cigar averages between 10% and 20% *loss on the gross business.* Get that.

GEO. M. BECKER.

Nobody's business is too small to use a Burroughs Machine with profit. There are 98 different models of Burroughs machines with 600 variations in detail, to suit every kind of business.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada. Burroughs Offices are also maintained in all principal cities abroad

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES PRICED AS LOW AS $125
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

Burroughs

Stacks and condensers in action at the main plant of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Copyright 1918, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR

AKRON

Volume That Means Value

No business rightly can hope for survival that does not recognize its responsibility to the public by which it lives. Such recognition will honorably be expressed not in declaration merely, but in the tangible value of the product for which the public pays.

MORE pneumatic tires are now produced in the enormous Goodyear factories than are produced by any other rubber company in the world.

This gigantic volume has a far more important meaning for the tire buyer than simply as an indication of huge institutional size.

It allows Goodyear to effect savings in administrative, sales and production costs on a scale that lesser operations cannot approximate.

And these insure in Goodyear products a degree of quality and a measure of value impossible to achieve through any other means.

* * *

Twelve years ago Goodyear had but one and one-half per cent of the automobile tire business of the country—its yearly production was 27,000 tires.

Recently, more than this number were produced by the combined Goodyear factories in a single working day.

The stupendous growth indicated by this contrast made imperatively necessary such inventions as the Goodyear tire-making machine.

If Goodyear still were compelled to make tires in the old way, this year's output would cost $2,000,000 more, and the tires be not nearly so good.

In the past five years through advanced manufacturing practice, Goodyear's plant operation costs per unit have decreased twenty-five per cent.

In the same length of time, through the development of by-products, waste of materials per unit has been cut by one-half.

In the same period also, factory maintenance costs per unit have been lowered one-third.

And the proportionate cost of productive labor *has been kept level as well*, in spite of an increase of 75 per cent in the hourly rate paid.

Millions of dollars in extra value for the public are represented in these few production economies detailed here.

Millions of additional dollars for the public likewise have been saved in the departments of administration and sales.

All these savings have been made possible through Goodyear's steadily mounting volume.

All of them have scrupulously been turned back into the business to heighten the quality and value given the public in Goodyear Tires.

* * *

That Goodyear Tires do benefit immensely from these sources is conclusively shown by the amazing service delivered users by the tires themselves.

Moreover, further proof of greater value is clearly seen in the impressive figures showing reduction in adjustments in the past few years.

Last year, for instance, on a far more liberal adjustment policy than ever before, Goodyear adjusted proportionately less than a quarter as many tires as in 1913.

Thus the improvement made in the tires themselves results now in an annual saving of more than a half million dollars, which immediately can go back into better value.

In buying a tire or any other article, the public not only "pays the freight," as the saying goes, but every other expense involved in making and selling it.

If Goodyear volume had not allowed the savings shown, the amounts they represent would have to be paid by the public either through higher purchase price or lowered quality.

As it is, the Goodyear Tire the public buys carries no premium through either one of these.

On the contrary, it embodies a measure of usefulness and worth that is not rivaled in any similar product in the world.

CORD TIRES

(Concluded from Page 42)

on the shoulder straps. He unwound the borrowed handkerchief and studied the long savage cut.

"Mayhem seems to be fashionable this year," he grunted. He opened up a hand bag and began cauterizing the wound. She remembered the Cause and tried not to wince as he passed a fiery point over the raw flesh. As soon as he had bound the hand intricately with surgical tape Pauline smiled for the first time.

"Anyhow, they won't get my thumb print—not this one," she was able to challenge, lifting her frivolous nose.

"What would they do with it if they had it?" grinned the military doctor. Which was a strange question, under the circumstances.

The door of the inner office opened softly and the gray gentleman, now minus his distinguishing hat, bowed and said, "Come in now, if you don't mind."

Everything was so damnably polite and cheerful in this place!

It was just another of Washington's 87,000 desks that she saw. A little narrow-faced, professional gentleman sat silhouetted against the window, tapping a pencil on his blotter as he directed a regular fire of questions at the plump lady, who was talking volubly but to the point. A male stenographer sat between them taking notes. The inquisitor gave Pauline one quick cheerful glance and motioned her to the empty chair beside him. Then he went on with his questionings. "What town in Canada?"

"Tarneville, in the province of Quebec," replied Redwing. "His brother, he said, was named Solon Pasquard, and was mayor. He came to me claiming to be a French-Canadian vaudeville actor and he showed me a letter from his brother asking him to look over the dairy farms round our town. Of course I was proud as Punch that we'd attracted so much attention. And he had such lovely eyes—I just couldn't believe ——"

"Naturally," grinned the intellectual one. "Later you wrote to the mayor of Tarneville?"

"Yes. And I found there had never been a Mayor Pasquard in those parts."

"Did he have letters from the Department of Agriculture?"

"He had one from an under secretary. Of course that was a fake like ——"

"How long was he with you—inspecting the dairies, as he called it?"

"Two days. He was so nice about everything. I got out my own flivver and took him round to most of the places. He was just crazy about animals. He kept his pockets full of apples and fed them to all the cattle he saw, including a fifteen-hundred-dollar Jersey bull that came within an inch of hooking him to death. He said he believed in the transmigration of souls and thought everybody who was kind to his dumb brothers would go straight to heaven. It was so beautiful, the way he talked, that it made me cry. That Frenchman could talk a rainbow round the moon."

"When did the foot-and-mouth disease break out in your county?" There was a tinkle of ice in the question.

"About ten days after he left. I almost went crazy when I heard about it. We'd kept a perfect quarantine in our district, and it broke my heart to hear them shooting our good cattle like ——"

"I understand. What are your grounds for believing that Pasquard gave the germs to the cattle?"

"Every one of the fifteen dairies he visited is rotten with it."

"And none of the others?"

"It hasn't had time yet to spread to the others. You see, it's been my pride to keep the town ——"

"I see. Any other evidence that the apples he fed the cattle were infected with germs?"

"He stayed in my house, and after the disease broke out I suspected him, so I made a search for anything he might have left behind. I went all over the yard with a rake and then I searched the vacant lot out under his bedroom window. Among the weeds I found two rotten apples; I thought maybe he'd thrown them there, because there isn't an orchard within a mile of my house and we hadn't eaten apples in any form—oh, for a month of Sundays. I suppose he didn't want to have 'em found in his baggage and he didn't have time to get 'em farther out of reach. He was called away by a telegram all of a sudden."

"You had the apples analyzed, I understand."

"I took them to Chicago and got the best chemists there were to be had. It seems the apples had been doped with a hypodermic needle."

The plump lady fumbled with her patent-leather bag and brought out cards, white and green, reports from her Chicago chemists. The inquisitor read them over carefully, smiled and opened a drawer of his desk. From this he took a half dozen sheets of cardboard, upon each of which was pasted a reproduced photograph from a newspaper. Some of the text surrounding the engravings was in German, some in English, one in Italian. Pauline, her chair drawn up close to his, could see the whole inscrutable collection of them. There were single portraits of uniformed officers, there were military groups and two or three criminal civilian heads.

"Now, madam," said the man at the desk, "would you please look over these and tell me if Pasquard is among them?"

The plump lady came over and after fitting a tiny pair of eyeglasses to her nose fussed over the collection for a long time before at last she laid a short forefinger upon the uhlan helmet of an officer who stood at one end of a group round a military automobile. There were fragments of German newspaper text above the engraving. Typewritten on the card below was the resounding name "Capt. Franz Otto von Helmholst zu Ausburg."

"He had a drooping mustache when he was a French-Canadian," said the lady with the red wings. "But you couldn't mistake those beautiful eyes."

Pauline rose and leaned over the little rogues' gallery until her chin was less than an inch from the face of the uhlan officer who leered out of the printed page with all the boldness of his Prussian arrogance.

"It's a silly mistake!" she shrilled suddenly. "His name isn't Ausburg. He's an Englishman. His name's Freyne and ——"

"That's exactly what I wanted you to say," outspoke the man at the desk. "You're talking to the secret service, Miss Rance."

"But what an absurd idea!" she kept repeating stupidly.

"As soon as he took the train for Washington," said the officer, "we entered his room and found this clipping among other documents in his trunk. The news item above, you see, is dated August 12, 1915. He hasn't been in the United States very long; most of his operations have been in Argentina and Mexico. He's an expert in stirring up anti-American agitations of one sort or another—financing revolutions and labor riots. We've pretty well traced the South Fork munitions fire to him—the one, you remember, where several girls were burned to death ——"

"It's a conspiracy!" cried Pauline defiantly. "It can't possibly be. He has the finest ideals in the world. He hates war. He wouldn't work for any military power."

"That's just what he told me when he was feeding poisoned apples to our cows," commented the little woman, laying a soothing hand on the girl's arm.

She had no thoughts, save to wish that her own death cell were at the end of the corridor down which they led her. Far down the hall a very large man in funereal black opened the door to admit them.

"We've brought in a few of his cheerful workers," smiled the officer as they were passing the threshold.

The little room was cloudy with tobacco smoke, and two stout conspirators halted their German dialogue to glare at the interlopers. A tall slender man in a gray suit of sportive pattern sat by the window, his face concealed behind a Washington newspaper.

"How do you do, Mr. Pasquard," said Redwing, putting herself at a commanding angle behind the columns of print.

"I think you have the advantage of me, madam," replied Cyril Freyne, coming punctiliously to his feet in an attitude which spoke worlds for Prussian military discipline.

"I guess I have," quoth the strenuous mayor of Salonica. "And I want you to meet Miss Rance."

"How do you do, Miss Rance?"

For just a moment his eyes were upon her, then they dropped to the floor as his blushes mounted to the roots of his yellow hair. She thought as she stood facing him that she could let loose a blast of indignation upon the man who had come so plausibly to poison her idealism, just as he had poisoned the trusting cattle out in Illinois. Instead she saw there only a caged and baffled prisoner, his pride brought as low as the gaze of his poetic eyes. Pauline Rance was all too feminine. That had constantly been the trouble with poor Pauline.

"I hope you'll forgive my not being with you this morning—to help in your great work," he was saying as he lifted his shameful gaze to a level with hers.

"It was a great work all right," broke in the short woman. "Every one of those banner carriers ought to get an Iron Cross."

"Come now, Mrs. Cleary," he coaxed, resuming his arrogant self-assurance as he eyed the mayor of Salonica. "You mustn't influence Miss Rance toward the military ideas which are ruining your country. Hate, you know, is not a constructive emotion ——"

Pauline turned away in order to check the bitter sarcasms that were rushing to her brain. Even driven as she was by burning pride she hadn't the heart to torture a prisoner.

"Women have got to be chivalrous, I guess," was Mrs. Cleary's comment as they left the place.

To the primitive hotel, where Mrs. Cleary was paying boom-town rates for an iron bed, a marble-topped bureau and a cracked pitcher, she brought the wounded soldier of sex discontent. Indistinctly Pauline realized that her deliverer was named Cleary and that she was the mayor of Salonica. It didn't surprise her to know that she had fallen into the hands of Bob's mother. Nothing surprised her any more. She was pitifully grateful to have a maternal will dominating hers at that moment; she sighed pathetically and allowed the cheerful widow to help undress her, get her into a hideously comfortable kimono, tuck her into a creaky iron bed. Mrs. Cleary's chief indignation seemed to center about the fact that any cause could have permitted a lone girl to go so far into the afternoon without any luncheon, and as the elder woman stood at the telephone ordering wholesome dishes Pauline, from her pillow, casting tired eyes at the short unfashionable figure, reflected that the mayor was of a stock that takes care of its own, that does the work of the world without the pain of theorizing—a solid, sensible, clean-American stock.

"I don't think I'll want much, thank you," moaned Pauline.

"Head ache a little, dearie?" asked her kindly jailer.

"A little."

"Your eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket. You've been all worked up over nothing. You've got rush of blood to the head, I'll bet—standing for hours on that damp sidewalk and no overshoes. I'm having a hot-water bottle sent up."

The bottle, when it came, was soothing as a pleasant thought. After a while the luncheon also arrived; and the ex-martyr was glad she hadn't chosen hunger and a drafty prison. After eating ravenously she lay back with a tired sigh. How wonderfully this prospective mother-in-law had refrained from lecturings or annoying *post-mortems*.

"You need sleep—a whole raft of it," said Mrs. Cleary, leaning down and smoothing the bright hair on the pillow.

"I—I think I could now."

"Of course you could. I'll pull down the blinds."

She had just darkened the room and turned quietly toward the door when Pauline called her back.

"How did he get his beautiful English?" She uttered the thought which would not be still.

"There's a very nice English department for German agents. They usually finish 'em off at Oxford."

"And I've been working night and day, giving everything I had," she cried wretchedly, rising from her pillow, "to help a German agent spread a propaganda.

"Can't you see how he fooled me? I thought I was representing a Cause. He told me that if women made the big fight now, rose up everywhere and demonstrated their power ——"

"When the house is on fire," proclaimed the just and wise mayor, "it's no time for the husband and wife to get into a scrap over who's boss. You've got to get the furniture out into the street, save the baby and don't do anything to rattle the Fire Chief."

"But the Cause ——"

"Oh, shucks!" Mrs. Cleary jammed her red hat a little farther over her iron-gray locks. "The only Cause we've got to-day is floundering in the mud over in France."

"I wish you could teach me how to work," said Pauline very softly.

"Come out to Salonica," replied Mrs. Cleary, "and I'll give you a job undoing some of Captain von Helmholst zu Ausburg's dirty damage."

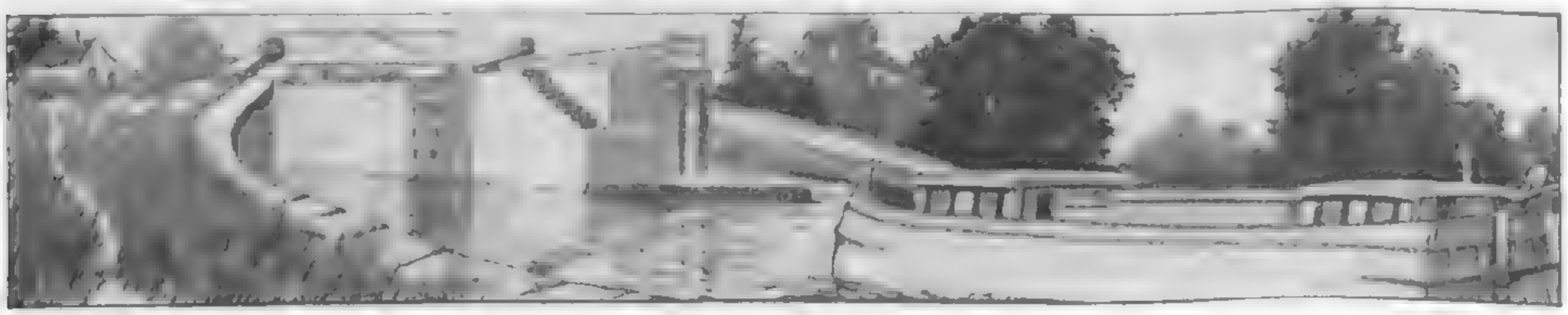
Before she closed the door Mrs. Cleary saw the girl gazing heavy-eyed at a gray patch of window light. Then the mayor hurried down the hall and took the two-passenger elevator to the first floor, where she sent a telegram to Bobby, informing him that it was all right and he could come now.

Corrected

LAST week, while making a short stop at a small town in the Blue Ridge, not far from Lynchburg, Virginia, I had occasion to make a very late connection—the latest possible without being early. This connection illustrates the scientific way in which one Southern station agent has solved the problem of the chronic lateness of Southern trains.

The train was due at 11:57. Hurrying down to the station in a rickety bus at 11:45, I found the station deserted; but an oil lamp was burning over the train bulletin board. Here's the way it read:

Train	Due	Expected	Will be here
55	11:57	12:01	1:45



THERE is no bearing load or strain too great, no speed too high, and no service condition too severe for the efficient durability of

BALL BEARINGS

On the main journals of ponderous steam locomotives, in surface cars and lighting generators, they contribute to the efficiency and economy of our transportation systems.

HESS-BRIGHT

PHILADELPHIA

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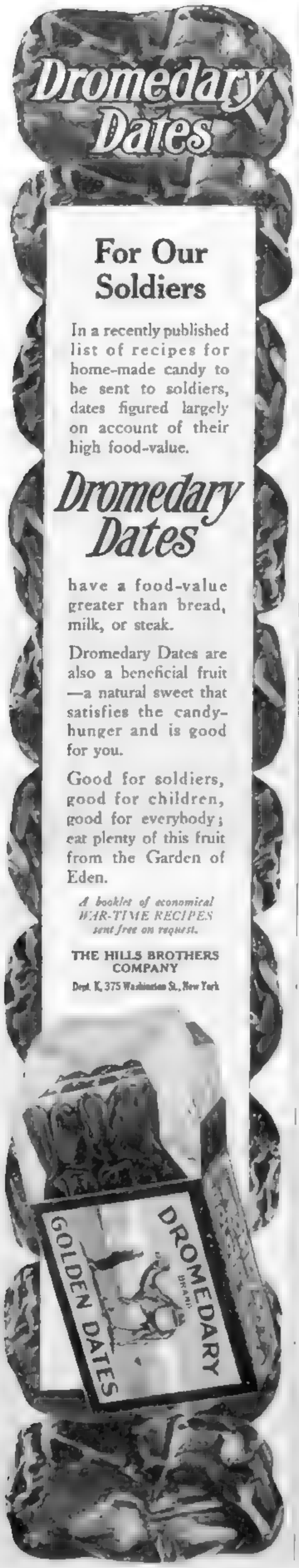
Dromedary Dates
For Our Soldiers
In a recently published list of recipes for home-made candy to be sent to soldiers, dates figured largely on account of their high food-value.
Dromedary Dates
have a food-value greater than bread, milk, or steak.
Dromedary Dates are also a beneficial fruit—a natural sweet that satisfies the candy-hunger and is good for you.
Good for soldiers, good for children, good for everybody; eat plenty of this fruit from the Garden of Eden.
A booklet of economical WAR-TIME RECIPES sent free on request.
THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY
Dept. K, 375 Washington St., New York
DROMEDARY
GOLDEN DATES

THE EARTHQUAKE

(Continued from Page 26)

Miss Pritchett laughed and shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"You'll let us sleep in the waiting room?" she asked.

"The station is yours," he answered gallantly.

"Come on, everybody!" she called. "Let's go up to the restaurant and get some coffee ourselves."

Up in the main station I noticed that our numbers had been augmented by ten or a dozen other women, some of whom I recognized as having last seen at Mrs. Highbilt's ball three years before—one the daughter of a banker and another the wife of a railroad president. But there were also several whose costumes indicated that they were far from being well-to-do.

Miss Pritchett and I pushed six of the small tables together, making one large one, and the party sat down indiscriminately. I made an excuse for my presence by being very active with the coffee and sandwiches, and while the *kaffeeklatsch* was in full swing I found an opportunity to make my apologies to Miss Pritchett for my lack of receptivity over the telephone.

"You see," I explained in mitigation of my offense, "Helen was the last person in the world I could see doing this sort of thing; so I took it for granted that you had got the wrong number."

"You're not the first husband who has been surprised in that way recently," she retorted. "Husbands seem to be a little incredulous. Maybe that's why they elected me chairman—because I'm unencumbered."

"You ought to round up a couple of thousand husbands and let them see what you're doing here. It's great!" said I warmly. "It might start the husbands doing something."

Miss Pritchett nodded.

"It's a pity more people don't know the response the women of the country have made," she said. "It's really very fine. I know that the men are giving their lives and their fortunes without a murmur; but numerically they aren't doing as much as the women. If you look round you the chances are that for every man you know here in New York who is really doing something for the war you will find five times as many women doing just as much. The number of women, of every class, who have turned to and helped is quite marvelous; and it's growing bigger every day."

"Splendid!" I exclaimed, conscious that, as yet, I wasn't one of the men who had done anything. "What are they doing? What do you think is the most important thing they can do?"

"Well," she replied, "it seems to me that in the country and the smaller towns food conservation is obviously the best way in which women can help. They are right there next to the crops and know how to cook and preserve them. In the cities I should say that canteen work like this is the most important, and next to it social work in and round the camps. Of course, if there isn't any camp near by and the city is off the route of the troop trains, the women had better do general Red Cross or Y. W. C. A. work, assist the Food Administration or prepare themselves for clerical jobs. Most of the women here are helping in the Food Conservation Campaign, are liable to be called for canteen duty at any time, day or night, and are doing some other regular work besides. Mrs. Highbilt, for example, is indefatigable."

"Incredible!" I muttered.

"It's true, nevertheless," answered Miss Pritchett. "You can't tell who is going to be the most useful person either, or where you are going to find the finest qualities. Would you believe that Anna Highbilt was the most effective canvasser we had in our district in getting signatures for food cards? Well, she was! And she took more abuse than any of us."

"Abuse?"

"Yes—abuse! Do you think it was all like taking candy from children? Not much! I was actually put out of five houses! In one instance the lady of the house—her name was Hauptkopple, by the way—when she heard what I was after yelled over the banister: 'Throw her out! Slam the door in her face!' Any number of them made themselves very disagreeable. One fat old German wanted to know whether I expected him to go without food so that his relatives could be killed more easily by Yankee soldiers. I told him it was a pity he wasn't back in Germany himself; he wouldn't be so fat, and we wouldn't have to worry over how much he ate. You'd be surprised, too, at the number of women who sent down word that they weren't interested. Perhaps they didn't actually send that word, but that was what came back to us. Maybe it was just a stall on the part of the butler. On the whole, though, it was quite amusing—the consideration we all got from the menservants."

"One doesn't expect much consideration from them," I agreed.

"I think there are probably two reasons for their change of heart," said Miss Pritchett. "In the first place, the able-bodied ones who haven't gone to the Front are rather ashamed of themselves and want to show that their sympathies are with the Allies; and, in the second place, I think the attitude of servants is changing anyway. Good places aren't as easy to find as formerly. At least thirty per cent of my friends have given up housekeeping this winter. I suppose you read about the woman who discharged her entire force because they refused to sign the Administration's pledge cards when she asked them to?"

"Yes, I did," I answered. "If the war has lessened the tyranny of the kitchen it has done something for us anyhow."

"It's done more than that," she asserted. "Look over at that table. Do you think those women over there knew each other existed before war was declared? They didn't. You're a friend of Mrs. Highbilt, I know. Well, so am I—now. Her entire world consisted simply of her own social circle, most of the members of which had incomes of over a hundred thousand dollars a year: a scattering of young men—parlor snakes, you know—drawing-room singers and artistic people generally who wanted her patronage; and the expensive men dressmakers, jewelers and tradesmen with whom she dealt. She's told me so herself.

"She hadn't the remotest idea whether eggs ought to be twenty-five cents or a dollar and a quarter a dozen. So far as that goes, I'm not sure she does now. But she'll know soon enough, or I'll be very much mistaken. Anna Highbilt to-day is getting twice the fun out of life she ever did before, because, though she's working twice as hard, she's doing something real. I don't suppose she ever got up at four o'clock in the morning before in her life. When you come to think of it, though, it isn't very much more of a strain on one's constitution to get up at four than it is to sit up until four; and she has done that often enough, playing bridge."

Over at the improvised breakfast table the canteen volunteers were chattering away, very much as if they were at afternoon tea.

"Anna Highbilt isn't the only one either. You know most women really haven't had a chance. You can't blame them for being ineffective and having what men think is a narrow point of view when they've never had any contact with people. I don't know whether you're going to vote for woman suffrage ——"

"I am!" I hastened to assure her.

"That's good!" answered Miss Pritchett. "I hope you'll march in the parade too. The suffrage would do almost as much for women as the war has done. But let me give you an illustration of what getting out and mixing with other women has done for some of them. This is a true story:

"There's a very wealthy woman here in New York who, when the war broke out, made up her mind that she wanted to do something for the country. She belonged to Anna Highbilt's class—of course I'm not referring to Anna. This woman asked to be put on a committee engaged in some active work, and she was made chairman of her local unit. I won't tell you what line of activity it was, because I don't want to identify her any more specifically, though what I am going to tell you is entirely to her credit. She threw into the job all the energy and executive ability that made her what they used to call a society leader."

Miss Pritchett laughed softly. Her laughter was contagious.

"I note," I commented, "that you use the verb in the past tense."

"Yes," said Miss Pritchett; "I don't think we shall hear very much about society leaders in the future. Well, as I was saying, this woman had an enormous amount of vitality. She was capable, rather aggressive, and I'm afraid she had a somewhat exaggerated idea of her own importance. Under her in the committee were about a dozen men and women. They were not society leaders. They were just plain people who were making a good many sacrifices to do the work in hand. Everything seemed to be going along pretty well until one day I received a telephone message asking whether I would see the committee if they called.

"Naturally I was rather surprised; but I fixed an hour, and that afternoon the entire committee, with the exception of the lady I speak of, came to my house. It appeared that they couldn't stand their chairman another minute. She meant well, they said, but she was overbearing, inconsiderate, inefficient; and—well, either she must retire or they would resign in a body. I saw that they meant business. I asked them to give me twenty-four hours. Then I telephoned to this woman and made an appointment with her for the following morning."

"Not very pleasant for you," I ventured.

"Pleasant? I'd rather have gone over the top and across No Man's Land and tried to cut my way through twenty feet of barbed wire," declared Miss Pritchett, "than tackle that particular woman in her own drawing-room. But I made up my mind that it was up to me. The butler showed me in, and I sat on the corner of a Louis XVI bergère, feeling very much, I imagine, as Charlotte Corday must have felt on her way to the guillotine.

"Presently my lady swept in. She was arrayed in a new tailor-made gown, cut *à la militaire*, and was evidently just on the point of going out on the work of her committee, for her motor was at the door and she had some papers in her hand. I suppose she thought I was there to congratulate her on making a good job of it, for she nearly fell all over me in her enthusiasm. However, I wasn't going to put her at a disadvantage by any false pretenses.

"Without giving her a chance to sit down I said: 'Mrs. ——, I have come here to say to you the most unpleasant things, probably, that one woman has ever had to say to another. There is nothing personal about it; and, in a way, that makes it all the worse. What I have to say is going to be said in cold blood.' She turned white and drew back. I could see that the effect of my words was as if I had struck her in the face. She didn't understand, but she was horribly hurt.

"'It's going to be very hard,' I continued. 'Shall I tell you or not?'

"She hesitated; then gripped the back of the chair in front of her and said 'Go ahead!'

"'Mrs. ——,' I went on in a perfectly matter-of-fact way, 'the men and women on your committee have come to me and said certain things. I don't know whether they are true or not. I leave that to you. It isn't a question of anything except getting the work done. They say that you are ——' And then I went ahead and let her have it, using the exact language of the different members of her committee. I gave her the whole story, without camouflage. It was pretty bad. I had never done anything like it before, and when I got through I found myself quite weak.

"Mrs. —— stood behind her chair, getting whiter and whiter. When I had concluded she swallowed once or twice, bit her lips, then straightened up and said: 'Miss Pritchett, it hasn't been pleasant for me to hear these things; but I want to thank you for coming, and I don't blame the committee a bit for complaining of me. I can see now that I was everything they have said I was. I haven't any reason for asking to remain as chairman, but I have put my hand to this plow and I don't want to turn back. I believe I am capable of handling it right. I don't think the fault lies so much in what I've done as in the way I've done it. Whether I stay or not, I shall go to every man and woman on that committee and make a personal apology; but I hope you and they will be willing to give me another chance. And if you are, I promise you there shall be no ground for any further complaint.'"

"By George!" I exclaimed. "A real person!"

(Concluded on Page 50)

New floors for old

THE great and growing popularity of the new Blabon Art Linoleums in America is due first to their diversified and distinctive beauty, and second to their capacity for service both as floors and floor-coverings.

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When buying, be sure to look for EDUCATOR stamped on the sole. Remember, there can be no protection stronger than this trademark, for it means that behind every part of the shoe stands a responsible manufacturer.

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(Concluded from Page 48)

"Yes," agreed Miss Pritchett; "a very fine person—one of the very finest in this city. She did it, too; and to-day there isn't a committee doing better work than hers."

"I suppose," I hazarded, "that your friend would have gone on feeling and acting as if she was the whole cheese, and antagonizing everybody for the rest of her life, if the war hadn't given her this chance to find out just where she stood."

"Exactly! And all her genuine administrative capacity and vitality would have been thrown away. Now it is being utilized in a good cause. She's a social leader in the real sense, instead of being a society leader."

"Long Island troop train coming in in five minutes on track nineteen!" shouted the assistant station master from the doorway.

The party at the table sprang to their feet and pushed back their chairs. While the women hurried toward the gate I helped fill the canisters with coffee and put them on the trucks. Then I joined my wife and Miss Pritchett on the platform below.

Already there was a little throng of people waiting for the train to come in—fathers and mothers, sisters and sweethearts, who had secured permission to say good-by to the men as they passed through. While we were waiting upstairs in the restaurant additional supplies had been taken down to the train level, so that now there were several tables of fruit and sandwiches and an equal number of canisters of hot coffee.

Every moment the platform became more crowded, and I perceived the advantage of having the canteen workers in uniform. One little old man particularly attracted my attention; he was so eager for the train to arrive. He could not have been more than sixty-five, but he was evidently suffering from rheumatism, for he walked with difficulty and his white hair made him look much older.

I chatted with him for a moment, and he told me he had come to bid good-by to his only son, whose name—like that of my own boy—was Jack. I should have learned more had not a distant whistle indicated the approach of the train, and the old man hobbled off as fast as he could, without any particular idea of where he was going.

"Stand back! Stand back!"

Out of the shadows flashed a white light, and amid the thunder of steel against steel the heavy train emerged from the tunnel and slowly came to a stop beside the platform. Immediately the windows were thrown up and the heads of the boys appeared, looking eagerly out. The crowd surged toward them, each expecting to recognize instantly the person he or she was looking for; but at first all were grievously disappointed. "What regiment are you?" called out a man's voice from the crowd.

"The Three Hundred and ——th," answered a curly-headed lad hanging halfway out the window. "What place is this—Jersey City or New York? Gee! Smell the coffee!"

There was another rumbling, another shrieking of brakes, and on the other side of the same platform slid in another train, likewise full of soldiers—fifteen hundred in all—so many that they could not be allowed to leave the cars. In a moment the canteen women were hurrying from window to window filling cups and handing in sandwiches and fruit. There was no delay. The boys had their cups ready and the women filled them from pitchers of coffee.

Usually there were four arms protruding from each window at the same time, and it took but a moment to empty the pitchers and the trays of food the women lifted up. There were eight carloads in each train, which allowed about two women to each car; but as each one held a hundred half-famished rookies the work was not easy. Moreover, as fast as they had drained one tin cup of coffee and devoured a couple of sandwiches and a banana they were ready for a second, and after that for a third round. I saw Helen hand one stalwart Irish lad five cups of coffee and thirteen sandwiches, by actual count.

Meantime most of the relatives and friends had found the fellows they were looking for and were giving them all the latest news from home and listening to the gossip of the camp. Here and there a rookie, replete and happy, stuck his feet up on the opposite seat and burst into song, regardless of his auditors. Others began to play cards and some endeavored to sleep; but most of those who had no one to come and bid them good-by began to ask the women to buy them post cards at the newsstands and to take messages for their families, to be delivered by telephone.

I saw Anna Highbilt, with a pad of paper in one hand and a pencil in the other, standing beside a crowded window trying to jot down half a dozen messages at the same time.

"Tell my mother, please, ma'am —— Orchard 3193—that's the drug store on the corner; but they'll send over for her. You tell her I'm fine. Oh, fine! And ——"

"Say, missus, while he's tryin' to think of something else, put down my girl for me, won't you? Miss Sadie O'Connor—she's a saleslady. . . . Wait a minute, Jim! . . . . You can get her between twelve and one at the noon hour. Tell her I'd sure have let her know about me coming through if they'd only told us long enough in advance. Tell her for me, I'll bring her home something fine from Berlin. Tell her to be sure and write ——"

"I want you should tell my mother I am wearing her sweater," broke in the man from Orchard Street.

"Shut up, you big stiff! Wait till I get through!" protested the other.

Before the tactful Anna could decide which gentleman was entitled to preference, a soft-eyed, olive-skinned Italian thrust his head between them.

"You taka a message for me, please, lady! My broth' she work in the Banca Romana—Numero Cinque Cento—Via Lafayetta. You tella her I giva somet'ing to our mother for her bambino."

"Whose bambino?" inquired Anna.

"The bambino of my broth' who work in the bank. I giva two dollar to our mother for the bambino for Christmas." A heavenly smile softens his face. "*Grazie! Grazie,* lady!"

Doubtless had he been on the platform he would have kissed her hands.

"I'll tell him!" Anna assured him, putting it all down. "Now is there anybody else who wants to send a message?"

"Sure! I do!" bawled a voice from the depths of the car, followed by a huge beaming Irish face. "Mrs. Thomas O'Sullivan, 16 Agnes Street, Omaha. I want to send her one of them post cards wid the Woolworth Building on it."

"Your mother, I suppose!" asked Anna unthinkingly.

"Me mother nuthin'!" he retorted with a grin. "Sure, she's me sweetheart! 'Tis a widdy she is."

The taking of messages was serious business. Once certain that there was anybody who would really undertake to deliver them, every rookie was keen to take advantage of the opportunity. The windows were crowded with faces, each anxious for his turn to send some farewell word to the person dearest or nearest to him. Sometimes it was sentimental; more often jocular; frequently only informative or prosaic.

While the women were hard at work noting down divers communications I saw my little old man standing at the foot of the iron stairs, with a look of abject misery upon his face. I was on the point of inquiring what was the matter when Miss Pritchett got ahead of me.

"My boy!" choked the little old man. "I can't find him here. They must have sent him somewhere else. And it's the only chance I'll have to see him before he sails to France! What can I do? I must bid him good-by! He's all I've got in the world! His mother died fifteen years ago, and I've brought him up myself—just as I knew she would have wanted. He's the best boy in the world! If I could only touch him once more, only for a minute—just to feel that he's there—it'd be all I want."

The old fellow had quite lost control of himself, and I could see Miss Pritchett giving a surreptitious dab at her eyes with a small handkerchief.

"We'll see what we can do," she said encouragingly. "There must be some way of finding him. What regiment does he belong to?"

"The ——th," sobbed the old man. "I can't have him go this way. It'd break his heart and mine too. I just want to put my arm round him once, like I used to do when he was a little boy."

It was of no use; I was already feeling for my own handkerchief.

Mrs. Judge Wadbone now joined the group and from her we learned that the ——th had been sent through to Jersey City. This finished the old fellow. He sat down on the lowest step and put his face in his hands. Mrs. Supreme Court Wadbone screwed up her face and a large tear suddenly appeared upon the end of her Napoleonic nose.

Obviously it would be quite impossible for our old friend to secure at this late hour a permit to allow him to meet the train at Jersey City, even if he could get there in time to do so. The canteen committee—including the male member—gathered helplessly round him, like a group of mourners at a funeral.

Suddenly into our midst was wedged the capable figure of Anna Highbilt.

"What are all you ninnies weeping about?" she demanded.

The little old man raised his head despairingly.

"If I could only just touch him once——" he repeated. "He's all I've got!"

"You see," I explained hurriedly, for I didn't want to hear any more about that boy, "his son's regiment has been sent across to Jersey City instead of here, as was originally intended. He's afraid he won't have a chance to see him before he sails."

"And he's the only son he's got," sniffed Mrs. Wadbone.

"Not see him? Of course he'll see him—if I have to charter a tug or a special train!" declared the indignant Mrs. Highbilt. "I know the commanding general; he's dined at my house half a dozen times. I'll telephone him at once. . . . Come along, old man. You come right along with me. I promise you you'll see your boy—if we have to stop the transport or flag the train."

"Isn't she great!" ejaculated Miss Pritchett.

"Anna's all right!" I assented.

The last we saw of our social leader she was half leading, half carrying the old man up the stairs in the direction of the taxicab stand. I heard afterward that she had managed somehow, through her connections in Washington, to give the old fellow his longed-for opportunity to bid his son good-by.

It was after eight o'clock before the troop trains pulled out. Already the sunlight was pouring through the huge studiolike windows of the station. Weary but exhilarated by the consciousness of the pleasure they had given and the good they had accomplished, the thirty women of the canteen climbed up the iron staircase, shook hands all round and bade each other good-by.

"I want all you girls to dine with me next week—Friday," said Anna. "Is it a date?"

It was!

I had a queer feeling in my throat as I tucked Helen's arm under my elbow and led her toward the entrance. Human nature was a pretty fine thing after all!

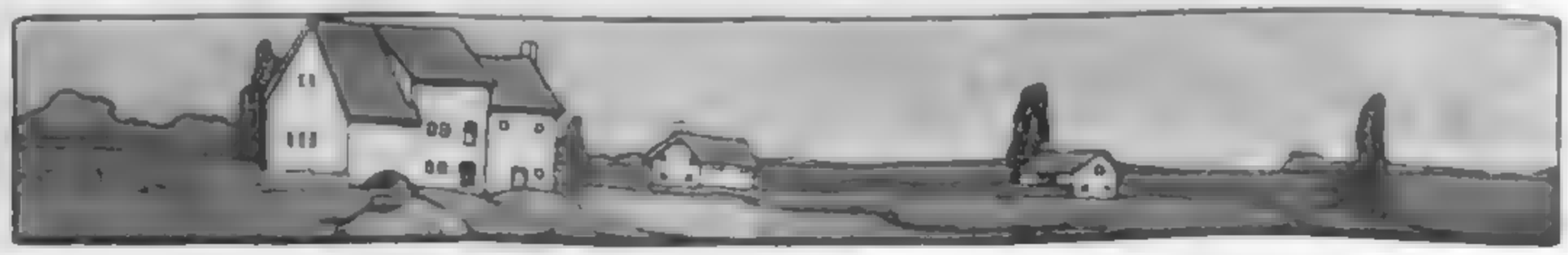
We found Miss Pritchett on the sidewalk and offered her a lift. Near Forty-fifth Street she asked to be dropped at her store.

"Your store!" I exclaimed.

"Why, yes," she answered calmly. "Didn't you know I was Nanette?" Then she laughed and added: "I don't want to mix war work and business; but really I make awfully good hats."

"I'll bet you do!" said I.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth in a series by Mr. Train. The fifth will appear in an early issue.



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Tire Values
—and how to judge them—

THESE are days of conservation, a time to make every dollar do its utmost. Some basic information about tire values is opportune.

Many different makes of tires are advertised here, and elsewhere, but in a way that must make tire advertising as a whole rather confusing to car owners, particularly those with their first car. Claims conflict, glittering generalities are the rule, the natural partiality of each manufacturer for his own product gives a sameness to the argument, all of which leaves the tire buyer who really wants to buy with discrimination quite at sea. That is why Firestone advertising presents to the public the fundamental principles of good tires, tires as they ought to be, most miles per dollar tires.

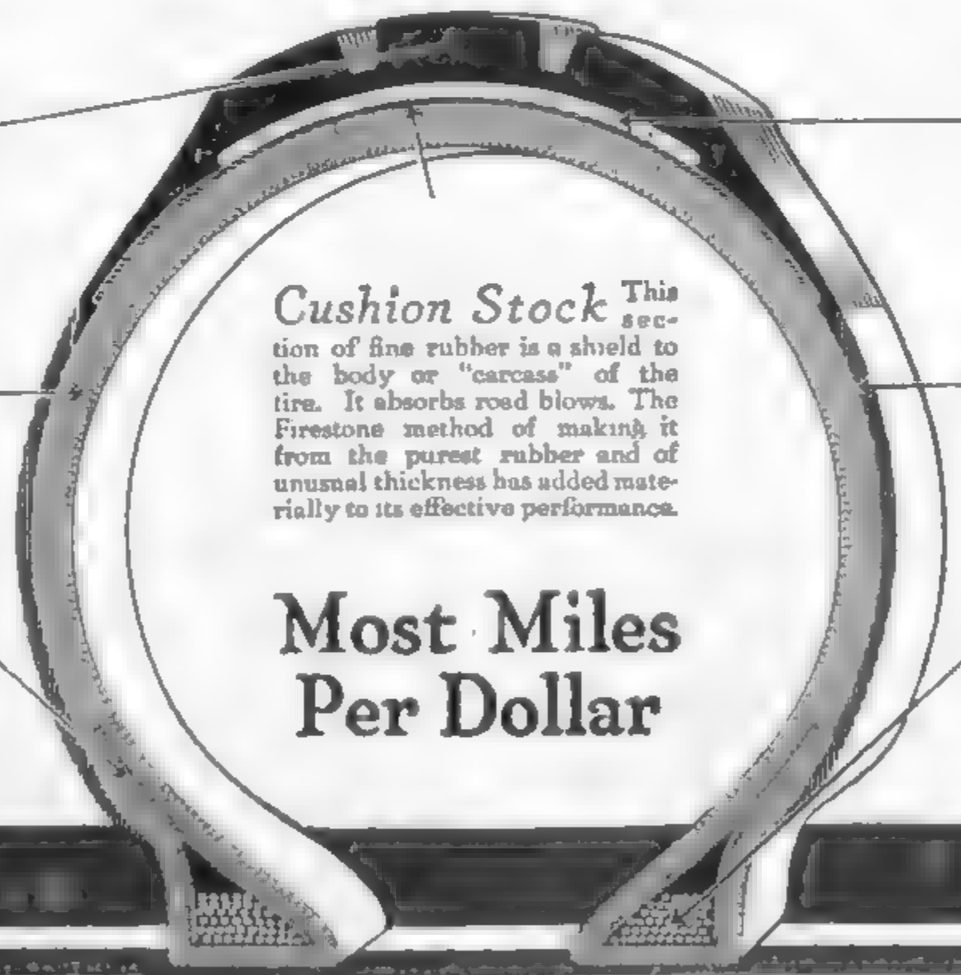
Below is shown a cross section of a Firestone Super Cord Tire. This is the tire that is giving car owners the greatest possible efficiency in wear and fuel economy. Each part is designated and briefly described. Inspect, for a few moments, the vital units of this construction, and their significance in tire service and economy will be made clear. Then ask your dealer to show you cross sections of tires. You will soon be buying more intelligently, making every dollar do its utmost.

FIRESTONE TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO BRANCHES AND DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Tread It is no simple matter to make a tread that absorbs every small road shock and reduces vibration, at the same time successfully repelling the abrasive wear of the sharpest surfaces of pavement or highway. Yet this thing has been done. A touch of your finger tips proves the resilience of a Firestone Cord Tire. And the remarkable mileage of this enduring tread are matters of record in every section of the country.

Cord and Rubber Body Each wall of stout cord in the Firestone Super Cord Tire is free to act untrammeled by friction with the adjoining cord walls. Firestone construction assures a flexible unity that is astonishingly strong and enduring.

Reinforcement for Sidewall and Bead One of the greatest sources of tire trouble is the "bending point" where the flexing takes place when the tire is in action. Firestone engineers have devised a special reinforcement that carries the "hinge" to the widest portion of the tire where this action has least effect.


Cushion Stock This section of fine rubber is a shield to the body or "carcass" of the tire. It absorbs road blows. The Firestone method of making it from the purest rubber and of unusual thickness has added materially to its effective performance.
Most Miles Per Dollar

Breaker Strip The breaker strip in form is a combination of a special open fabric and a rubber formula different from all other parts of the tire. Any road blow, no matter how small its point of impact upon the tread, is spread by the breaker strip over such a large area of the cushion and the body of the tire that its damaging quality is lost.

Side Wall Here is the protecting element for the body on each side between tread and bead. While abrasions are less frequent on this part of the tire they are occasionally very severe. So a combination of great resilience and resisting power is necessary. The special Firestone side wall rubber has proved more than a match for the wear it must withstand.

Piano Wire Plaited and braided into a cable of astonishing strength, the fine piano wires of the bead form one of the most interesting elements of the Firestone Super Cord Tires. The bead is the anchorage for the entire structure and must cling firmly to the rim no matter what the stress. It is a fact worthy of note that each Firestone Super Cord Tire contains enough piano wire to equip four pianos.

Firestone
Super CORD TIRES

CUTTING PAST THE KAISER

(Continued from Page 11)

Americans are like, one-tenth as well as Germany has touched the imagination of America with what Germans want and with what Germans are like, we shall have made our great flank movement on Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the Kaiser and shall have found our short cut to winning the war.

But before asking the reader to consider my way of having America advertise in Germany, perhaps it will be interesting to consider what can be learned by America from the way Germany on the one hand and the Allies on the other have advertised to us.

The advertising that we do, now that the world is looking to us, must be advertising that fits definitely into what has already been done and that brings to its logical climax the advertising that Germany and the Allies have begun. Our advertising must begin where theirs leaves off. Where does theirs leave off? What kind of advertising is it that Germany and the Allies are pointing out to America at just this time to do or not to do?

I thank God every day for the violation of Belgium.

All one could do at first was to wonder why He allowed it. But anyone who has seen how it works and how it is working every day can see why now.

Only the most stupendous and incredible advertisement of Germany—a billboard as high as a world, announcing the murder of a whole nation—could ever have got the attention of England, France and America to what Germany was really like.

There was hardly one of us who knew or who even guessed what Germany was really like, and we all had to be told—everybody even in the remotest corners of the earth had to know, and know at once, or it would have been too late. It was not merely because Germany was hurrying that Belgium was crucified. With his face hid and with a great shout, God was hurrying.

Things to be Thankful For

None of the nations would have known what to do. Every one of them would have felt blurred and scattered-minded about Germany. With good-natured muddling and weak hope we would have pottered on.

But Germany would not let us potter on. With one sweep, by one swift blow, by her drive through Belgium, Germany hammered together, focused, made self-conscious and stupendous the soul and the spiritual might of the world.

And now at last—any man can look about him and see it now—the whole world all day, all night, every day is noticing God. At last the whole world all together as under one great roof is praying, singing and working with God. It knows what it wants of God.

This is the first reason I am grateful for Germany's opening advertisement—the one in Belgium. Germany has blazed vividly out for me a new idea of the place that religion really has in the affairs of men.

I thank God daily for the violation of Belgium by Germany for another reason. It has given me a new and vivid idea of what efficiency really is—of the main element in human nature efficiency has to provide for before it can be called efficient.

Germany would have been in possession of Europe and in practical control of the planet at this moment if she had not in a weak, frightened way sneaked down on Paris through Belgium. We were prepared in all parts of the world to think well of the Germans and of their superior fitness in certain regards to all of us; and, after the first shiver of surprise in attack was over, there were millions of people in all nations who would not have minded Germany's controlling the planet, if Germany had been what people thought she was—at least they would not have minded a world's war's worth; but when Germany showed herself so visionary and so incompetent about human nature as to offer herself to us all—as judge and ruler of us all—by coming out before us and deliberately and before our eyes stamping on little Belgium, we all knew at a glance what would have to be done to Germany. It would have to be proved once for all to the Germans and to all mankind that a nation that could do what Germany had done and had spent forty years in deliberately thinking how she would do it and in getting ready to do it, was the most colossally inefficient nation on earth.

We do not deny that Germany in her little, local Central Europe way in dealing right under her own eyes, in Germany with Germans—in dealing with the only kind of people she has ever really noticed yet—is efficient; but the efficiency Germany claims is efficiency in dominating a world, and efficiency in dominating a world turns on seeing a world scientifically, on seeing it as it is, and on seeing what will work and what will not work with it.

Any tyro in the science of human nature as it exists on this planet at large to-day could have told Germany that to begin dominating a world and proving that she was fit to dominate a world by showing herself at the start a coward and a bully, would not work.

It left nothing for anybody to live for but to prove to the Germans and to everybody else, once for all, that it was a mooning, egotistic, absent-minded and visionary thing for Germany to do—to hold up and shoot up a world from behind little Belgium by shoving little Belgium in front of her to protect her while she did it.

It has turned out as any matter-of-fact, unsentimental man outside of Germany would have seen it would turn out. Germany by one telegram pulled the plug out of the world and mobilized a world against her.

I hardly see how there can be a man left who, after all that has happened, after seeing Germany commit suicide by being unscientific and sentimental about herself, can seriously keep on calling Germany efficient. The armchair fighter may. One will occasionally come on a man yet, sitting in a cozy corner of a club perhaps, who still lets his mind keep pattering on about German efficiency; but with men who observe facts it is idle now to call Germany a practical nation, when, even from a sheer military point of view, for every man she killed in Belgium she raised up as by enchantment a hundred thousand soldiers against her—and set their faces, their living or dead faces, forever against her. In England, Russia, Italy, America and Japan it was Germany herself who advertised for troops to come out and crush her. "Come and crush me!" she shouted in the same splendid, crazy minute in every capital of the world. For herself Germany had raised an army in forty years. For her enemies she raised a hundred armies in a night. It is hard to call this efficient.

And what Germany did in a night with the armies of the world she did in the same night with their religions. With one single alarm—one single awful clang on the little iron soul of Belgium—Germany rang the church bell of the earth, and all the religions of the earth came out to meet her.

A World of Prophets

The world was flooded with vision in a night. Four hundred million men became prophets in a night. We saw God, we saw right and wrong with a shout. We cheered for God!

Of course all nations have had moments of seeing God. Nations had all looked at God separately before. But in Belgium with one look all men in all nations saw God. We saw with one look hell and heaven opened up side by side, and the soul of the world made its plain choice forever.

Some of us who like to put in a good deal of our time watching human nature have come to feel that the reason men and nations are not good and do not do right is on the whole that good and evil are left vague and general and are not made striking enough. Millions of men are full of evil because evil has never been advertised to them alongside the good—has never been dramatized on a stupendous and colossal scale and in unforgetable contrast placed before them all at once when they were all standing and looking together and saw Truth blanching each other's faces.

The main thing I am grateful to Germany for is that she has performed this great service for our modern world. She has acted as God's publicity agent, and got the whole attention of the whole world in all nations at once as to what the devil is like and just how he does things, or how he would try to do them if he could.

The advertisement of good and evil alongside is so clean-cut and plain that the entire planet, except the extreme pacifists of course, is being good.

It was the German idea of efficiency, the idea of getting what one wants by sneaking up and attacking a little nation in the back, that has precipitated a world into being good.

America in this war, as it has seemed to me, is now engaged in two great enterprises: One of them is the more obvious one—the easier and quicker one—the task of making the world safe for democracy; and the other—which she is working on desperately all the while underneath—is making democracy safe for the world.

The *modus operandi* for making democracy safe for the world is going to be very largely the study and interpretation in all nations of the virtues and vices of Germany.

Germany has the attention of the world for a hundred years because she has been thorough and worked her sins through to their logical conclusion, to their full logical expression and advertisement.

The very thought of Germany for a hundred years is going to fill the churches and cathedrals with singing because with one sheer, naked, grim flash of awful plainness she has made a world conscious of itself, has made a world know what it wants, has made a world—with a whole little nation like Belgium stretched on its cross—see God!

The Big End of the War

This war is a competition of advertisements—of self-revelations of nations—and is going to be won by the nations that can advertise best. The terms of peace are going to be determined and arranged by the nations that can advertise best.

If America discovers, reveals and advertises herself as honestly as Germany has, the world is safe for democracy.

The question that faces America daily now is this: As Germany has touched the imagination of America with her revelation of what was in her soul, how can America touch the imagination of Germany with what is in hers?

The next thing I am thankful for in this war, after Germany's advertisement of her preparedness to betray and attack the world, is the world's advertisement of its unpreparedness.

I was not thankful for the world's unpreparedness at first. But from the point of view of the Allies' being awarded at the judgment bar of mankind a victorious and overwhelming ending to this war, I am thankful now. From the point of view of securing for the Allies the right to make a final and authoritative settlement of the world, the stupidity, the muddle-headed innocence of the Allies toward Germany, the unpreparedness of the Allies for there being a nation like Germany at all or for there being a people like the Germans—are the most stupendous, convincing and uncontradictable advertisement civilization has ever had.

The innocence and unpreparedness of the Allies in dealing with the treachery Germany had been getting ready for for forty years do not look like an advantage at the beginning. A burglar always has an advantage at the beginning and always looks much more intelligent than other people do at the beginning.

But after all, the most intelligent and most important part of a war in which to succeed is the end. The mere beginning of the war, which we admit the Germans were ready for, naturally goes by in time. It is the end now slowly looming up ahead, when the nations will all be sitting round the conference table of the world, which is the big end of this war.

This strange, new, sudden little neighborhood of nations, where now we all live to-day on this sudden, new, one-room little planet with a hundred other nations all whirled together, all hugged up and crashed together by machines—all unknown to each other, all collided into intimacy with each other in a few minutes, all obliged to learn how to love each other in a few minutes—is going to have before very long now its first meeting. In due time we shall all be sitting down and facing each other round the conference table of the world.

Which nations of us all on the whole, by the self-revelations they have made of their powers and their ideas, will be decided to be best fitted to conceive and to carry out

A National Institution
Chicago's Finest Hotel
PEOPLE of consequence in national or business affairs naturally gravitate toward the Hotel La Salle.
Its substantial hospitality, efficient service and excellent cuisine appeal to their discriminating taste
Hotel La Salle
Home-like comforts here blend with elegant formality and make Hotel La Salle truly representative of all that is best in American life today.
La Salle at Madison St. CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS Vice-Pres. and Mgr.
RATES
One person Per day
Room with detached bath $2, $2 50 and $3
Room with private bath $3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons Per day
Room with detached bath $3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath —
Double room . $3 to $8
Single room with double bed . . $4, $4 50 and $5
Four persons . $7 to $12
1026 rooms
834 with private bath

Get Out of Your Bottle of Listerine
all there is in it for you. Do not limit it to serving you only as an emergency antiseptic. Daily enjoy and profit by its other virtues in the promotion of oral and personal hygiene.
LISTERINE
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

FIRST in the van of steel-clad knights who rode in the great Crusade to deliver Jerusalem, flashed the two-handed sword of Richard the Lion Hearted—good steel made for battle.

Reliability in weapons is a matter of life or death.

You'll always find a Savage where the service is the hardest.

SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION
1432 Savage Avenue, Utica, N. Y.
Makers of high power and small caliber sporting rifles

"Aims as easy as pointing your finger"

SAVAGE
AUTOMATIC

in behalf of us all the common interests of mankind?

The first thing that is going to happen when we sit down to the table is that the Germans are going to tell everybody that the Americans and the Allies cannot be trusted, and America and the Allies are going to tell everybody that the Germans cannot be trusted.

Who is going to be believed?

It is then that the war—the real war back of the war, the one everybody will have to be ready for—is going to come off. The leadership of civilization is going to be awarded by the world in favor of the nations which in the conduct of this war have shown the most consideration and justice, the most power to criticize themselves when dealing with others, the most national sense of humor and power to see themselves as others see them, and the most imagination about people different from themselves.

The nations which have shown the most self-control and imagination about others than themselves, and shown it under the most difficult conditions, will be the nations the world will decide shall be given the lead in controlling other nations.

The conference table of the world is going to be at first a stalemate of nations saying beautiful things about themselves.

Probably it is not going to make very much difference what nations say about themselves. It will be the things about nations that anybody can see about them that will decide their fate at the conference table of the world. It will be the things they do not need to say. What did Germany and what did the Allies take for granted—in the way they have conducted this war? Nations and civilizations as well as individual men and women are judged in this world at last only by the things they take for granted.

England, France, Russia and America took it for granted that Germany would not do the things that she has done. Germany took it for granted that England and France and Russia would, and that possibly unless she hurried they would do them first. The degree in which England, France, Russia and America are superior to Germany is the degree in which they were unprepared for her.

The fact that Germany was prepared for just such a world as this of the last three and a half years shows that it is this kind of world—the one we are sampling now—which she deserves to be at the head of. We do not deny—not a single nation of us—that it is the kind of world Germany has more imagination and more farsightedness for than the rest of us.

The World of the Future

If it is to be the world of the future let her have it. We willingly step one side. We do not deny it. In hell we look up to her. She is as good as the rest of us three to one. We boast of being fooled and unprepared in it. We shall boast for a thousand years of being inferior to Germany in the world we have now. We shall tell our children and our children's children that, in this kind of a world which Germany after forty years' trying has at last made up, it was only by time and by numbers that other nations could hope to fight their way through.

But while we are fighting we think.

Germany has made her colossal advertisement of a world in which she is superior to us, and when we have fought our way through Germany's world and brought Germany's world to a full stop, pulled Germany up in a world we understand, in which she will be stupid and in which she will be afraid—a world in which she does not understand anybody but herself—we shall have no difficulty in holding Germany back or in keeping Germany where the streets of the world will be safe.

Germany has made her advertisement of her superiority in a world of fighting. Her preparedness for it is now her self-confession, her creed and her doom.

Our unpreparedness for it is our clean-cut, conclusive advertisement that our civilization is a real civilization, that our ideals are sincere, that the faith we have had in human nature, even the faith we have had in German human nature, is our title to control the earth.

We, the unprepared nations, have proved that we have ideals. The bare facts of our preoccupation, of our defenselessness, which no man can deny, prove that we have ideals—the ideals that civilization can alone be made out of.

The faith that is deep and high enough and matter-of-fact enough to be unprepared for Germany, the faith we have died for and faced annihilation for, has it in it to lead the prayers and hopes and marshal the powers of all true men in all nations to make a civilization at last—make a civilization now which, until the bitter joy, the awful literalness of its faith had been tested, could only have been dreamed.

Germany's preparedness is the most stupendous and brutal advertisement of a great nation's actual religion, of the precise and literal measure of faith in its own ideals and in other people's, that the world has ever seen. In its spy system covering the earth Germany breathes out its most secret prayer, its bottomless national fear, its cry to God in the presence of its own bottomless national unbelief, in the presence of its own weakness and treachery its spiritual pallor in trying to believe in the human heart.

The Germans looked in each other's faces and then raised their army.

The German Army is the most colossal advertisement of the thoroughgoing and convinced fear in the heart of a great people that the world has ever dreamed.

The outstanding fact the world is struggling with to-day is fear in Germany. It is this fear in Germany that they have made their advertisement of to the ends of the earth.

A New Kind of Bomb

It is because this fear—this spiritual pallor in the Germans—is not in the hearts of the other peoples that we are going to intrust to these other peoples the building of civilization on the earth.

Germany has offered herself as a candidate to rule the earth.

The world will not consent to be ruled by the nation in it that is the most afraid.

It is to the nation that can believe more than other nations believe that the world looks to-day.

It is the most quiet and relaxed and assured nation, the nation that looks in the face of the world and reads the eyes of the world, and is not afraid, that shall lead it.

Germany and her allies and France and England and their allies for three and a half years now have been putting forward their advertisements to the world. We have watched them—the two great groups of nations, colossal, heroic, up against the sky, for three and a half years as on some vast watershed of Time struggling with one another for the attention of a thousand nations, to turn the stream of the world's hope and the world's good will their way.

And now that the next move in advertising or in steering the attention of nations seems to have fallen to us, I should like to consider the details of what America can do to take up the advertising that Germany and the Allies have already done, to bring the war to an overwhelming end and to establish peace.

How can America advertise what she wants and what she is like to Germany as successfully and as dramatically as Germany has advertised what she wants and what she is like to us?

A small object lies before me on my desk as I write.

It is a news bomb.

It weighs two ounces loaded. It has two pieces of twisted wire to hold it together. It has an oilcloth raincoat to keep it dry until it goes off. It is a little more than two inches long, has three narrow explosive newspaper columns rolled up inside it. It looks when open like a kind of cocoon or pea pod of news.

A little fleet of a hundred Liberty airplanes up over Stuttgart could rain down on the streets and public squares and roofs of the city two tons of news bombs, in two minutes, like this one on my desk. It could shower down a million and a half greetings to the people of Stuttgart from the people of New York in two minutes, and be off in two minutes more for Leipsic.

Such is the news bomb on my desk.

I have been carrying it in my right-hand trousers pocket for weeks, next to my knife. Every now and then when I am going about my hand falls on it down in the darkness next to my knife, and I feel it and think of it. I think of what it stands for to me and of what it may mean for the world. I feel like a boy with a new world in his pocket. Sometimes I take it out a minute—the little twisted bit of oilcloth

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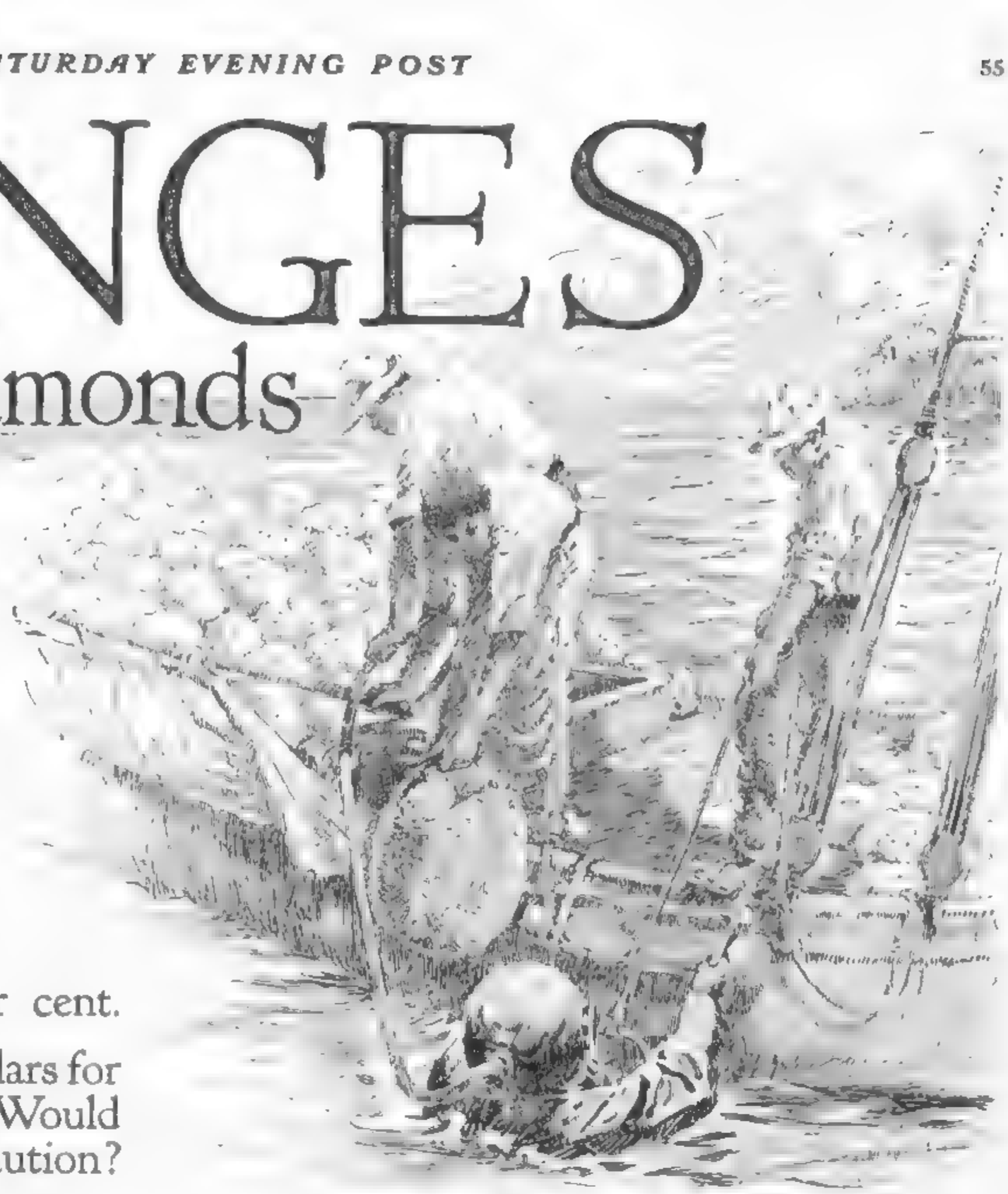
SPONGES Are Like Diamonds—



SPONGES—like diamonds—are endless in their variety. Only special, expert knowledge can determine the quality of either.

It is nearly impossible to detect a mixed grading or artificial "loading" of sponges which increases their apparent value twenty to fifty per cent.

Perhaps you pay out hundreds of dollars for sponges in open market each year. Would you buy diamonds with as little caution?

Every Third Sponge is a Rhodes' Pure Sponge

Our service department has shown many large users how to save twenty per cent or more on sponges. Will you let us show *you*, without obligation?

Every third sponge sold in America is packed and distributed by the House of Rhodes. You can buy Rhodes' "Colossus" trademarked sponges with the same confidence that you buy a diamond from your jeweler.

They come to you direct from the sea, through our own warehouses at all the world's greatest fisheries. No middlemen tamper with them—we control the *original* grading.

All Rhodes' sponges are *absolutely pure*, free from artificial "weighting," and uniformly graded. We will not sell "loaded" sponges either to the unsuspecting or to those who for their own reasons specify them. When you buy Rhodes' sponges, you *know* they are pure.

To assure themselves of honest value, we advise bale purchasers to demand quotations by the *piece* instead of by the *pound*.

Automobile Owners—[illegible] dealer supply man for Rhodes [illegible] individual cartons—the best and most durable automobile sponge that grows, also Colossus automobile chamois—in individual envelopes.

Jobbers and Dealers—Get acquainted with Rhodes' complete line of automobile and other sponges trademarked and [illegible] the retail price. Write today, on your letterhead, [illegible] "Making the Sponge Department Pay."

Write us on your business letterhead for our new, 1918, Sponge Handbook, containing specific trade information of the utmost importance to every sponge buyer. And if you use sponges in quantity, send us two specimens of the sponge you now buy. We will at once submit samples of the sponge which scientific tests have proved most perfectly suited to your requirements.

"If it's Rhodes' it's Pure"

James H. Rhodes & Company

Manufacturers and Distributers of Genuine Italian Pumice, Emery, Chamois; Buffs; Industrial Chemicals, etc

151-157 West Austin Ave., Chicago — 163 William St., New York

Batabano, Cuba — Tarpon Springs, Fla. — Key West, Fla. — Nassau N. P. — Lipari, Italy

The "Colossus of Rhodes" on box, bale and carton has for twenty years been a quality guarantee as reassuring as the "Sterling" mark on silver.

VICTORY *Penny-Buns*

A Penny Apiece

A Penny Apiece

Luscious Food for War Time

Sold by Bakers and Grocers at 1c Each

HERE'S instant appeal to your appetite and reason: The Victory Penny-Bun represents great saving of wheat, sugar and fats (shortening.) This delicious blending of flours, spice and Sun-Maid Raisins comes to you as a war-time treat and true food conserver.

Bakers everywhere make Victory Penny-Buns and sell them at 1 cent each, whether you buy one or a dozen. Buy them where you buy your bread. No wonder the Victory Penny-Bun has won instant favor! It combines delightful flavor, and sturdy food value. Its appearance (golden brown crust) will charm you. Break it open and its spicy aroma will tempt your palate. Taste it—and count yourself a Penny-Bun convert.

This delicious Victory Penny-Bun contains no sugar other than the natural sugar of the Raisins. It contains no lard and only a small amount of vegetable oil.

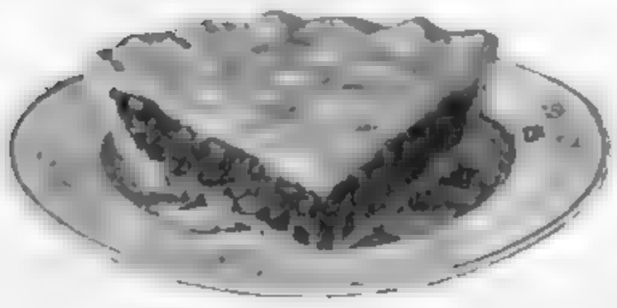
Its proportion of wheat is 33⅓% less than white bread, yet it is richer in food value than white bread. Rice and rye flour make up the difference.

Baker's Recipe for Victory Penny-Buns

Rice flour, 1¼ lbs.	Raisins, 2½ lbs.
Rye flour, 3¾ lbs.	Yeast, 12½ oz.
Wheat flour, 10 lbs.	Salt, 5 oz.
SUGAR, NONE	Water, 5 qts.
LARD, NONE	Cinnamon, 2½ teaspoons
Vegetable Oil, 2 oz.	

Patronize bakers who use this recipe. They are making extra effort to help the nation.

California SUN-MAID Raisins



Raisin pie is an economy dessert abounding in food value. Your baker can supply you.

Raisins today, more than ever before, are helping thousands of American Homes to combat high prices. Raisins improve the plain foods of war-time. Use them in corn bread, boiled rice, and corn meal mush. Use them to add fine flavor to stewed prunes. Send for our *new* recipe book giving food values and many recipes for attractive raisin foods. You can eat raisin candy with zest and a clear conscience because raisins in candy save sugar.

Raisin bread can be purchased of your baker. It's the bread of high nutrition.

California Associated Raisin Company (Membership 8,000 Growers) Fresno, California

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and wire—and hold it in my hand like a new agate.

I take a long look at it and try to realize it and what it could do in Germany—the havoc, the astonishment, the new beliefs it could swoop down out of the sky on Germans standing in their dooryards looking up.

Of course one might light in a lonely field in Germany or under a bush or on a roof gutter instead of a sidewalk. But America will move news on Germany in fleets. She commands all the resources now left in the world to do in the sky as she likes. She will empty the whole hollow of the air of her enemies. She will not skulk about in heaven weakly and economically and make a kind of pitter-patter of revolution over Germany from out of the sky. Millions of bombs will be rained down at once. Many of them will expect to be wasted. Thousands of them will be found, like Indian arrowheads by farmers, dug up and read a hundred years too late; but out of millions a day showered on cities and villages from the sky a few hundred thousand a week would be picked up, opened and read, passed secretly along, talked over by firesides at night and whispered about in the streets.

The best advertising in this world is saying things to people in a way they cannot help talking about day or night.

Giving people something to guess.

Giving people something to look for, to try to hunt out in the grass, like four-leaved clovers.

Making people wonder why.

Making people wonder when.

Leading people on, luring them with incredible news to them about themselves.

Making them wonder each time more and more whether we are sincere, day after day, time after time, until at last our chance comes, we act, we do the thing we say, we are the thing we say, we mount to a climax of being believed.

Advertising is the science of being believed. We can drop news about ourselves and what we want to do with Germany and what we propose to Germans to do with us, on the sidewalks, pelt news down like hail on them in the great squares, in the village greens; and the news, even at the risk of life, will be read. But how can it be believed? What can we do to the Germans to prove to them out of the sky that we are sincere, to act our sincerity out, to prove to them before each other's eyes while they look, that we are the kind of people we say we are, and that we will do what we say we will do?

Peaceful Territory

We tell them in our news bombs that we are not fighting them to kill them but to talk to them.

The most striking and convincing thing to do to them would be to stop killing them while we are telling them.

We will mark off a special territory right close to them—everywhere above them a mile deep up the air; a territory we have the mastery of and keep the mastery of up over the earth, where we can kill and where everybody sees we can kill. We will make the sky black with airships and darken the sun with the fear of killing—and then we will not kill.

Gradually, if we do this, I think Germans will creep out from their cellars and notice Americans.

We will act like ourselves with the Germans, if not down on the ground near the Somme at least a mile up in the air. We will do things to Germans, at least a mile high, as we want to. All over Germany we will spread across heaven what Americans are like. We will kill men in other airships who attack us out of the air, but mere men and women and babies, helpless under us down on the ground, we will talk with. We will do the one thing we have wanted to do with them all along: we will talk with them.

First, we will be feared, then wondered at, then laughed at; then wondered at without laughing, then believed.

There is no reason why the American people should not speak straight across to the German people past the Kaiser, if we speak vividly and clearly like this.

In clear plain sight before the workmen, the women and children looking up from the streets and from the fields, we will spell out in big letters upon the sky up over Germany America's sincerity toward the German people, America's courage and hope for the German people.

It is not necessary for America if she is conducting a news raid in the air and dropping news bombs over Germany to adopt precisely the policy I have suggested. News bombs and bombs of the more usual and more expected kind could be dropped together. I am not narrowing my idea of advertising what America is fighting for in Germany to dropping news bombs alone. We can do the more conventional and less bold thing that Germans would expect us to do if we find it necessary. I am merely as a man who has been interested for many years in the psychology of advertising—picking out the most striking way for the American people to touch the imagination of the German people.

A hundred million people who are trying to touch the imagination of a hundred million other people three thousand miles away, are undertaking a thing so colossal that they should see that they are doing it, when they start, in the quickest, cheapest, surest and most permanent way.

Looking at the matter from a strictly advertising point of view, it is obvious that if we are going to drop news bombs over Germany out of airplanes, the moment they are first seen up over a German city by the people in the streets must be as sensational as possible.

Getting Free Advertising

The first thing that a good advertisement provides for is being noticed in the very first word. People cannot be expected to go back and wonder what it was. A good advertisement must attack and overwhelm and hold voluntarily the attention of people. The loudest, most reverberating thing a fleet of airplanes up over a city can think of to do, and to do at once, must be done at once. After all that has been happening of late a fleet of airplanes up over a German city, that did not try to kill a single man, woman or baby in it, would be, as it seems to me, the most arresting kind of advertisement America could use.

The next principle after arresting attention that a good advertisement has to provide for is keeping it. Attention that has been arrested and dropped is worse than no attention at all. One of the earlier things that an advertising man of the more powerful sort learns about human nature is that when a man's attention has been got by a trick his attention drops with a thud. The attack on a man's attention not only has to be bold, but the boldness must be the kind that can be kept up.

A good advertisement seems to be a fuse of ideas, a setting off of a slow mine of culminating events inside people's minds—suspense, anticipation, personal surprise, personal non-surprise, recognition and satisfaction, surprise and more satisfaction. Reading a good advertisement is like living a little life. If an advertisement is good it not only attacks and wins a man's attention—it haunts him.

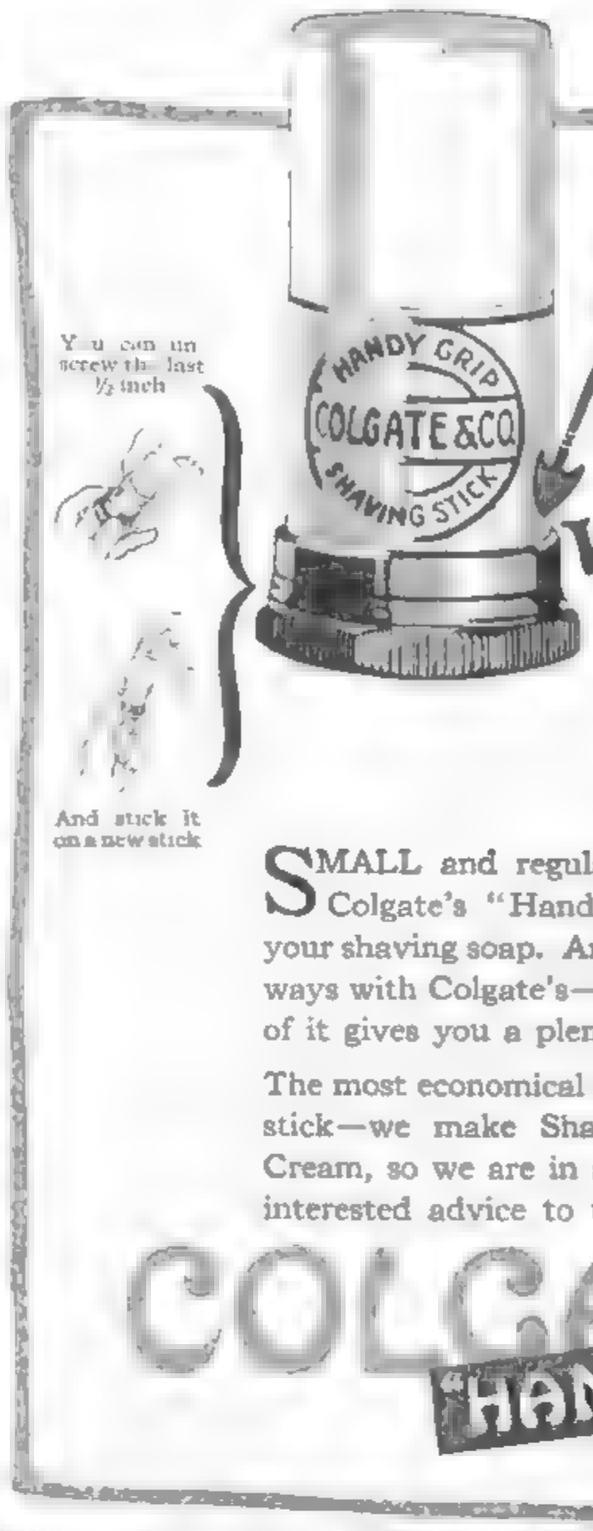
The airplanes up over Germany will wish to bear in mind this principle.

The next principle our airplanes up over Germany are going to bear in mind is that all paid advertising is for is to set free advertising going. We will spend our money lavishly—on sweeping the sky free, on getting the full mastery of the air and on getting our airplanes up over the Germans; but when once we get them there the one thing the men in them will have to remember is that what they are there for is not to spend our American time and our American money on advertising to the Germans, but on getting the Germans to do our advertising for us and on getting them to do it for nothing.

What an airplane is for when it has just been up over a city is to make five hundred thousand people talk. The one question America faces in making a flank movement on the German people through the air is the selecting of things to do and things to say which will set the Germans to doing our advertising for us.

The three-inch news torpedoes we drop on them must have something in them or something about the way they are dropped on them which will keep five hundred thousand Germans sitting up all night talking and whispering about us. We must cover a German city with a spell of wondering about us. The wondering must not be a vague, general, cool, public wonder, but each man's intimate, desperate, personal wonder, his own personal fear and hope.

To do this, have five hundred thousand helpless people—men, women and little children—running out into the streets and



Save below the waste line

(Save 50 shaves right in the metal Grip)

SMALL and regular economies make thrift. Colgate's "Handy Grip" lets you use *all* your shaving soap. And there's economy in other ways with Colgate's—it's a big stick, and a little of it gives you a plentiful lather.

The most economical form of shaving soap is the stick—we make Shaving Stick, Powder, and Cream, so we are in a position to give this disinterested advice to use

COLGATE'S "HANDY GRIP"

1918 ATLAS WITH NEW WAR MAPS GIVEN

To the readers of *The Saturday Evening Post* who take advantage of this offer now made in connection with

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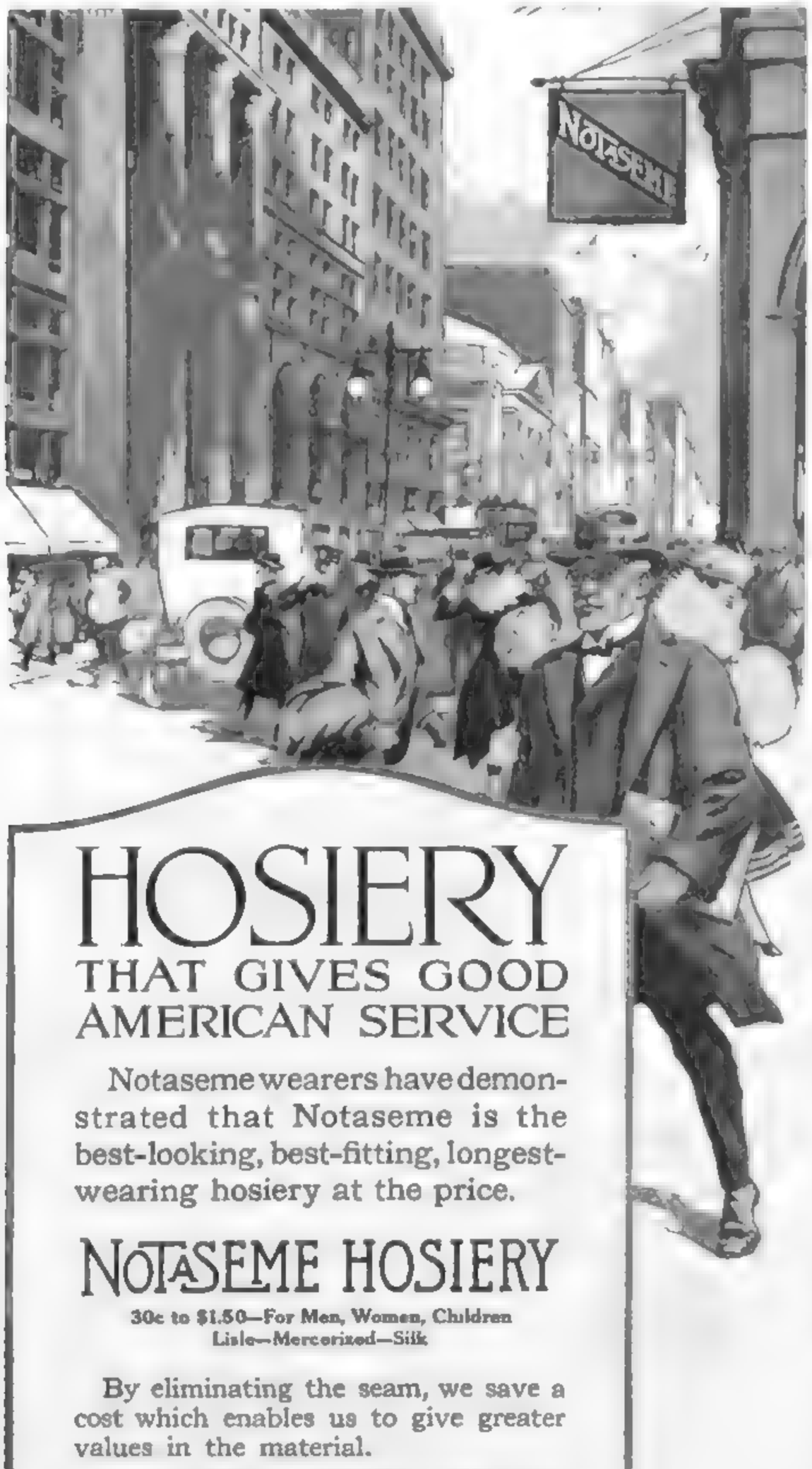

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THAT GIVES GOOD AMERICAN SERVICE

Notaseme wearers have demonstrated that Notaseme is the best-looking, best-fitting, longest-wearing hosiery at the price.

NOTASEME HOSIERY

30c to $1.50—For Men, Women, Children
Lisle—Mercerized—Silk

By eliminating the seam, we save a cost which enables us to give greater values in the material.

In no make of seamless hosiery are the no-seam advantages so apparent as in Notaseme.

Perfect in comfort, with no seam to press or chafe—precise in fit, with a knitted-to-size, clinging appearance—Notaseme has won the name of being America's favorite seamless hosiery.

Elimination of the seam removes the most vulnerable point of weakness, so prevalent in ordinary hosiery.

When next you need hosiery, try Notaseme. Note the fine sheer appearance, the snug fitting ankle, the absolute fit. Notaseme is making American Hosiery famous.

Remember: All Notaseme is seamless, but not all seamless is Notaseme

NOTASEME HOSIERY CO.
PHILADELPHIA

looking up expecting to be killed, and then try not killing one of them.

First they will wonder what we are up there for. Then they will look at the news bombs and wish they dared to pick up the news bombs to see. People will stand round them and watch them, at first at a safe distance, to see if they blow up. Then they will want to open one and will wonder if they dare. Some man at a safe distance perhaps will start a fire toward one and try burning it. Then he will try reading it. Then others will rush up and try reading it. Then the rest will begin finding their own and go about reading theirs.

If we do this the first thing the Germans get about us, before they have read a word, will be news about us that they would never have believed. They would not have believed that the people in America with the power to command the sky up over a German city would waste a sky like that to use it just to drop news out of it. If we strike at the Germans in this way and get them, before we have said a word, to believing things about us they never would have believed, perhaps they will be disposed, when they pick up the bombs, to believe news about themselves they never would have believed.

To waste a whole sky up over a German city just to drop news out of it not only makes people wonder what the news is, but makes them keep wondering what the news is day after day—each time, as long as we keep wasting the sky for it. "What are Americans wasting a sky like this to tell us this time?" They will think Americans must believe in news a good deal. And as our belief in news and in what can be done with news is the one specific thing above all others we want to get over to them, prove to them and advertise to them as our substitute and as their substitute for war, we will have made our point with the Germans at the very beginning and will have the underhold on their attention, the long reach on their imagination, from the start. Germans will be going about everywhere picking up news vials of American ideas—American ideas about Germans and about what Germans can do with Americans. We will have all Germany agog in a week. The Kaiser will not know what to do with this last silent, vast searchlight from America cast on him and on his government—this vast, beneficent, willful self-revelation of the American people to the German people fighting them to the death on the ground—raining peace down on them from out of the sky.

I was going to say that the peace from America raining down from dreadnoughts in the sky—these immense, innumerable, silent men-of-war in heaven—would be the peace that passeth all understanding. But there is something so remote and beautiful and spiritual-sounding about the expression that I fear people will get what I say mixed up with religion—and with our supposing we are being superior and beautiful moral characters.

Unspeakable Mockery

It is not the goodness of the peace that passeth all understanding—men-of-war in the air letting down doves of peace instead of bombs—which concerns me. It is the shrewdness and practical common sense of presenting peace to people in a way that they do not understand but cannot keep from looking at until they do, which interests me. It is the power of the thing as plain, haunting advertising, as getting honestly and holding conclusively the attention of a great nation and ending the war.

The sky, black over their cities with power to wipe them off the earth—then in their suspense and fear just dropping on them news about them and news about us which will make them not want to fight and not need to fight. To a great beleagured people imprisoned in their madhouse we will make our way with the sensational news—the true news—that their Kaiser has kept from them, which makes their dying for him ten thousand a day, which makes their being Christs for him ten thousand a day—saviors of Hohenzollerns—an unspeakable mockery and a pitiful delusion.

We are fighting against Germany a three-story war: Underground, undersea; on top of the ground, on top of the sea; and in the air.

I am in favor, as I have said before, of doubling and redoubling our fighting on the ground on the Western Front; but the quick victory and the conclusive victory of our armies in the field is going to be gained by our advertisements through Germany as to what the fighting is about.

With fleets of airships of news we will attack the great army of a thousand foolish cities at home, of the millions of fooled men slaving in the weary fields that alone make the German Army at the Front possible.

The ground must be held and the offensive on the ground must be held, but it is a comparative waste of money to fight the German Army in the slow, butting, old-fashioned way we are doing now—merely at the Front. Why should we spend all our seventeen billion dollars in attacking the German Army on the one point where it is braced and strongest?

The Germans are forty years ahead of us in shooting, and they are forty years behind us in news. We will outflank the German Army with news.

Instead of biting off slivers of the German Army, now one inch and now another inch, on one edge of the army at a time, we will go out round it, knock the underpinning out from under it; we will undermine it from below, crowd it down from above, cut it off at home and fight it from behind. We will deal with the hidden and deeper sources of supply. We will cut off their enthusiasm, paralyze their morale, probe through their fighting to the faith that makes them fight. We will be ruthless with the German Army. The lies about us and the lies about themselves that make them fight and that make us fight shall be swept with airships as with mighty brooms from the sky, out of the path of the world.

The Three Inventions

"The only American help to the Allies we have seriously to reckon with," says Major Hoffre, of the German General Staff, "is in the air."

Dropping news out of a sky we command, a sky that we use for nothing else—making a billboard of heaven for our ideas, and making Germans watch the sky day and night for what Americans think—will be of itself a demonstration that advertising is what we say it is. With one stroke out of the air we will have all Germany doing something it never dreamed it would do. If by advertising we can make the Germany that fights us because she will not listen to us, right-about-face before her own eyes and listen to us and like to listen to us, the Germans will see what advertising can do by what it has done to them, and will believe in it as much as we do. Germany will want to advertise to us. She will want to establish mutual advertising campaigns between the nations.

The war will be transposed from the force of arms to the force of ideas.

As this is what the war is about, the object of the war will be attained and the war will end.

Just at the present moment in winning the war by advertising there are four sets of advertising campaigns that the American people, through the Government's Advertising Department or World Department, will proceed to make: We will advertise to our Allies so that we can fight together better; we will advertise to the Germans so that they will not want to fight at all; we will advertise to neutrals and to history and the judgment bar of the world what America believes in and what America is going to have as a substitute for this German war; and we will advertise to ourselves the great hole of air up over Germany where all the world can pour in—what can be done with it, the bombs that can be dropped from it—until the great hole of air up over Germany, that we have the Kaiser at the bottom of and have cornered him in, shall be ours.

I have presented in this article for the possible adoption of my country three inventions:

First, an invention of the physical means of cutting past the Kaiser and of putting our advertisements of what America is fighting for where the Germans can see them and read them.

Second, the invention of a proposition for America to make in the advertisements which will make the Germans read them eagerly, namely—a substitute for war that Germans would feel safe with and in which Germans would be glad to join with Americans and act with Americans—if Americans could be believed in by Germans.

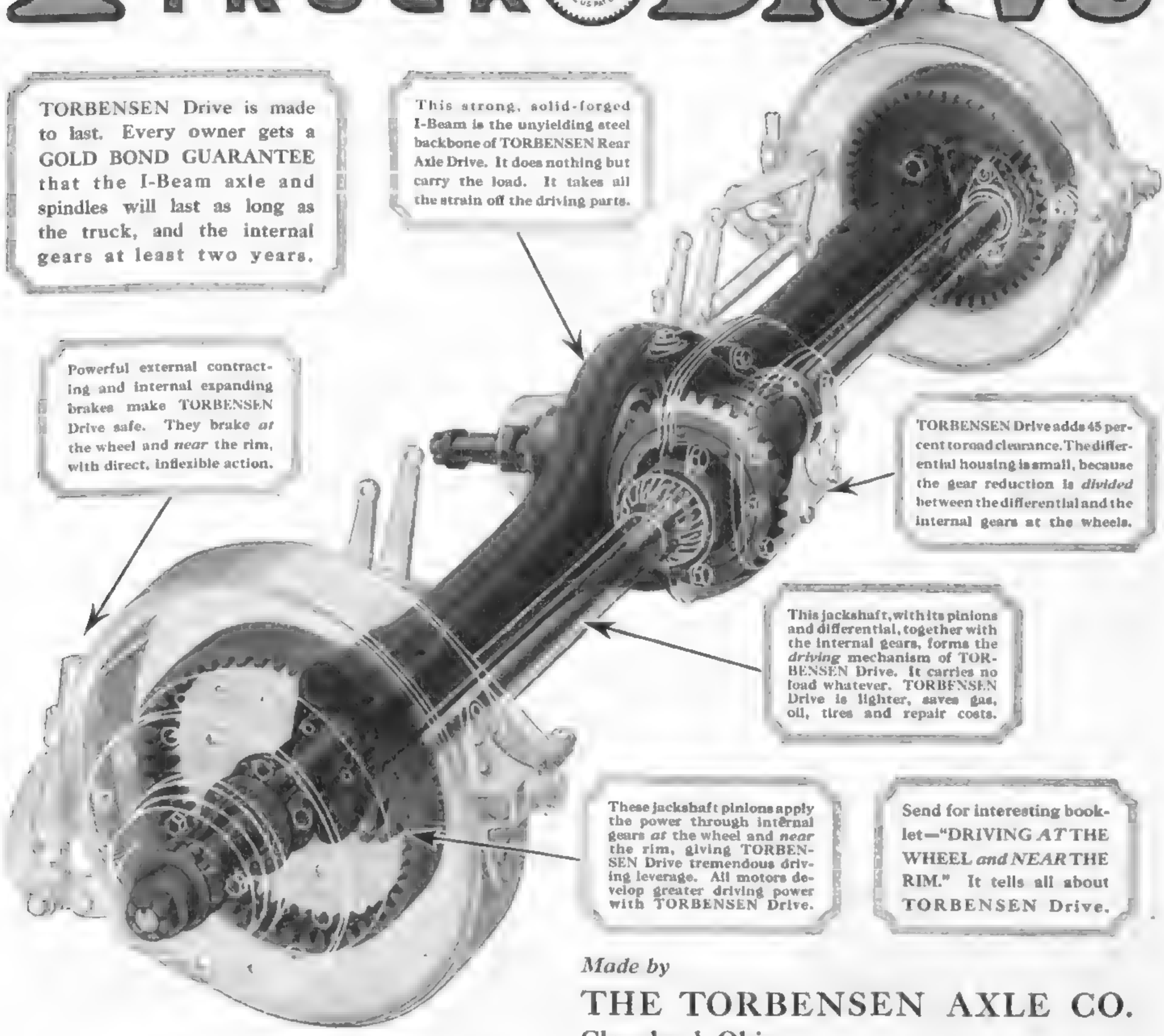
Third: An invention for being believed in by Germans.

(Concluded on Page 61)

This is TORBENSEN INTERNAL GEAR TRUCK DRIVE

TORBENSEN Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

This strong, solid-forged I-Beam is the unyielding steel backbone of TORBENSEN Rear Axle Drive. It does nothing but carry the load. It takes all the strain off the driving parts.



Powerful external contracting and internal expanding brakes make TORBENSEN Drive safe. They brake *at* the wheel and *near* the rim, with direct, inflexible action.

TORBENSEN Drive adds 45 per cent to road clearance. The differential housing is small, because the gear reduction is *divided* between the differential and the internal gears at the wheels.

This jackshaft, with its pinions and differential, together with the internal gears, forms the *driving* mechanism of TORBENSEN Drive. It carries no load whatever. TORBENSEN Drive is lighter, saves gas, oil, tires and repair costs.

These jackshaft pinions apply the power through internal gears *at* the wheel and *near* the rim, giving TORBENSEN Drive tremendous driving leverage. All motors develop greater driving power with TORBENSEN Drive.

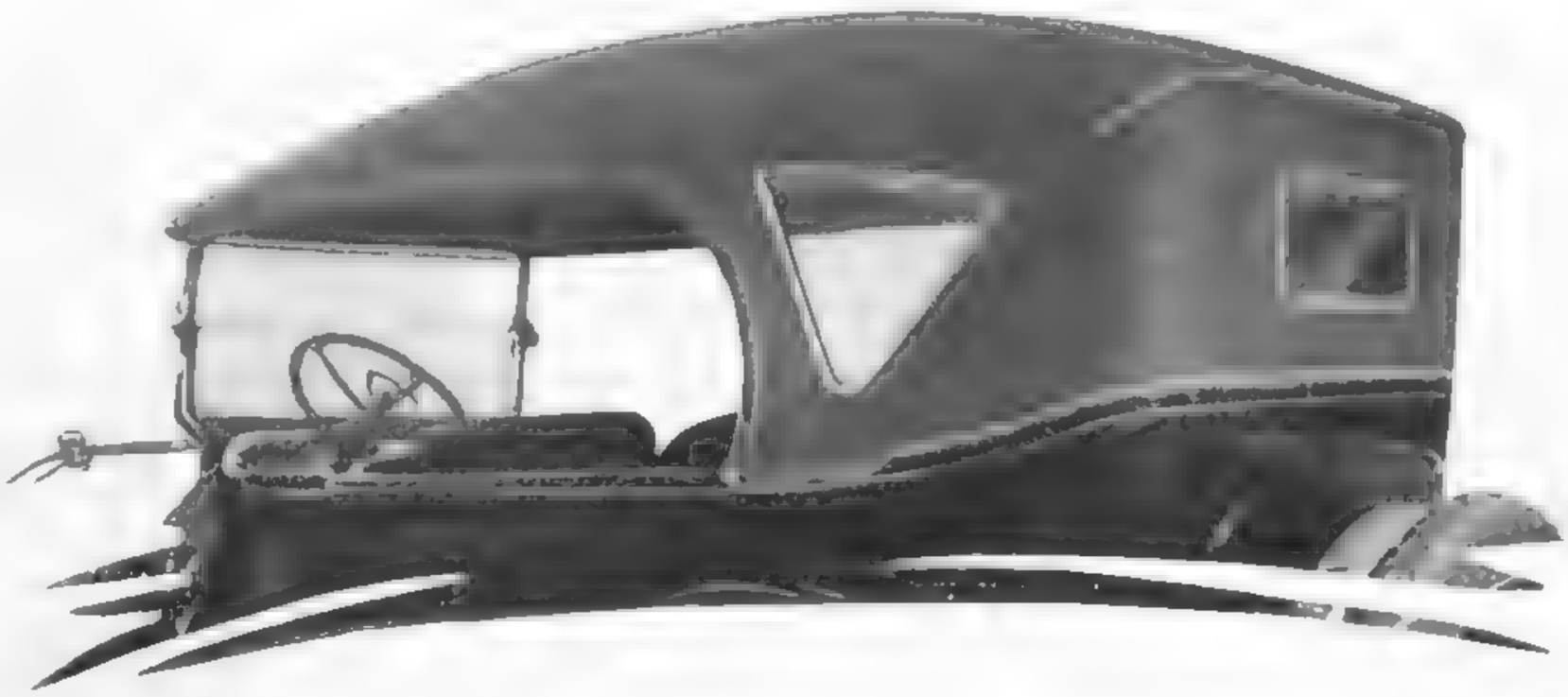
Send for interesting booklet—"DRIVING *AT* THE WHEEL *and NEAR* THE RIM." It tells all about TORBENSEN Drive.

Made by

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks

DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



RAYNTITE—The Top That Stays New

Mail This Coupon
marking X before subject that interests you.

	Rayntite Top Material		Fairfield Rubber Cloth
	Motor Fabrikoid		Industrial Dynamites
	Craftsman Fabrikoid		Blasting Powder
	Truck Special Fabrikoid		Blasting Supplies
	Marine Special [illegible]		Farm Explosives
	Book Finish Fabrikoid		Hunting
	Fabrikoid Sheeting		Trapshooting
	Py-ra-lin Toilet Goods		Anesthesia Ether
	Challenge Collars		Leather Solutions
	Novelty Sheeting		Soluble Cotton
	Transparent Sheeting		Metal Lacquers
	Pyralin Rods & Tubes		Wood Lacquers
	Pyralin Pipe Bits		Mantel Dips
	Pyralin Specialties		Bronzing Liquids
	Sanitary Wall Finish		Pyroxylin Solvents
	Town & Country Paint		Refined Fusel Oil
	Vitrolac Varnish		Commercial Acids
	Vitrolac Stain Finish		Alums
	Flowkote Enamel		Saltpetre
	Liquid Light for Mills		Wood Pulp
	Antoxide Iron Paint		Pigment Bases
	Shingle Stain		Tar Distillates
	Auto Enamel		Dyes and Bases

Name

Address

City State

Visit the Du Pont Products Store,
1105 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.

A grey, dingy, faded top will make any car look passé. Don't sell your car because the top looks shabby. Get a new top—a top that stays new.

DU PONT FABRIKOID RAYNTITE

never fades. It is water, grease, stain and dust proof—and as cleanable as glass. When soiled by travel, plain water will restore its beauty. It is guaranteed not to leak, crack nor peel for one year, but built to last the life of your car.

Any good top maker can re-top your car with Rayntite.

Check Rayntite in the coupon and send for samples, booklet—and list of cars on which Rayntite is furnished as regular equipment.

Du Pont Fabrikoid Company

World's Largest Makers of Leather Substitutes

Wilmington - - Delaware.

Works at Newburgh, N. Y., and Fairfield, Conn.
Canadian Office and Factory, Toronto

The Du Pont American Industries are:

E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Company, Wilmington, Delaware. . . . . Explosives
Du Pont Chemical Works, Equitable Bldg., New York. Pyroxylin and Coal Tar Chemicals
Du Pont Fabrikoid Company, Wilmington, Delaware. . . . . Leather Substitutes
The Arlington Works, 725 Broadway, New York. Ivory Pyralin and Cleanable Collars
Harrisons, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa. . . . . Paints, Pigments, Acids and Chemicals
Du Pont Dye Works, Wilmington, Delaware. . . . . Dyes and Dye Bases

DU PONT

(Concluded from Page 58)

The invention of the physical means of getting the attention of Germans has already been attended to in the airplanes of the Aircraft Board, and in the news torpedo in my pocket, which has been invented and offered to the Government by Roger Babson.

The two other inventions—the invention of advertising as a substitute for war and the invention for being believed in by Germans—are not yet attended to and cannot be attended to until they are advertised to the people and the people want them.

This article is my advertisement of advertising to my people. The subject, perhaps it is only fair to say, is one which I have dealt with less inadequately in We—especially in the sections of the book called Advertising a Nation, Dramatizing Business and the Science of Being Believed. But here for better or worse—here on this national billboard, where one sees in spirit as one writes ten million men go by a week—I have tacked up my hope for my country!

One thinks what could be done with a hope for a country if the ten million people believed it, if they surrounded Congress with it—if the ten million people knocked on the door of the White House and backed up the President with it, and crowded round General Squier with money, letters, Congressmen and votes, when, as he has announced he is going to do, he goes before Congress to ask America for a billion dollars to buy, own, administer and operate air over Germany, as the fortress of the liberties of all nations.

I believe, and I believe the American people believe, that by getting hold of the air over Germany and using it to cut past the Kaiser to the German people we are shortening the war two years, shortening reconstruction after the war twenty years, saving forty billion dollars of American money, one million American boys, and securing and holding for America in behalf of all free peoples the casting vote—God helping us—on the fate of the world.

One of the first letters we would like to have dropped down on Germany—some of us—might have for the gist of it something like this:

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

IN THE NAME OF OUR FATHERS AND YOUR FATHERS AND OUR CHILDREN AND YOUR CHILDREN, SEND GREETINGS.

On February 3, 1917, our President was speaking to the German Government in these words:

"I refuse to believe it is the intention of the German authorities to do in fact what they have warned they will feel at liberty to do. I cannot bring myself to believe that they will indeed destroy American ships and take the lives of American citizens, that they will pay no regard to the ancient friendship between their people and our own, or to the solemn obligations which have been exchanged between us. . . ."

Fighting for Belief

On August 3, 1917, our President, who had been saying a little while before "I cannot bring myself to believe," was saying this:

"The object of America in this war against Germany is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry out the plan without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long established practices and long cherished principles of international action and honor; which chose its own time for the war, delivered its blow fiercely and suddenly, stopped at no barrier, either of law or mercy, swept a whole continent within the tide of blood—not the blood of soldiers only but the blood of innocent women and children also, and of the helpless poor; and now stands, balked but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world. . . ."

The difference between these two ways of speaking to the German Government is what this letter from the American people to the German people is about.

We want to tell the German people directly and for ourselves what has happened. All through this war up to the last possible minute the American people have kept up the fight in their minds to believe in Germans. For months and for years—long after to all the rest of the world we were being patient—we kept on in America through our President fighting to trust you. Inch by inch and point by point you have driven us back from our faith in you. We risked the fate of the world, wagered the souls of our people, put up the lives of our children, up to the last possible minute, to believe in Germans. Again and still again, with half the world laughing in our faces, have our people cried out across the sea to your people, and there has been no answer from your people to our people—the same rattling of the saber, the same weary, sad silence.

And even now when we are fighting you in every way we know—under the sea, on the sea, on the ground and up in the air—we are fighting you to trust you. We are chopping our way past you, to where we can hew out of you a way to believe you.

Until our last dollar is gone and until our last man is dead we shall keep fighting on through Germany, not for territory, not for indemnity, but for Germans we can trust. As long as the German people put forward in dealing with us men it is only safe to use force with, force will be kept up. You are going to keep on shooting off your customers in America and we are going to keep on shooting off people we would rather trade with in Germany, until you put forward to deal with us men something besides shooting can be done with—men whose promises Americans can believe.

Whom Can We Trust?

If you wish to know whom these men could probably be picked out from in Germany, the men could be picked out, we should think, by answering two or three simple questions.

Who are the men you know of in Germany who shut down their windows or turned away their heads when they heard the bells ringing three years ago to celebrate the murder of twelve hundred innocent men, women, babies and neutrals on a passenger liner? We suspect you were kept from knowing it was a passenger liner, but men to represent you with America might be picked out from these.

Who are the men who during this war have shown the most courage in behalf of the people with the government?

We do not agree, very many of us in America, with Liebknecht, but if a man who goes to jail for what he believes should be put forward to make promises for Germany to America, we would believe him. He would be priceless to you and priceless to us.

Who are the men in Germany who, if their advice had been asked about getting to Paris by striking a small helpless neutral nation in the back, would have told the government that it would not work and that it would pull on Germany the trigger of the world? Men for America to trust could be picked out from these. We are fighting Germany to plow our way through to men like these. We are hacking our way past the Germany we see and that has been fronted up against us to see, to the Germany we know, to the Germany we believe in, the Germany we hope for, the Germany that hopes for us. We shall not feel superior to you and give you up!

"This is a peoples' war," our President has said, "a war for freedom and justice and self-government among all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the peoples who live upon it and have made it their own, the German people themselves included. . . .

"We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We see no indemnities for ourselves and no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. . . . We fight for the things we have always carried nearest to our hearts, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself free.

"To such a task we dedicate our lives and our fortunes—everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness, and the peace which she has treasured.

"God helping her she can do no other!"

More than 50,000 visitors inspect the HEINZ *Pure Food Kitchens every year*

One of the 57

HEINZ Vinegars

No small part of the Heinz reputation for delicate and delicious foods and condiments is due to the aroma and flavor of the perfect Heinz vinegars used.

There is as much difference in the quality of vinegars as in coffees or teas. And as much need for discrimination in buying.

These same perfect Heinz Vinegars, so important to many of Heinz 57 Varieties, can now be had for your home use in bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment.

In pint, quart and half-gallon bottles

Malt
Cider
White

In pint bottles

Tarragon
Spiced Salad

All filled and sealed in the HEINZ *establishment*

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

134 Final Inspections By Men Paid To Find Fault

Before leaving the factory each "ROYAL" Typewriter is critically inspected for the most minute defects. Every screw, nut and link must be properly set and tightened without mutilation. There can be no binding at any part, no interference and no side play where there should be none. Thin paper must feed without wrinkling or turning its edge; six sheets of paper, with carbons, must feed without slipping.

The high standard set for "ROYAL" Typewriters permits of no compromise. Every part of the "ROYAL" must look and act as it should. Only absolute perfection is tolerated. We refuse to risk the "ROYAL" Typewriter's reputation by hurried final inspections.

So, inspectors in the "ROYAL" factory are judged by their expertness in detecting inaccuracies and ordering them corrected.

It is impossible to be sure of having bought the best typewriter without knowing the variety of work that the "ROYAL" does and how perfectly it does everything. Write, telephone or call for a demonstration at our nearest office or branch.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.

MAIN OFFICE: 364-366 Broadway, New York — FACTORY: Hartford, Connecticut

Branches and Sales Offices in Principal Cities All Over the World

ROYAL

MORE TIPS TO HIS BUNKIE

(Continued from Page 17)

Because I want to recommend you for the Victoria Cross.

Pray don't do that. I only done my dooty, says the coon, and then we come away.

Well, we beat it across country, keeping to the shell holes and old trenches, and ahead of us we could hear a noise just like the surf on a beach at night. And when we got nearer, big old shells were whining way up in the air and then we'd see a cloud of black smoke off to the left and a little later—Cr-rump! It sure made me thoughtful, J. C., because a fool Boche would just as lief hit an American soldier on leave as anybody else, and you can't never tell where one of the blamed things is going to land.

By and by we seen a guy in kilts and he stops and says, Micht ye coom frae the States? And Sam tells him we don't understand French very good.

But he was kind of human at that—he'd lived two years in Akron, Ohio—and give a grin. So then I says we aimed to go up to the Front and see a little fighting maybe, and Jock says we have sure come to the right address and follow him because his battalion is in the Front and been there so long that they're fixing to hold an Old Boys' Reunion.

Them kilts now, says Sam, I can understand their advantages, but don't you get the worst of it in a cold wind? But Jock didn't pay him any mind, so we trailed along to where his battalion was holding some trenches, and the very first guy we bumped into was Shorty Steen's brother. What do you know about that, J. C. He had on kilts too and was a corporal at that, but he talked good old United States just like they do in Maine, where he used to be a conductor on the B. & M.

How's Shorty? he says. I don't hear from him very regular. The last time he wrote to me was the Christmas of 1904, he says.

Well, about that time an officer come along, a big tall guy making about ten miles an hour, and he stops. Who have we here? And they tell him

Right off the bat he wants to know all about the Americans and how many of them is there in France and when the tarnation they aim to get into the game. So I up and says, Two wants to get in right now, sir.

Righto! says the officer. Corporal Steen, take charge of these men. I'm going along to a sniping post.

In the Here's How Trench

Well, that fixed everything o. k. and the Jocks seemed glad enough to have us throw in with them, more specially when me and Sam pulled out about eight dollars' worth of tobacco and cigarettes. They shared their dinner with us and we had a sort of stew that comes in tins and some beans, and jam and white bread, but there was no coffee—they give us tea, instead.

Take those hats off and put on these helmets, says the corporal, and you'll look like something. What's more, never fool round without a gas mask. It's again regulations, and besides, you may need one. You might go along fine and never need a mask for a month and then again you would, and when you do need one you need it awful quick.

You talk so much, Sam says, I feel like I need one now.

I ain't got time to tell you everything we done up there in the trenches, J. C., but take it from me, we done a-plenty. Trenches are not a nice place to live in. They are just a big cool sewer and it is hard to make them homelike, but at that I lived worse up in the Yukon once when I run out of chuck for a whole winter. The Jocks called their trench the Here's How trench.

There was a lot of mud because it had been raining hard, but the Jocks had put down a sort of slat-ladder all along a stretch of trench. They called them bathmats or duckboards and when one sunk out of sight in the mud, they fetched another and put it on top, so the mud didn't reach much above your ankles. Every so often there is a hole in the side of the trench, and it is on the side nearest the Boche to make it harder to hit, and we come on a guy sitting in one of these holes with his shirt on his knees, and he was going along the seams of same very earnest.

Pardon me, neighbor, says Sam, but ain't you afraid of catching cold? What might you be doing there.

This is the weekly meet of the Here's How Hunt Club, he says. Some prefers to catch 'em with a candle in the dark, but I can run 'em down faster out in the open.

What do you know about that, J. C.!

These holes are named funk holes and I seen quite a lot of Jocks asleep in them. But they have dugouts to sleep in, which go way down twenty or thirty feet below the ground. The stairs is so steep you have to duck your nut to keep from getting beaned and Sam turned round and went down backwards. Of course it is dark and they burn candles, but the air ain't so bad at that, because the dugouts are ventilated somehow. I went down into one what the Boches had built and it was all paneled in oak and they had left a piano behind when they beat it.

No Use Playing Safe

Out in front of one dugout I noticed an automobile horn and I says to the corporal, What's that for.

Gas attack; when anyone smells gas they blow that horn and everybody put on his mask. You see the gas is heavier than air and will run down them stairs like water.

Gee, this is one fine old war, ain't it!

Well, we stayed there with the Jocks two or three days and all the time the shells was going over our heads both ways, our side giving the Boche merry hell and the Boche handing the same back to us. You soon get used to the noise though and after a while it made me kind of nervous when a quiet spell come. A long ways off the big shells whimper just like a flock of wild geese coming down but closer to you they sure do screech, J. C. At night me and Sam would watch the fireworks because Fritz burns rockets and roman candles and all kinds of things so's nobody can sneak up on him in the dark. It was as good as the Fourth of July, only more so.

The machine guns keep busier than a pup with fleas too. Rat-a-tat-tat! Tat-a-tat-tat-tat-tat! I never seen where they was shooting from or what they was shooting at, but they sounded just like a bunch of woodpeckers.

One morning me and Sam and Steen was walking along a trench what led towards a village where there was nothing but piles of bricks and a few iron girders sticking straight up in the air, but the Jocks had a fine place in the village for sniping, J. C., and the corporal promised to get us a squarehead or two. Well, we was going along when all of a sudden we come slap on to four of our men laying at the mouth of the trench where it crossed a sunk road. A Minnie had caught them and you would hardly of knowed they'd been men. Maybe I didn't feel queer when I seen them.

Here's a right queer thing about those four poor soldiers, J. C. How I come to know is that I talked to them often and had been listening to them only the night before. They'd been on night patrol quite a spell and was fed up on it, because night patrol is mighty dangerous work, so the colonel, who is a good old scout, put them on a ration-carrying party instead.

Well, that looked pretty soft to them and not near so risky, and they sort of had it on the other guys who were left doing night patrol. But just before daylight the Boche took it into his head to let fly with a Minnie and caught the whole party where the trench opened on the road, and there we found them. Can you beat it, J. C.! And those guys on night patrol are still doing business. It sure looks like fate, don't it?

And that reminds me of something. When you come over with the draft, J. C., don't ever get to figuring that the other guy has got a safer job than what you have because he ain't. There ain't no use in trying to play safe in this war. You may as well stand up to it and take your medicine because a bullet or a shell maybe or a cloud of gas is as liable to get you one place as another.

It's funny how soldiers always figure they're getting the short end of the stick. The boys in the front-line trenches got it doped out that the others in the second line are sort of hidden out. And the guys in the second line cuss the cowardly scoundrels

(Continued on Page 65)

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

(Continued from Page 62)

back in the transport lines because they're laying round in safety. Then the transport crowd take it out on the headquarters bunch for taking no risks, and at headquarters they think the lucky skates on the lines of communication have it pretty soft. Wouldn't it cork you?

That's the way it goes clear back from the man in the front trench to the general in his chateau. But take it from me, old timer—you can get killed as quick five miles back of the front line as in it—and quicker. Honest, I'd liefer be in the front trenches any day, unless there's an offensive on, than back on those damned roads where they're bringing up supplies and all that. You never know when you're going to get it on the road and there's nothing to shelter you at all. But up in the trenches you got plenty of cover and besides it's so close they don't bother you near so much except with small stuff.

That reminds me of something I seen back on a road, J. C. Me and Sam was beating it for home by that time and we come across some artillery drivers taking up shells. Well, we hadn't hardly passed them when Blewey!—a big old Jack Johnson hit in the ditch and I made sure them artillery guys and their horses had gone to Flanders. But after the scenery had settled there they was with three horses down and one of the drivers laying on the ground. He jumps up and starts to walk about, holding his wrist.

Is it broke, Alf, says one of his pals?

And Alf gives a kick at a piece of dirt and says, No such bloody luck!

No sir—you and the others in the draft want to remember that the guys farther back are taking the same chances you do and maybe a few more. There just ain't no safe place, so you might as well stick to the job they give you without beefing, because like as not you'll come through there better than somewheres else. I met up with a French soldier who'd been in all the big fights in two years and he figured he was o. k. now, but a bomb from an aëroplane got him the first night he went home on leave.

Well, I got to leave off now, J. C., because we are going out to the drill ground and practice the European model of fighting some more. Well, so long.

Here I am back again, J. C., and I have not wrote to you how come I got me a Boche prisoner. This is how I done it.

Me and Sam stayed four days with the Jocks and got along fine with them. Sam knowed Annie Laurie and he sings tenor, so we got up a duet, because I'm there with the base, believe me. And those Jocks just set there and never said a word when we'd finished, but the minute we strayed off into something else they wanted Annie Laurie again. Of course we didn't sing right up in the front line, or it would of raised Cain maybe, but we sung back in the support trenches.

Ribbing Up a Private Raid

Well, after they seen we was there on every bet the Jocks let us make a hand and they give me a Lewis gun to pump a while. Maybe I didn't pepper a place where Heine's head showed sometimes as he come up from the supports unless he stooped low.

Say, I had the dirt flying off the top of that gap like a whole platoon was firing on it. And they let me fling a few bombs over with a trench-mortar too.

But what I aimed to tell you about was the raid. It wasn't a regular raid with trimmings, but a private one that me and Sam and Steen and the Jock from Akron, Ohio, pulled off for fun.

Say, J. C., don't you ever get the notion you won't be scared the first time you go over or the first time you get shelled neither. When guys talk that way it is camelflage or just plain lying. Ten hundred men out of a thousand will turn as white as a lily the first time a big shell busts near them. I know, because a whole bunch of rifle grenades and these here Minnies and a few other meannesses come a-dropping round where we was. I guess I had eat something that didn't sit quite right because my stomach begun to feel awful queer and I got sort of homesick.

Sam was scared too but he is a game guy at that, for he wiped the dirt off his face and his clothes and give a squint up at the sky and says, It sort of looks like rain, don't it?

Yes sir; no man with sense thinks about being a hero when them shells go to busting all round. But if he has guts he will stick anyhow. And usually they keep you so busy you don't have time to think about it. I kept saying to myself, Stand still, you yellow dog, and stop them knees from shaking. It ain't you here but a soldier with Uncle Sam's uniform on. Hear me?

But it sure was hard work arguing with that other guy inside of me because he seemed to have sense on his side and kept whispering, Beat it, boy! Beat it while the going's good.

But I didn't beat it, J. C. No sir-ree; I picked up one of the Jocks who was hurt and carried him off and when a grenade hit in the trench not far from us I dropped down with him under me so he didn't get a scratch. That was when I got the cut on the head what the captain asked me about.

How did you get hurt on the head, he says. And I says, I bumped into a door, captain.

Well, he give a grunt and says, Has the door been mended yet?

Anyhow that sort of made me solid with the bunch, so when they ribbed up a little party for the next night me and Sam got bids to same. The idea was to sneak over into the Boche front line and maybe grab a few prisoners which our officers wanted. If we get back, says Corporal Steen, they'll give us the Military Cross or ten days' leave. What do you say?

We are on, old settler. That is music to us.

Well, we was to go late at night. Fritz don't bother to hold his front trenches except with sentries in the daytime, but he sure does fill them up of nights.

When Everyone Coughs

We all got together at the right place to leave from, and we was shivering account of the wind. Another thing I noticed, J. C., was that every dog-goned one of us coughed a lot. We had to put the soft pedal on that though so it would not give us away, but we couldn't help gulping. One of the Jocks told me afterwards that the boys always cough a lot just before they go over.

And scared? Say, J. C., my mouth was as dry as a bone, and I done took out that new front tooth the dentist put in before I left home for fear I might swaller it. Yet I wanted to go, and I went. And that's the main thing, ain't it?

The corporal crawled out first, and then I come and next to me Sam come, and he was breathing so I thought they could hear him over in Russia, and after Sam was the Jock from Akron, Ohio. Steen had been out two or three times before to get the lay and knowed a way through the wire.

It seemed to me we must of crawled about eleven miles, falling into holes every now and again, and once we had to lay quiet in a hole because a lot of Boche flares went up and everything was as bright as day. But at last we got through the wire and there was the German trenches. Every thing was as quiet as could be except for some guy snoring. At first I figured it was Sam breathing extra hard, but Steen shoved his mouth close to my ear and says as how a Boche sentry is asleep right under us.

That sounded fine to me, J. C., because asleep was the way I want them, and I tells the corporal to lay back till I dropped on him and choked him good, me being the stoutest man in the bunch.

Well, he done so and I slid down careful over the top into the Boche trench. And there was Heine sitting against the side of the trench with his mouth wide open and his rifle between his knees.

Say, one of our English instructors told us one day during bayonet practice: Now, when a Boche comes at you, with his hands up, yelling *Kamarad*, don't shoot! I have a wife and ten children back in Prussia—that's the guy you want to get, because he'll go back and have ten more.

But somehow I couldn't do it, J. C., so I grabs his rifle away and then gets him by the throat.

Kamarad, he whispers, do not kill me!

And about that time here come the corporal and Sam and the rest of the bunch down beside us. We will fetch him back, says Steen. Got your bombs handy? Then let's go along here a piece.

Well, they done left me there and I eased up ever so little on the Boche. And guess what the rascal went and done. They are awful treacherous, J. C. He tried to bite me, and then first thing I knowed he was

Why I Am Paid $50,000 A Year

How a Poor Young Man Trained for a Big Job—and Got It in Three Years

AS TOLD TO EMERY E. HILL

THERE are only a few $50,000 jobs—yet of all the men in the country it is difficult to find enough to fill the few big jobs available. There are plenty of men for the $25-a-week positions—but the thousand-dollar-a-week openings "go begging". How this young man trained himself for earnings of $50,000 a year is one of the most interesting chapters in the annals of even present day fortune making. This is the story told me, almost word for word, by the young man *who did it*.

"Three short years ago I was $5,000 'in the hole'—and earning $30 a week. I had a wife and two children to support, and I used to worry myself sick about the future.

"Today—it seems like a dream—all my troubles are over. I am worth $200,000—enough to keep me and my family in comfort for the rest of our lives. I own two automobiles. My children go to private schools. I have just purchased, for cash, a $25,000 home. I go hunting, fishing, motoring, traveling, whenever I care to.

"Let me say in all sincerity that what I have done I believe anyone can do. I am only an average man—not 'brilliant'—have never gone to college—my education is limited. I know at least a hundred men who know more than I, who are better educated and better informed—and their earnings probably average less than $50 weekly while my income is over $1000 weekly. I mention this to show that earning capacity is not governed by the extent of a man's education—to encourage those who have not had the advantage of a comprehensive education.

"What, then, is the secret of my success? Let me tell you how it came about.

"One day, about three years ago, something happened that woke me up to what was wrong with me. It was necessary for me to make a decision on a matter which was of little consequence. I knew in my heart what was the right thing to do, but something held me back. I said one thing, then another; I decided one way, then another. I couldn't for the life of me make the decision I knew was right.

"I lay awake most of that night thinking about the matter—not because it was of any great importance in itself, but because I was beginning to discover *what was wrong with me*. Along towards dawn I resolved to make an experiment. I decided to cultivate my will power, believing that if I did this I would not hesitate about making decisions—that when I had an idea I would have sufficient confidence in myself to 'put it over'—that I would not be afraid of myself or of things or of others. I felt that if I could smash my ideas across I would soon make my presence felt. I knew that heretofore I had always begged for success—had always stood, hat in hand, depending on others to give me the things I desired. In short, I was controlled by the will of others. Henceforth, I determined to have a strong will of my own—*to demand and command what I wanted*.

"With this new purpose in mind I applied myself to finding out something more about will power and in my investigation I encountered the works of Professor Frank Channing Haddock. To my amazement and delight I discovered that this eminent scientist, whose name ranks with James, Bergson, and Royce, had completed the most thorough and constructive study of will power ever made. I was astonished to read his statement, 'The will is just as susceptible of development as the muscles of the body!' My question was answered! Eagerly I read further—how Dr. Haddock had devoted twenty years to this study—how he had so completely mastered it that he was actually able to set down the very exercises by which anyone could develop the will, making it a bigger, stronger force each day, simply through an easy, progressive course of training.

"It is almost needless to say that I at once began to practise the exercises formulated by Dr. Haddock, and I need not recount the extraordinary results that I obtained almost from the first day. You already know the success that my developed power of will has made for me.

"People sometimes worry because they cannot *remember* or because they cannot *concentrate*. The truth is, will power will enable them to do *both*. The man who can use his will can not only concentrate and remember but can *make use* of these two faculties. And I want to leave this one word with you—no knowledge, no plan, no idea, is worth a penny unless it is used—and it cannot be used unless someone's power of will does it!"

Prof. Haddock's rules and exercises in will training have been placed in book form, and I have been authorized by the publishers to say that any reader who cares to examine his startling book on will power may do so without sending any money in advance. In other words, if after a week's reading you do not feel that "Power of Will" is worth $3, the sum asked, return it and you will owe nothing. When you receive your copy for examination I suggest that you first read the articles on: The law of great thinking; How to develop analytical power; How to guard against errors in thought; How to drive from the mind unwholesome thoughts; How to develop fearlessness; How to use the mind in sickness; How to acquire a dominating personality.

It is interesting to note that among the 225,000 owners who have read, used and praised "Power of Will" are such prominent men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieut.-Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; General Manager Christeson, of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Arthur Capper of Kansas, and thousands of others.

As a first step in will training, I would suggest immediate action in this matter before [illegible] even necessary to write a letter. Use [illegible] Publishing [illegible] Conn., and [illegible] one act may mean [illegible] has to so many [illegible]

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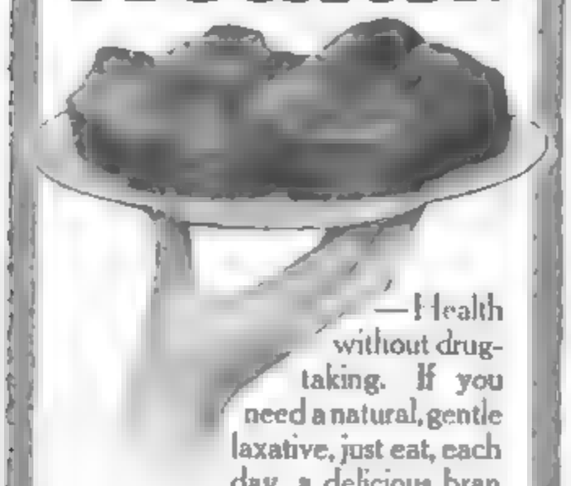

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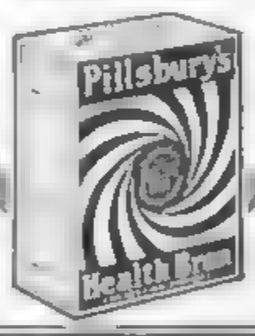

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clawing at my arms and trying to get my rifle. And he started to yell like sixty too, but I got a holt on his throat with one hand and I let him have the other right between the eyes. That put him to by-by sure enough.

Meanwhile the Jock from Akron, Ohio, and Sam and the corporal run along the trench, and in about a minute hell was poppin'. You would of thought the whole German Army had bust loose. Bombs was exploding every whichways and flares started to go up and Fritz begun to let fly with rifles and machine guns at any old thing just to be doing something.

Then pretty soon here come the Jock from Akron, Ohio, and Sam and the corporal, and the corporal says, Come on, boy. Stick it into him and let's beat it.

But I says, He's got to come too. They want a prisoner and he can run as fast as what we can and faster. Get a-going, you!

And he got a-going too, J. C. I give him a couple of jabs with the bayonet so he would step lively and we started back. How we done it I could no more tell from Adam, old pal, because there was so much shooting all round that you couldn't hear a thing, but I remember we laid in shell holes twice to rest up and the firing had died down when we struck our own lines. Say, maybe we wasn't feeling good!

Me and Sam, says the corporal, dropped three bombs down into a dugout and then I throwed an extra one for Shorty, he says. I bet that place just ain't there no more.

And did you notice how that bunch run when they seen us? says Sam, all swelled up like a poisoned pup. Say, Steve, us and the Jock bumped into about twelve of the Boches coming to find out what the row was and we turned loose with them bombs. Wow, you had ought to of seen them beat it! And the Jock chased them down and got two with the bayonet. Say, we'll all get Military Medals for this, don't you reckon?

I dunno, says the corporal, but I am hoping we will get leave, and that is good enough for me.

This prisoner I brung in belonged to the 61st Division, J. C., and his regiment are fine fighters too, so maybe I didn't pull a good one, hey, old timer?

It seems like the officers wanted a few prisoners so as to identify the Germans what were up against them, and this guy had some orders they were glad to get. I guess I could of enlisted with the Canadians right there, J. C. Anyhow the colonel called me up and give me a drink of rum which when I had drunk it made me go out and bark like a dog, and he says to me: Send up a few more like you. And I says to him: There ain't any. But wait a while, colonel, and you'll see a real show, take it from me.

Obey Orders and Save Trouble

And now, J. C., here is some things which I learnt up at the Front which you and the other guys ought to learn too. Always do eggsactly what you are told. If you don't you will get into a jackpot sure. It don't matter how nervy you are or how many kinds of a fightin' son-of-a-gun you are neither. If you don't obey orders eggsactly you will only gum the game.

When the Canadians and Australians first come over they was too blamed nervy and would go charging ahead of where they was told to stop. Well, what happened to them? I will tell you what happened to them. A whole lot was killed off by running into their own barrage, and barrages is hard enough to dodge anyhow. So you do what you're told over here and never try to pull off any grand-stand stunts, because they are worse than useless and only bring down trouble on the others by starting something when it ain't the right time for it.

I been saluting better and keeping cleaner since I got back too. Our boys give an awful lazy salute, and that's a fact. They act like they're ashamed to be caught at it. You had ought to see the British salute! Zowie, they bring those heels together with a click and their salute has got a snap like an uppercut. Maybe it don't count for much, but every little thing counts in the total, J. C., and if you do one thing good you're liable to do the others the same way.

They keep shaved clean too, and their buttons and rifles is polished so you can see your face in them. But maybe when we've been in the war a while we will be just as particular as they are.

Another thing, never try to pull a S. I. W.! A S. I. W. is a self-inflicted wound, J. C., and some guys try it so's to be taken out. But when they're caught doing same it is curtains. So you lay off that stuff.

The Homesick Southerner

And never go walking round near the front lines in bunches. One guy can move round on top of ground and maybe get away with it because he is out of reach of a machine gun or a sniper and they don't want to waste a shell on him. But at that he's a rummy because he might just as well be down walking in a trench, even if it is harder going and takes longer to get there. And if three or four do it, why, Fritz says There's another working party, and turns loose with a whizz-bang, and then all your kin folks got to think up something nice to write to your family.

An awful risky place to be is a cross roads that can be reached by the big guns, J. C. The Boche sure does like to toss one over on a cross road, and he knows them all like his own backyard because he's been there and has maps to show where they are. One day I seen a couple of officers leave a car near a cross road while they went forward into the trenches, and along come a big shell. Me and the driver looked everywheres afterwards but all we could find of that car was a hole. And if the driver hadn't of come over to where I was to borrow a match he'd have been blowed up too. So you get a move on when you reach a cross road and leg it for somewheres else unless you want a through ticket to a different climate.

Another thing, never pick up or monkey with a dud. A dud's as tricky as a Mexican, J. C.

Gee, but the boys sure do get homesick. I never seen anything like the way they get homesick, J. C. Maybe when they are home they never go there until every other place is closed up, but to hear them tell it you would think every one of them had a little rose-covered cottage where he loved to stay of nights.

I run into some engineers up at the British Front and they are working the narrow-gauge railroads back of the lines because they know how to do that better than anybody else does. And one big guy stops me and asks whether I ever been in North Car'lina. And I says No, I been a bad man in my day but I never been in North Car'lina.

Well, he says, it is the finest country in the whole world."

Homesick? I says to him, and then I wished I hadn't of said it, J. C., because he choked up and was like to cry. And after that he got mad and wanted to know whether I thought I was fresh and was I looking for trouble?

It's a good thing I don't get homesick, J. C., but I got too much to do. And besides at Christmas we will have just as good a time as you will, for we will have Christmas trees and every guy will get a present, and there will be fine feeds and a drink or two maybe, and the bands will play and we will have fireworks. Maybe we won't have no egg nog though. Say, do you reckon Minnie would make me an egg nog if I was home now, old pal?

Well, how are you making the grade anyhow? And is old 100 still pulling the freight and 32 the passenger? I guess you will be shooting duck about now maybe. I won't get to shoot no ducks this year, J. C.

What the Sam Hill is the matter with our mail, anyhow? It sure makes me mad when I think about it. Here we been five weeks without a letter from home! What do you know about that!

I been up to the post office every day to raise a howl, but it don't do no good. They say it ain't their fault and that they give it to us as quick as it gets here. I reckon you get mail from us quicker than what we do from you, because the guy in the post office tells me they separate all the letters and things into separate sacks for each state and the sacks is shipped straight through and distributed right away from New York.

But ours sure does come awful slow from America. Five weeks is too long, and that's all there is to it. Now and again they beat that time and sometimes get it here in seventeen days, but most always it takes more than a month for a letter from America to reach a guy in one of the camps. And two or three that were wrote to me from Paris by some boys who'd just come over didn't reach me until three days after they got here themselves, and Paris is only about seven hours away by the train, J. C. There is something rotten somewheres.

You be careful when you come over, J. C. Fix it with three or four live ones who will maybe knit you thick socks and things like that, because warm socks and sweaters and underwear come in mighty handy when they cut down on your fuel, old pal, and they sure do cut it, too. They will be handier still when you go into the trenches. I wonder is Minnie writing to any of the guys over here besides me? Ha, ha!

Say, you wouldn't know this army now, the way they have improved. This work has sure made men out of the boys, I'm telling you, and they can do the European model of fighting better'n what the Europeans can do it theirselves. Do you remember that little squirt named Williamson we picked up on the way from the Border. About the size of a half-portion and went round with his mouth open? Well, he is some *hombre* now, believe me.

Regards to All

But I won't tell you how we been working at the European model of fighting, for I reckon you-all over there are doing the same thing nearly, because I was talking to some boys who'd just came over and they tells me that a lot of this stuff is old stuff to them, so maybe you are doing about what we been up to.

A funny thing happened yesterday. Here is what happened. The captain was instructing us in attack and he showed the bombers where they had ought to be in the procession and just eggsactly what they had to do. And one of them pipes up, But ain't that dangerous, captain?

The captain never says a word for half a minute but just looks at that guy. Then he says: It is. But in a war somebody is bound to get hurt, young man.

And that is something a lot of the folks back home had ought to remember, J. C. For from what I hear, a lot of our people seem to figure on winning this war without a scratch or hurting anybody but the Kaiser.

Well, I must cut this out. How is Uncle Ben and old Mrs. Grady? Give them my regards. How is Charlie White too? Give him my regards. Say, has Bert Wilkins married Bessie Stier yet? Gee, it's about time. Give them my regards. Well, I must cut this out.

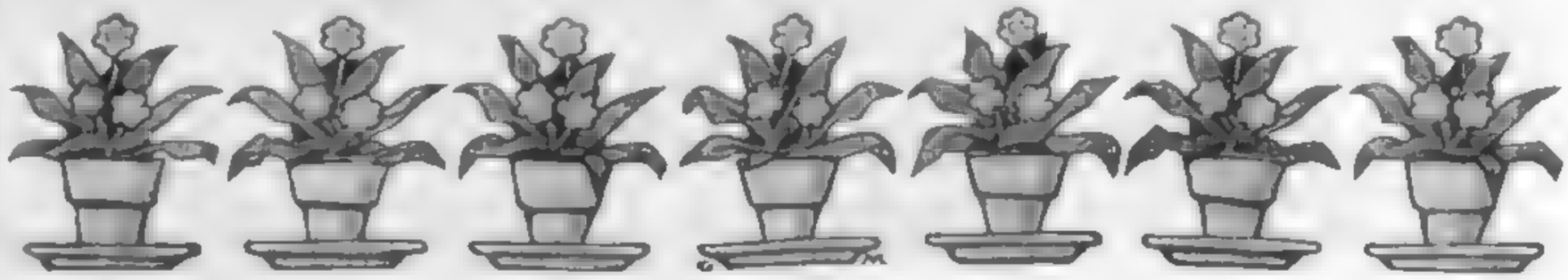
Say, J. C., when me and Sam was telling good-by to the Jocks, this Corporal Steen who is Shorty's brother says: Well, so long, you big stiffs. I got the address of a swell joint to eat at in Berlin and we'll eat Christmas dinner in that place together next year; hey, old timers? It'll be on me, too.

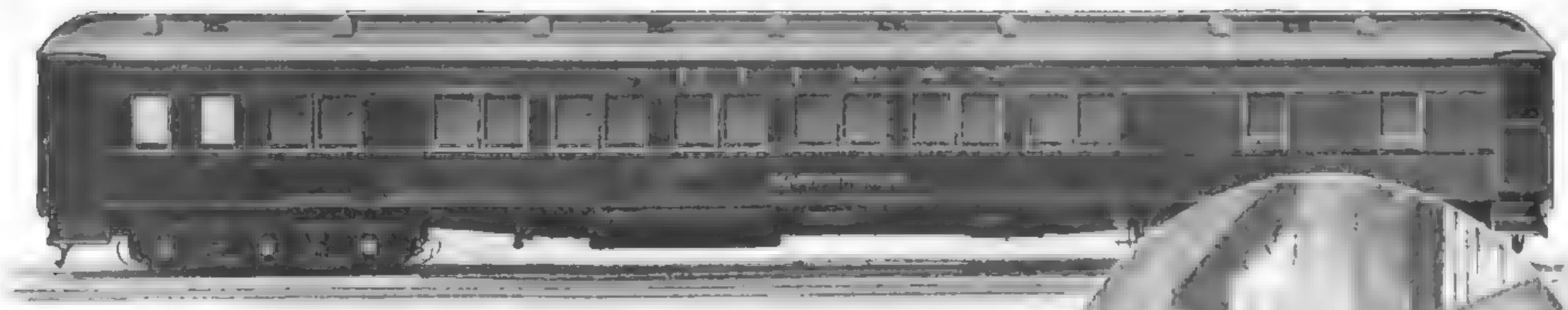
And I says, No, it won't be on you. We will eat there o. k., but it will not be on you.

Why won't it be on me?

Because, I says, it'll be on the Kaiser.

P. S. Our company goes into the trenches for training next week, J. C. Maybe I won't deliver the goods, hey, old timer? Wait and I'll tell you all about it.





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ONE hundred and thirty-seven railroads, throughout the country, must be kept supplied with Pullman cars and Pullman service. The needs of these railroads vary greatly at different times: some of them use many cars in winter and few in summer, or vice versa; and perhaps two or three times a year each railroad has a demand for many more cars than it ordinarily runs.

And herein lies perhaps the greatest utility of the Pullman Company to the railroads and the people. It is a national economy. If each railroad attempted by its own efforts to meet the maximum demand that might be made upon it at any time, it would have to invest heavily in cars which might stand idle eleven months in the year.

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It must know all the currents of travel; it must be prepared in advance for every excursion, convention or national fair. The problem of mobilizing 500 extra cars at given points on specified dates, in anticipation of a big convention, is a bit of chess-play worthy of the keenest strategist.

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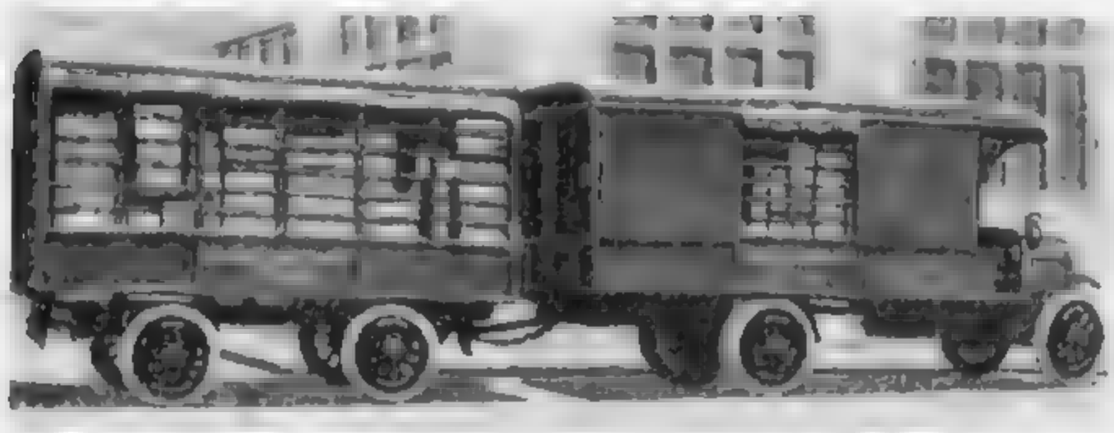
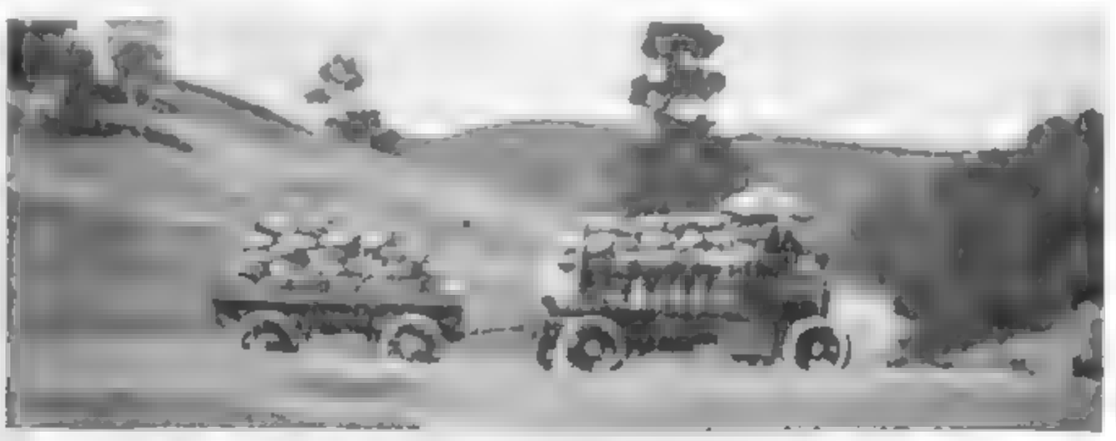


"We figure a Troy Trailer saves us about $100 a week. In our estimation Troy Trailers are the coming means of Transportation for Economy" (drawn from photograph).



In California—hauling ore from mines in Santa Clara County to Livermore, over 32 miles of ordinary roads (drawn from photograph).

THE HONOR OF THE FORCE

(Continued from Page 13)

"I'm going to get him!" Chambers said in an odd flat voice behind his teeth. Every word carried, as though the scene had been a stage.

"You'll stay where you are!" shouted Logan from the power house. "Can't you see he'll be dead in a minute?"

Just then with a last convulsive effort Henry moved—rolled over on his side. And his voice, already faint as of one far distant on a long journey, came homing back to his friend:

"Dick! Dick! Are you going to leave me here?"

Nothing could have held the sailor then.

"Jack!" he called, and the yearning of his cry reached up to the Gates through which his mate was already passing. "Jack! Oh, wait! I'm coming, boy!"

Thrusting his revolver into its holster he dashed into the open, with never a thought for his own life. He reached Henry's side. The windows remained blind and dumb. He turned and faced them squarely, hands high above his head to make his purpose clear. Then the windows spoke!

Chambers staggered—pulled himself together, reached for his gun with jaws tight set and with eyes seeking the enemy. He *must* get one, before he went—just one. A sheet of blood flowed over his face like a veil. The revolver slipped and slid from his grasp. Slowly, slowly he crumpled down by his dead comrade's side.

"Chambers!" called Logan. "Have they killed you, man?"

A faint movement stirred the gray heap by Henry's side.

"They have not!" came back the answer, stiff and defiant, out of the wrecked and bleeding head.

"Can you crawl?"

"Yes."

There were eleven buckshot wounds in him—three through the lungs, three in the head, one through an eye, and the rest in the side and abdomen. His uniform was soaked and dripping red. His face was unrecognizable. And yet the lad struggled upright, held himself there tottering for a moment while with a hand he dammed the blood from his one remaining eye and then, having got his bearings, walked off down the hill to the doctor's office.

Meantime Mullen, too, had hauled himself erect, and with the dark stream spreading down his thigh had limped to cover. No fire from the window pursued the pair. Perhaps those behind the curtains would waste no more on men as good as dead.

Sergeant Logan's Warning

Sergeant Logan watched them go—saw them reach the doctor's house and enter. Then he made for the telephone. His first call went to the Punxsutawney Hospital, for an ambulance; his second to barracks, to First Sergeant Lumb.

"Chambers, Henry and Mullen are shot. Twenty or more men, heavily armed, are intrenched in the house with Walsach. We're needing help."

"Coming!" answered the first sergeant.

Five minutes later Logan was struck with a new thought. The impact confounded him: "Ass! What if they take the east fork! It will cost more lives yet. And now it's too late to get them!"

At Anita the road from Punxsutawney splits into two branches, one of which, the upper branch, enters Florence through its worst section. To come in by that route would be to expose the detachment to attack and would, furthermore, necessitate running the gantlet of fire from the infested house, to reach the point where Logan and his men were now planted.

On the other hand, if the detail came in by the second fork it would avoid all this useless danger, striking into the main street of the town below the doctor's office, where Logan's men could join it. All the theater of trouble would then be up the hill ahead.

"I've got to get word to them," groaned Logan.

He thought of the population of Anita, at the junction of the roads. Hopeless! Fancy one of the people in those shacks carrying an honest message to officers of police! Then he remembered the tavern of the place—and its keeper, a Pole.

"If any of them could be decent about it he is the man," thought Logan, "for he has some property to anchor him."

So Sergeant Logan called up the Palace Hotel at Anita and asked that a reliable person be stationed at once at the forks of the Punxsutawney road to deliver to a squad of state police, about to pass, Sergeant Logan's request that they take the lower fork into Florence.

Then Logan hurried down to the doctor's office to look after the wounded. Mullen, cool and quiet though in great pain, lay as the doctor had placed him after applying first aid. Chambers, even as he entered the house, had walked up to a large oval mirror that hung in the hall, and, tearing open his blouse, had begun at once to examine his own wounds. Those in his body were flowing internally and had scarcely stained his uniform, though his shattered head was streaming blood.

"Oh, come and lie down!" implored a woman of the family, her compassion aglow at the grisly spectacle.

"Tell me where I am shot," persisted Chambers, "and get me a gun. *Please* try to get me a gun!"

For it was fixed in his mind to patch himself up and rush back to the fight.

Then the doctor came and led him to a couch.

"You have about half an hour to live," said the doctor. "There is nothing that I can do."

When Logan saw the men, "We'll wait for no ambulance!" said he.

Sergeant Lumb's Fine Record

Then he got two cots, and commandeered the trolley car that had just arrived. That trolley car, with the cots in its aisle, by order made no stops between Florence and the Punxsutawney Hospital.

Logan on returning to the power plant detached Koch to assist him in watching the garrisoned house until the arrival of the reënforcements, while McIlvain guarded the prisoners.

The reënforcements were not slow in coming up. When Logan's last call reached barracks many of the troop were scattered over the countryside on game-protection service or on regular patrol. Others were gone here and there on divers duties. But the trumpets sang out an alarm and in a very few minutes fourteen troopers in uniform, led by Sergeants Lumb and Marsh, were mounted and off, dashing down the road to Florence. Four more troopers overtook them on the way, and they rode as though the horses, too, knew all that depended on their speed.

At Anita, near the Palace Hotel, in the split of the road a dubious-looking Pole stood waving his arms.

"Take the lower fork!" he screamed. "Mr. Logan, he say, 'Take the lower fork!'"

Lumb eyed the man with strong distrust.

"Look out you speak the truth," he snapped. "I shall hold you to this. If you dare to trick us you'll be sorry till your dying day!"

But the expression on the Pole's face supported his words.

"We'll risk it," said Lumb.

Just twenty minutes from the moment that it cleared the barracks gates, seven miles away, the detachment galloped into the main street of Florence.

They tied their lathered and panting horses well down the hill out of the range of fire, leaving a guard to protect them. Meantime the first sergeant assumed command.

Now if there had been any doubt as to the fitness of First Sergeant Lumb to assume command a glance at his army record would have settled it. Twelve years in the regular army it shows, in cavalry, infantry and coast artillery. Discharged sergeant-major; of course "character excellent." Service as post instructor. Service in the Philippines, in China and at home. Twenty-seven battles and engagements. A string of official comments, such as "excellent man in the field." And then medals of sorts, heaven knows how many!

So First Sergeant Lumb having duly assumed command was hearing the status of the case from Logan.

"Well," Lumb declared as the brief outline concluded, "there's only one thing to do—do something hard and do it quick. You fellows, get round here and cover the plant. Put three men in the power house—two at the little windows near the floor,

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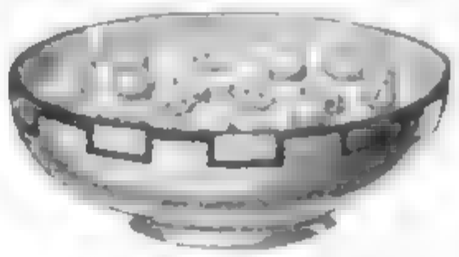

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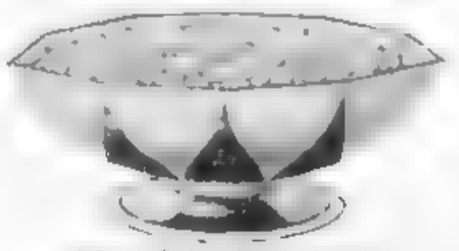

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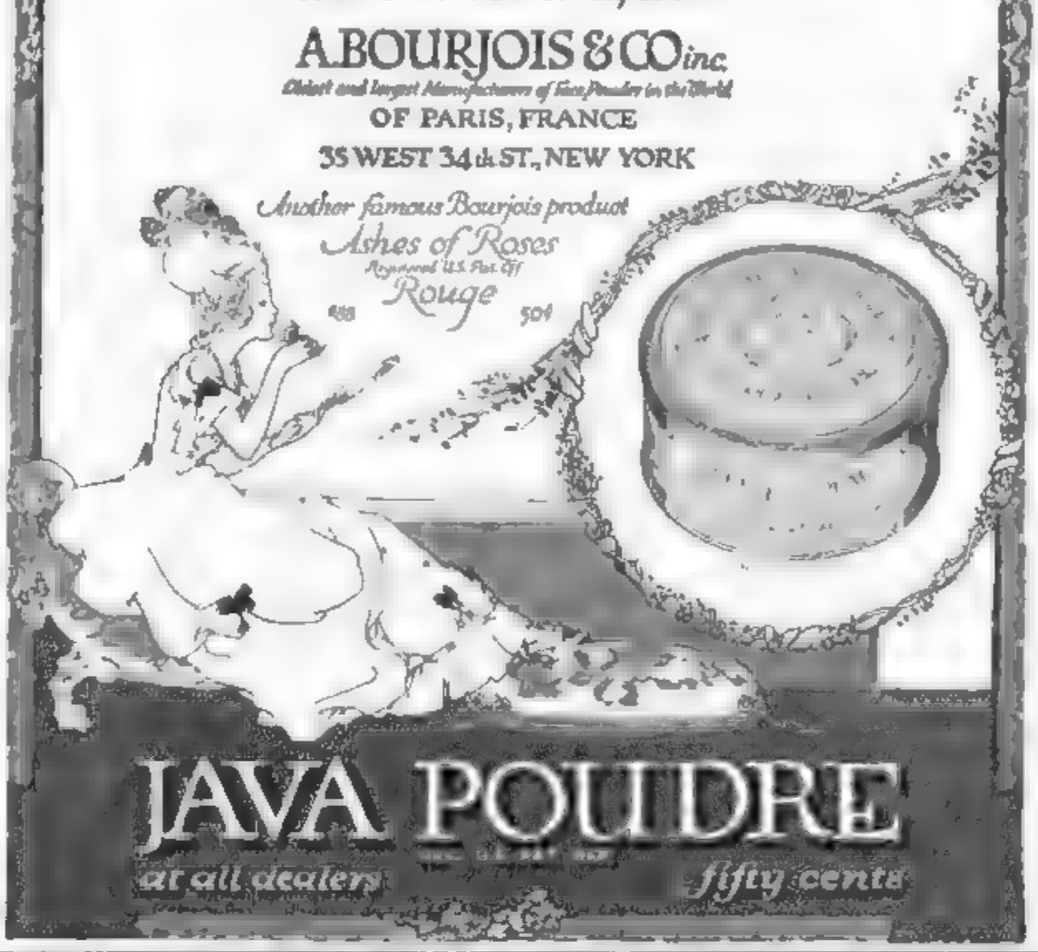

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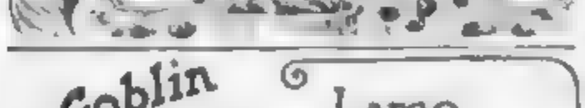

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facing the place, and the third in the ventilating window up aloft. Put a couple of men in that house on the other side. Put a man behind that box car on the siding. Three more posts; that'll cover it."

As the stations were planted, fire from the house opened with ferocity. The garrison was using rifles now, and the practice was excellent. It was as much as a man's life was worth to show himself before those windows.

The curtains had been rolled up. Daylight was fading. Dusk was near. The riflemen kept well back in the room, man and gun out of sight. No flashes were visible at the windows as they fired, but the dim chamber filled with pulses of red glow as the weapons cracked, and the bullets sang here and there wherever a trooper stirred.

"It will be dark in a few minutes. This is a desperate situation. I'll have to cut cross-lots," said Lumb to himself.

He sent for the keeper of the company store. "Who is in that place?" he asked.

The other, a fine old Scot, seemed to read the soldier's thought. "Nobody," he answered, "but them that were better done for."

"How much dynamite would it take?"

"About twenty sticks."

"Will you get it for me?"

"With the verra best will in the world will I." And he strode away on the welcome errand.

The first sergeant worked out his idea. He would do this thing himself, of course. He could ask no one under him to take a risk so great.

"I'll throw the box in at the door opposite the power house," he thought. "I can be there in about ten seconds, and with a two-minute fuse I can make it. They'll get me on the way back, most likely—but I've a good chance to do my work first anyway."

So he called Sergeant Marsh, his special friend and comrade, and told his plans. "The storekeeper'll be back with the dynamite in a minute," he finished. "Good-by and good luck to you, Bill, if I don't see you again."

But the big sergeant was thinking. "That's all right," he objected; "sounds mighty fine—but—how if there should be any women and children up there. Are you sure?"

Lumb stared back at him. "No," he said slowly, "of course I'm not sure. How could I be?"

"I've just heard that the building belongs to a woman," pursued Marsh, "and that she lives in it. She gets out Sunday afternoons and gives it up to this crowd, they say. But who knows for a fact that she's not there now?"

The first sergeant's plan was already dead. It would not do.

"Then we'll have to charge the place," he muttered. "God! It's an awful order to give!"

"I'll lead the charge," said Marsh simply.

The Charge on the House

They called for volunteers. Nearly every man within hearing stepped out. They selected five.

"The rest," said the first sergeant, "will protect the rush by directing a fire on the windows."

At that moment a new figure drew into the scene. Lean and tall, stooping slightly, his shovel hat pulled over his eyes and his black robe swinging on the heels of his long stride, a priest was hurrying down the hill. He came from the hostile quarter of the town. As he reached the railroad track he suddenly changed both direction and pace, turning toward the garrisoned house and moving at ease with deliberate tread until he stood beneath the windows. Thence he called up to the inmates. They answered him readily, and a friendly talk ensued.

Then the priest with all calmness proceeded straight to First Sergeant Lumb.

"You seem to be having some trouble here," he remarked lightly and suavely, as if he had been treating of the weather.

"Yes," answered the first sergeant with civility, much relieved. "And you can be of great help to us too. I notice you speak with those people. Please go and tell them that if they will surrender now they will not be hurt."

The priest smiled—a dry grimace.

"I would suggest that you go over and tell them yourself," said he.

"Father," urged the sergeant, "you know that whenever one of my men shows his head it means a bullet from those windows. The people up there are your own parishioners, are they not? . . . Yes. Well, I should think a man of your cloth would be glad to prevent the shedding of blood."

The priest smiled once more, and the glint in his narrowed eyes was a glint of fire and ice.

"I have already advised you," said he in his heavy Austrian accent. "It is quite simple. If you have something to say to my people you will please go tell them yourself."

And very deliberately he paced away, lean and black, teetering rhythmically in his long robe, as lean, black vultures rhythmically teeter through the gutters of a tropic town.

Again he passed under the windows of the garrison. Again he stopped, and called up words of encouragement undisguised. Then he strolled on and away, his lips still wreathed in his mincing smile.

First Sergeant Lumb turned to his detail sharply: "Ready, men!"

A whistle blew. The charge began, Marsh leading. As the little squad rushed for the door that was the only opening in the lower part of the fighting façade a raking fire burst out from the windows above. But its accuracy was disturbed by the covering fusillade of the remaining troopers, and the six men, crossing the open space, reached the door unscathed.

Marsh put his great shoulder to it, the bolt gave, the panels crashed. Then like an arrow Private Zehringer drove past his leader and dashed in.

Zehringer's Brave End

The hall was small and dark—a mere cubicle to contain a boxed staircase black as night within and so narrow that two persons could not go up abreast.

Zehringer made a jump for those stairs, Marsh close on his heels and the rest crowding after. Two steps at a time Zehringer mounted, till his eyes topped the level of the second-story floor. Then to the eyes of the others all space suddenly filled with uproar and flashing flames, while something heavy, lunging down, knocked their legs from under them so that they landed together in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

Something large and loose and sagging, sliding with them, stayed in a heap after they had scrambled up. For a moment sulphurous smoke blinded them. As it cleared they saw Zehringer's body trailing over the lower step. Half his skull was shot away.

To have tried it again would have been suicidal folly. The thing was too simple for the gunmen above—to cover the little stair opening with their many rifles, and at the sight of a head to let all loose. The outcome must be always the same.

Crowded in the entrance hall the five troopers emptied their revolvers at the ceiling—without effect. The bullets could not penetrate the boards. Nothing remained for them now but to return to the power-house shelter.

"Here! We must take Zehringer," said a trooper, stooping to lift the body.

"No," commanded Sergeant Marsh sternly. "Enough men have been killed to-day. If there were a breath left in him it would be another thing. Leave him, and get away!"

It was full night now, and the heat of the day had exploded in storm. Rain was descending in sheets. The men were all wet to the skin, blinded by driving masses of water, thrashed by the hounding wind. Those that now gathered in the office of the power house stared at one another with comprehending eyes. Their hearts, each and all, were heavy and hot within them—heavy for their dead, hot with desire to avenge them, in torment to strike. Their nerves ground on edge.

Inaction was agony. But what should they do? What?

Suddenly out of the pelting black, over the song of the storm, rang a shriek, a howl—and the sound of heavy churning up the grade. Like a seal rearing out from the midnight ocean a big motor car stuck her glossy nose, dripping, out of the dark. The man at the wheel, streaming water from every crease of his oilskins, threw out his clutch, threw on his brake and strode over to the spot where the troopers stood. They knew him for a merchant of Punxsutawney.

"Heard you were in trouble," he said heartily. "Thought I'd run over and see if you wanted me."

(Continued on Page 73)

"OVER THERE"—$25,000.00 SONG HIT

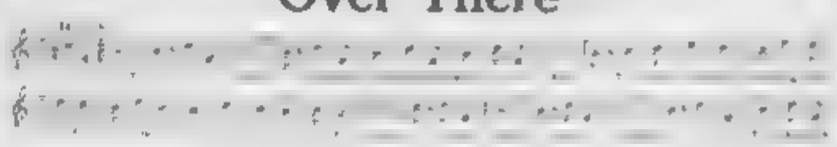
Soldiers, sailors, and citizens made it popular. They fight to it. They march to it. Sing it. Whistle it. Talk it. That's why we paid $25,000 to Geo. M. Cohan, who wrote it. It's the highest price ever paid for a song, but "Over There" is worth it.

Don't guess **at the words and melodies of these smashing songs! Get from your dealer today your copies for your piano; or *records and rolls for your talking-machine or player-piano.***

"Over There"

The feeling of America for her soldiers in France is sound[illegible] in this rousing war song. It has tickled the ears of [illegible] who are now [illegible], it has stirred the hearts and [illegible] of millions who have heard it.

"Over There"



Attention! If you want to put something over on your friends, get the new edition of this great song, now published with *both* English and *French* words—complete in one edition. Then you can sing it exactly as the poilus sing it "OVER THERE." Really *two* complete songs for the price of one!

ON SALE NOW

At all music and department stores, or at any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, Kraft, Grant, or Metropolitan store

Try these choruses. You will want to get the *complete* song sheets. Don't *imagine* you know the words. Don't guess at the melodies. Get complete copies of all of these song hits; know them from cover to cover.

SPECIAL NOTE: Next time you go to a cabaret, dance-hall, or other place where music is played be sure to ask the leader to play these "Feist" hits for you.

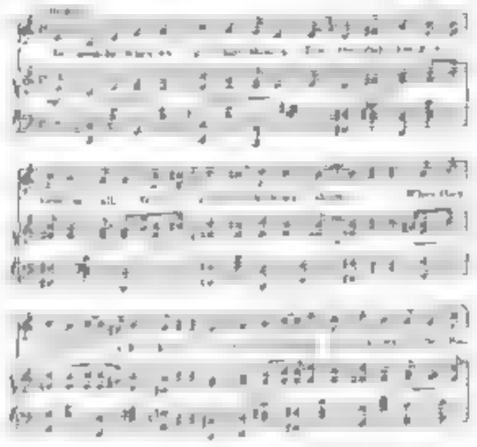
Other Popular "Feist" Songs

Bring Back My Daddy to Me	I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over
My Flower Garden Girl	You're My Little Indiana Rose
We'll Knock the Heligo Into Hell-go, Out of Hellgoland	Cleopatra Had a Jazz Band
	Good-bye Broadway, Hello France
My Red Cross Nurse	Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here
I Don't Want to Get Well	In Every Dream Town
It's a Long Way to Berlin	When There's Peace On Earth Again
Homeward Bound	You're as Dear to Me as Dear Can Be
Where Do We Go from Here	When We Wind Up the Watch on the Rhine

These songs are printed in the new "Feist" easy-to-read style

Songs, 15c each, any 7 for $1.00. Band or Orchestra, 25c. Male Quartette, 10c each

On sale at practically every music store in the United States and Canada. Look for the window displays of these songs and reproductions of this advertisement. Step inside and buy. *Get records for your talking-machine and rolls for your player-piano from your local dealer.*

"At the Darktown Strutters' Ball"

YOU CAN'T GO WRONG WITH ANY "FEIST" SONG

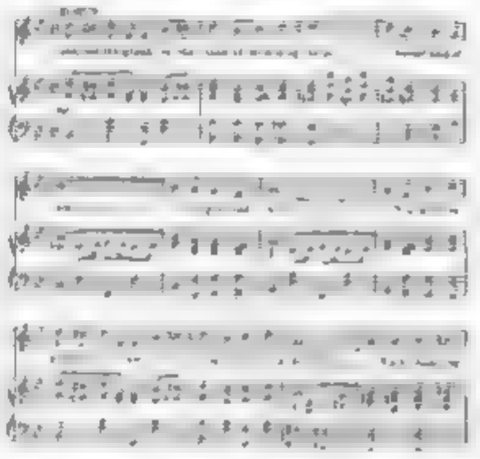
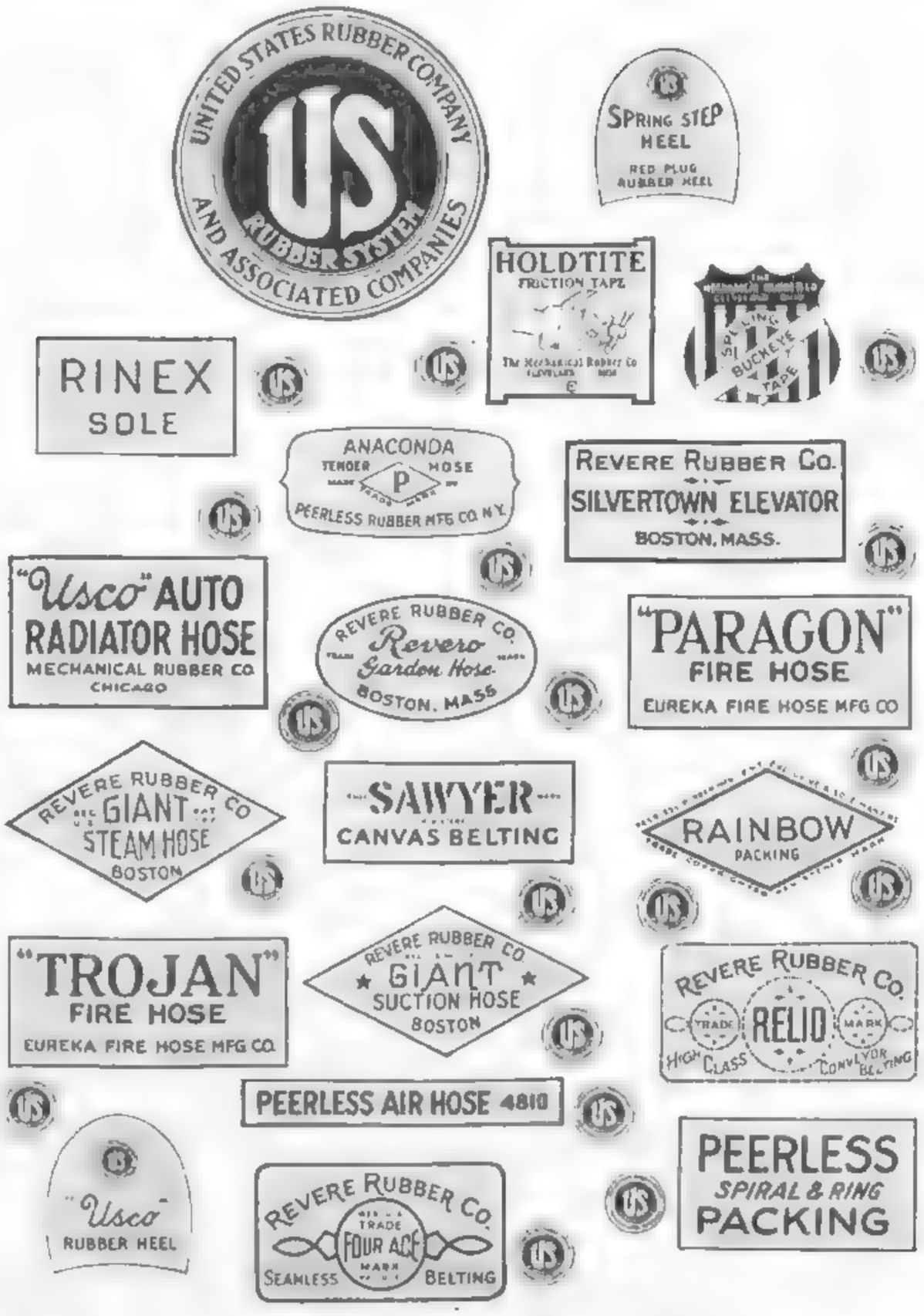
"AT THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL"

Oh, Boys! Jazzer-up! This rollicking, riot-[illegible] Jazziest of all Jazz songs; nobody at all for your talking-machine or player-piano. Words and music by Shelton Brooks.

"IN THE LAND OF WEDDING BELLS"

Hear the organ playing! Hear the [illegible] bells ring! [illegible] hear those wedding bells and that [illegible] folks are fox-trotting to. Words by Howard Johnson; music by Geo. W. Meyer, writer of "Me and My Gal."

LEO FEIST, INC., 240 West 40th Street (Feist Bldg.), New York City

"In the Land of Wedding Bells"


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Every user of any kind of mechanical rubber goods will recognize many old, trustworthy friends among the brands on this page.

And from now on, every user will recognize *all* of these brands as friends to be trusted, and will find, conveniently at hand, a full supply of the mechanical rubber goods they identify.

For all of these goods are now being stamped with the seal of the United States Rubber Company—a quality-mark known to everyone—in addition to the original brand of its Subsidiary Companies, which will continue to make the goods. And all the marketing activities of these Companies have been centered in a single great organization, the United States Rubber Company Mechanical Goods Division, with branches in principal cities, and with distributors *everywhere*.

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—all units of the United States Rubber Company Mechanical Goods Division, which stand united "for the better service of the public."

Mechanical Goods Division

United States Rubber Company

(Continued from Page 70)

"Want you! By Jove, I think we do!" exclaimed the first sergeant. "Will you take one of my troopers back to barracks and bring out our carbines?"

"Watch me! All aboard!"

The big car turned and whizzed away into the smother. When it came roaring back joy rode with it. Thirty carbines it bore, much ammunition, and, as the thought of the Punxsutawney man, a great can of hot coffee, and sandwiches many and thick.

"My home people hurried up to do that!" he beamed as he handed out the unexpected provender.

His name was Des Freas. Later he became burgess of his town. And he was a man!

The first sergeant could now arm his command with weapons suited to the work. He drew his circle of guards more compactly and he stationed men on the roofs. All night long they kept up their fire on the house. All night long with unflagging fury the house replied. The rain came down in a deluge. No such storm has been seen in that region since. The troopers dripped as if the sea flowed over them, and crashes of thunder, with the staggering glare of lightning, added confusion to the scene.

Throughout it all First Sergeant Lumb steadily continued making the round of the posts, "because," as he said, "a man might be shot between any two minutes, and lie there weltering in the mud and the rain, with no one the wiser."

Once, back in the field, he found a post empty—a post where he had placed a mounted man. And so with fear in his heart for what hand or foot might touch he began combing the dark.

"Is that you, Top?" called a voice from a little farther on.

"What the deuce did you leave your place for, confound you!" The sergeant snarled like a surly bear, because of exceeding gladness.

"Why, they were kicking up mud between my horse's legs with their bullets. Shall I go back?"

"Oh, stay where you are," growled the sergeant; "and keep awake!"

Up on the roof just opposite the citadel Privates Thomas Casey and Charles T. Smith were conducting a campaign all their own. Private Casey would maneuver his helmet on the end of a stick from behind the shelter of a chimney. Then when the big, long lightning flashes came someone of the garrison in the house would jump up to fire at that helmet; upon which, by the same wild light, Private Smith would snipe at the marksman. Then the two troopers, changing rôles, would start again.

At each white flare faces showed at the windows—not always the same faces certainly; the troop's gun practice was better than that. But no one could swear to features seen by such mad, fitful gleams. So the pair on the roof toiled on in faith and hope rather than in certainty.

Captain Robinson Arrives

Under the lee of a box car standing on a siding some thirty feet from the spot where Trooper Henry fell, Private Kohut spent the night as guard of that exit from the scene. Whatever may have happened unperceived by him during the thick of the tempest, Private Kohut actually detected no one passing his way until the first faint gray of dawn. Then his straining ears caught a sound of cautious moving, and presently he could discern two figures stealing down. When they were almost upon him he suddenly stepped across their path. Private Kohut was six feet two inches tall, and built for service.

The two snatched at their gun pockets, but their gestures were just a thought less quick than that of the big trooper. Seizing each by the scruff of the neck he knocked their heads together with a force that dazed them. So he held them, limp and feebly swearing, until the first sergeant sent to gather them in, and to substitute handcuffs for the weight of deadly weapons confiscated.

Now at the time when all this turmoil began the officer in command of D Troop, Captain Robinson, was absent from barracks and at a distance. As soon as its serious nature appeared a report went off to him by telephone, and he started for Florence at once. At five o'clock in the morning he arrived.

The scene as he found it was little altered. Henry's body lay in the power house. The rain had stopped. The fire from the citadel had died down, but the last man who had shown himself before the windows had drawn a volley of lead. Many spectators had come over from Punxsutawney, most of them armed and ready to do their part if required. But the first sergeant was troubled by their presence and had forbidden the further running of trolley cars into or through the town for fear of injury to civilians. As for Florence itself, the mass of its population was living up to its repute, evincing a will to attack at any moment.

The captain heard the first sergeant's report in silence, standing under the lee of the power house with a cluster of troopers beside him. . . .

"In my opinion the place should now be dynamited," Lumb concluded; "and I have the dynamite ready too."

"Where?" asked the captain.

The first sergeant, by way of answer, turned and reached under the power-house porch.

"Here," said he, the package in hand. "Twenty sticks."

"Lumb, I'll plant this dynamite myself. But—we can't blow the place up with Zehringer's body in it."

"Certainly not, sir!"

"Will you take a chance, and try to get it out?"

The first sergeant turned to his friend, big Sergeant Marsh, question in his eyes. Every essay into the open that had thus far been made had drawn the window's deadly fire. It was a desperate risk to run.

Marsh assented silently, with the nod that his friends know well. "I'll see you through," it said.

More or better no man could desire.

Twenty Sticks of Dynamite

"Order the men well back," said the captain. "Clear a big ring. One stick of dynamite will bring down a couple of tons of coal in a mine. We don't know what twenty will do here. Have half a dozen troopers cover the windows. When you're ready we'll make the dash together."

While the brief debate was on, the clustered troopers had listened with eager ears. But at the end one among them, Private Lewis Lardin, could bear no more.

"Top!" he cried, breaking forward, the old army nickname for all first sergeants coming unheeded from his lips—"Oh, Top! Let me take your place. The troop needs you more than me!"

Tears were running down the boy's face as he pleaded with all his honest might. His hand clutched his sergeant's sleeve, shaking with the intensity of his prayer. But Lumb, for the reason that his own throat was choked with emotion roused by this unexpected touch, rapped out a gruff reproof:

"Get back to your place, will you! And stay there."

"Ready?" asked the captain sharply.

"Ready," answered the friends.

"Come on!"

The three stepped out—dashed for the citadel.

The spectators literally dared not breathe as the flying figures crossed the open. Then once again they saw big Sergeant Marsh put his shoulder to the door and drive it in, for the garrison had barred it anew since that last fatal entry.

Marsh disappeared from sight, Lumb with him, into the hall. Poor Zehringer's body now lay farther down than they had left it, doubled and cramped into the little square of the vestibule, and stiff in the rigor of death. At first it seemed that they never could twist it and work it round and through the door. It was unyielding as marble and impossibly bent. And with every instant they expected volleys of lead to sweep down those stairs.

At last with a tremendous pull, Lumb taking the body by the legs, Marsh by the elbows, they wrenched it free into the doorway, and, so carrying it, ran for the power house with all the speed they could make.

As they dashed out of the door with their burden Captain Robinson, who had been waiting outside, dynamite charge in hand, walked into the vestibule they had just quitted, placed his charge, ignited its fuse, and coolly paused in the doorway to light his cigarette with the remaining flame of the match. Then he, too, made for cover.

With a thick roar the charge exploded. The building trembled and partly fell.

Now in a rush the whole detail swept down upon the place, invading every section of it at once. Some of the men dashed into the shop that occupied half of the

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Photo by Buchrach, Philadelphia

"I Tried to Steal Her But She Laughed"

She could afford to laugh. Only four months each year this girl busied herself and yet she earned $2000. Naturally "the best proposals we could make," as the Manager of a large business house wrote, could not tempt her from her chosen work. She met the best people: made scores of friends and went to college eight months each year.

This girl could have had a good position with the big business house whose manager tried to "steal" her. But it couldn't tempt her. Nor would it tempt you if you were in her place. And you can be. For we will do for you exactly as we did—and are doing—for this girl. Do you want us to do it? Write to

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lower story, facing on the farther street. A depot of miners' supplies it proved to be, filled with barrels and cans of oil, kegs of powder and various explosives. But not a human being was there.

Other troopers ransacked what remained of the housekeeping rooms on this lower floor. Here again was no creature, but here was an indication of the means by which many had escaped during the latter part of the siege: As has been said, the house stood on a stone foundation some three feet high. Beneath the floor was no cellar but only an air space, provided by this base. Out from the air space on the side toward the railroad track and the power house passed an arched drain, running transversely under the raised railroad bed, to open into a culvert at a point beyond the spot where Henry fell. On the kitchen floor lay an old short-handled ax that had obviously been used to rip up the flooring boards and so to give access to the underlying air space and its drain.

While the discovery of the tunnel was being made Sergeant Marsh, followed by other troopers, had driven a bee line for the fatal stairs. This time no sheet of flame received them at the top, and though they ransacked the rooms of the second story they could find but one man there. Half kneeling still, he crouched by the window just as he had been crouching to fire when death overtook him in the guise of a bullet through his head. But here and in the other chambers were many rifles and shotguns, and an amount of ammunition that would have sufficed for many men to withstand a siege of days.

The house had no attic, but between the peak of the roof and the rough-board ceiling of the second story ran a triangular air space. In the ceiling of the hallway, giving access to this air space, yawned a raw hole of about the size of a man's body, whose fresh edges showed that it had but newly been hacked through the boards.

With a spring one young trooper caught the edges of the hole in his hands and was about to haul himself up to look in when a heavy jerk on his belt brought him back with a thud.

"Young man, that's what that hole was made for—for you to stick your head in," said Sergeant Marsh, giving the lad a shake as he cast him loose. "But we'll see what's in that attic, all the same. Casey, come on. Take along the ax."

Sergeant Marsh and Private Casey, swarming up outside by window frame and cornice, were busy on the roof chopping through the shingles when a warning shout and a burst of flame sent them sliding to earth. As they landed, an inert weight struck earth beside them. It was the body of the gunman found crouching in the window, thrown down by the troopers to save it from the fire.

Tabone Identified

The house was now untenable for another moment. The men, pouring out, gathered at a safe distance to watch what was to come. The dynamite explosion had in some way started a blaze. The blaze flew, sweeping all before it. As it reached the depot of miners' stores the whole place went roaring. The roof crashed in, pitching down into the depths of the pile. As it went, the bodies of two men, whether dead or alive no one could say, fell out of its sundered air space and dropped before it into the furnace beneath.

With the rush and roar of the flames and with the heavy detonations of the high explosives in the shop came a rapid and fitful rattle of slighter discharges as store after store of small-arms ammunition, concealed here and there about the house, responded to heat and fire. Thousands of rounds in this way betrayed themselves, and when, as presently befell, the whole structure sank to the ground, a mass of burning embers, the heat striking down into the nether air space exploded several hundred rounds more.

First Sergeant Lumb, as the body of the dead gunman was tossed from the window, had ordered it recovered and brought to a place of safety. Now that there was time, the troopers stopped to look at it.

"That's not Walsach!" said Sergeant Logan without enthusiasm.

"But I'll tell you who it is though. It's Jim Tabone!" exclaimed another.

"Jim Tabone it surely is!" a third and a fourth acquiesced.

Jim Tabone was an Italian agitator who had several times been seized by D Troop's hand for carrying concealed deadly weapons and for threats to kill. The courts had fined him soundly for his misdemeanors, and in consequence he bore a lively grudge against the force.

Tabone himself, as a soldier in the Italian Army, had fought in Abyssinia against King Menelek, winning there a sharpshooter's medal, of which he was very proud. In season and out of season he had aired his hatred of the State Police to all his world. Here in this house on this wild night he had without doubt been flaunting his determination to fight them to a bloody end. Where could there be a finer field? What more could his mad heart desire? Here was good intrenchment, here were weapons and ammunition beyond his utmost need. Here was the enemy deployed before him and sure to stick.

"I know Jim Tabone," soliloquized Sergeant Marsh as he stood looking down on the dead man's face. "I know what was in that mind of his, all night long. He said to himself: 'This is my big chance. This is my getting-off place. I'll go in state!' And he was as happy as a king."

Then the detail jumped to the work of searching the settlement—searching every house in which participants might be lodged. All through the upper section, where the vicious element clustered, they gathered sheaves of men. Under beds, in closets, in coal holes and wells and attics they found them and dragged them forth gnashing, hating, shaken with doubts and fears. And every man of them carried hidden arms.

Names Never Forgotten

Meantime First Sergeant Lumb with a squad of five troopers was riding back to Anita at the fork of the roads—to the Palace Hotel, to the dubious Pole, to his neighbors who were not dubious at all. With an enveloping swirl they seized the place, plucked from it those ripe for the plucking, and whisked them away to jail.

Every one of these arrests, whether made at Florence or at the fork of the road, was followed by conviction on such charges as the evidence justified, at the next term of court. But the public at large awaited no verdict of court in determining its own attitude toward the affair.

The event at Florence by one stroke acquainted the public with the mettle and character of the new force and made every honest man its respectful friend. For the force itself it performed another service: It awakened it to a graver and wider view of its own possibilities, of its future work, and of the extreme sacrifice that at any moment might be asked of it. And it knitted the brotherhood together by bonds stronger than death.

First Sergeant Lumb, having served with honor through all intermediary steps, is now deputy superintendent of the force, with rank of captain. He is also a member of the bar of the state.

Private Homer A. Chambers—Dick Chambers as half the state calls him—with scars all over his body, with an eye shot away, and still carrying mementos within him in the form of balls of lead, now serves as Sergeant Chambers of Troop A. Countless times since his extraordinary recovery after the Florence fight has he performed valiant service "for the major." Countless times has he earned the gratitude of all good men. Toward those who so barbarously shot him not an atom of malice remains in his simple heart.

The names of Henry and Zehringer will never be forgotten in the squadron. The older officers who were their friends and comrades still teach their story in lowered voices to succeeding relays of recruits, who learn and ponder the tale until it is as if the two were elder brothers barely lost to sight.

Henry, a quiet, reserved and most courageous man, had been a general favorite with the troop. Zehringer, who was of French extraction, had behind him a fine record of service in the Fourth United States Cavalry and the Sixtieth Coast Artillery. He had served against the Indians and in Cuba, in Alaska and in the Philippines. He had won medals for life-saving, medals for sharpshooting, he was a past master of horsemanship—but his comrades loved him above all as one who was never so happy as when helping a friend.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Miss Mayo. The second will appear in an early issue

A Photograph of Christine Miller, posing to accompany [illegible] Edison's to facetiously exhibit her voice

A Faithful Reflection of Christine Miller

The clearest pool of water mirrors the image above it no more faithfully than this marvelous instrument reflects the voices of its artists. So complete and perfect is the Re-Creation that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the artist's performance and that of

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Over two million people have attended our famous tone tests in which living artists were pitted against the instrument. And in not one instance has the New Edison failed to meet this searching test: definitely—convincingly—conclusively.

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50,000,000 tons of coal

A message to householders from the United States Fuel Administrator

THIS country is short of coal—*fifty million tons short.*

We must have coal to keep our houses warm.

We must have coal to keep the railroads running, carrying raw materials to the factories, food to the millions of workers, war supplies to the army camps.

We must have coal to feed power to the thousands of factories which are working night and day turning out arms, ammunition, clothing for the fighting forces.

We must have coal to send thousands of ships across the sea to feed and support the Allies, and our own men in France.

To do all of this will take 100,000,000 tons more coal this year than we ever burned in peace times.

The mines have done their best

The mines have speeded up production and have succeeded in making up half of the shortage.

But we are still 50,000,000 tons behind our urgent needs.

The only way to make up this huge shortage is to *save it* out of our regular supply.

The average home burns up nearly a ton more coal every year than it needs. If every engineer, janitor, and householder will save every possible pound of coal, we can make up the 50,000,000 tons without hardship to anyone.

Hints on Coal Saving

1 Keep your rooms at 68° (Best heat for health).

2 Do not cool off house by opening windows; check fire. Don't heat "all outdoors."

3 Cover furnace and pipes with asbestos or other insulation. Also weather strip your windows or stuff cracks with cotton.

4 Clean soot and ashes from heating surfaces.

5 Remove ashes from furnace *daily*.

6 Do not control fire with doors; use your dampers.

7 Test your ashes by sifting; if you find much good coal, there is something wrong with the furnace or with the way you are running it. Call in a furnace expert.

Write to the maker of your furnace for definite directions for running it economically.

Save a shovelful a day

If every householder will use one kitchen shovelful less each day, the total saving for the nation will be 15,000,000 tons per year.

If every householder will use one furnace shovelful less each day, 25,000,000 tons more will be saved.

Begin today

Coal saving is one of your most urgent duties in these war-times. *It is vital to every other war work.*

The time to begin saving is today. The most coal is being used *now*, the railroads are most congested *now*, the factories most in need of fuel *now*.

Every ton of coal saved today will help more than it ever can again to win the war.

HARRY A. GARFIELD,
United States Fuel Administrator.

Keep your rooms at 68°

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 20)

this line had made it his headquarters in New York?"

"I did not," I replied stiffly. "But I can believe the worst of it. Now here's what befell me there"; and with brief conciseness I recounted my adventure, beginning with the summons from the restaurant to the telephone.

It was strange how, as I talked, each detail fell into its place, how each little circumstance, formerly so mystifying, grew clear. The alarm of the maitre d'hôtel over my sudden departure, his relief when I entered the booth, his corresponding horror when, emerging, I took the elevator for my room, puzzled me no longer. The deserted halls, the flight of the little German intruder, the determined lack of interest of the hotel management were merely links in the chain.

I told a straight, unvarnished story, with one exception. When I came to the point I couldn't bring in Miss Esmé Falconer's name, I found. I said noncommittally that a lady had occupied the room where the thief took refuge; and I left it to be inferred that I had never seen her before or since.

The lieutenant heard my tale out with impassivity. "Is that all, Mr. Bayne?" he asked shortly as I paused.

"Yes," I lied doggedly. "And if you want more I call you insatiable. I've told you enough to satisfy any man's appetite for the abnormal, haven't I?"

"Your defense, then," he summed it up, "is that under the protection of a German management a German agent entered your room, opened your trunk, concealed these papers in it and repacked it. You believe that, eh?"

It sounded wild enough, I acknowledged gloomily as I sat staring at the carpet with my elbows on my knees. "You've been a pretty fool, a pretty fool, a pretty fool!" the refrain sang itself unceasingly on my ears. I was disgusted with the episode, more disgusted yet with my own rôle. Why was I lying, why making myself, by my present silence as well as by my former density, the flagrant confederate of a clever spy?

I shrugged my shoulders. "Oh, what's the use?" I muttered. "No, of course I don't believe it, and you won't either if you are sane! It is too ridiculous. I might as well suggest that if the thief hadn't been gone when they arrived the manager and the detective would have shanghaied me, or the house doctor drugged me with a hypodermic till the fellow could get away! Let's end all this! I'm ready to go ashore if you want to take me. In your place I know I should laugh at such a story; and I think that on general principles I should order the man who told it shot!"

"Not necessarily, Mr. Bayne," was the cool response of the Englishman. "The trouble with you neutrals is that you laugh too much at German spies. We warn you sometimes, and then you grin and say that it's hysteria. But by and by you'll change your minds, as we did, and know the German secret service for what it is—the most competent thing, the most widely spread, and pretty much the most dangerous, that the world has to fight to-day!"

"You don't mean," I inquired blankly, "that you believe me?"

It looks odd enough as I set it down. Ordinarily I expect my word to be accepted—but then, as a general thing I don't suddenly discover that I have been chaperoning a set of German code dispatches across the seas!

"I mean," he corrected with truly British phlegm, "that I can't say positively your story is untrue. Here's the case: Someone, probably Franz von Blenheim, wants to send these papers home by way of Italy and Switzerland. Your hotel manager tells him you are going to sail for Naples; you are an American on your way to help the Allies; it's ten to one that nobody will suspect you and that your baggage will go through untouched. What does he do? He has the papers slipped into your wallet. Then he sends a cable to some friend in Naples about a sick aunt, or candles, or soap. And the friend translates the cable by a private code and reads that you are coming and that he is to shadow you, and learn where you are stopping, and loot your trunk the first night you spend ashore!"

"I don't grasp," I commented dazedly, "why they should weave such circles. Why not let one of their own agents bring over the papers?"

The lieutenant smiled—a faint, cold, wintry smile.

"Spies," he informed me, "always think they are watched; and generally they're not wrong in thinking so. If they can send their documents by an innocent person they had better! For my part I call it a very clever scheme!"

"I believe I am dreaming," I muttered. "Somebody ought to pinch me. You found those infernal things nestling among my coats and hose and trousers—and you don't think I put them there?"

"I didn't say that," he denied as unresponsively as a brazen Vishnu. "I simply say that I wouldn't care to order you shot, as things stand now. But you'll remember that I have only your word that all this happened, or that you are really an American, or even that this passport is yours and that your name is—ah—Devereux Bayne. We'll have to know quite a bit more before we call this thing settled. How are you going to satisfy His Majesty the King?"

I plucked up spirit. "Well," I suggested, "how will this suit you? I'll go down to my stateroom and stop there until we land in Italy; and if you like, just to be on the safe side with such a desperado as I am, you can put a guard outside my door. But first you'll send a sheaf of Marconigrams for me in both directions. You're welcome to read them, of course, before they go. Then when we get to Naples my friend, Mr. Herriott, will meet the steamer—he is second secretary at the United States Embassy, and his identification will be sufficient, I suppose. Anyhow, if it isn't I dare say the Ambassador will say a word for me. I have known him for years, though not so well."

"That would be quite sufficient as to identification." He stressed the last word significantly, and I thanked heaven for Dunny and for the forces which I knew that rather important old personage could set at work.

"Also," I continued coolly, "there will be various cablegrams from United States officials awaiting us, which will convince you, I hope, that I am not likely to be a spy. There will be a statement from the friend who dined with me at the St. Ives. There will be the declaration of the policeman who saw the German climb down the fire escape and bolt into the room beneath."

"And hang the expense!" I added inwardly, computing cable rates, but assuming a lordly indifference to them which only a multimillionaire could really feel.

The Englishman and the captain consulted a moment. Then the former spoke: "That will be satisfactory, sir, to Captain Cecchi and to me. Write out your cables, if you please. They shall be sent. And I say, Mr. Bayne—I hope you drive that ambulance! I'm not stationed here to be a partisan, but you've stood up to us like a man!"

An hour later as I finished my solitary dinner the electric lights flickered and died, and the engines began their throb. Under cover of the darkness we were slipping out of Gibraltar. I leaned my arms on the table and scanned the remains of my feast by the light of my one sad candle, not thinking of what I saw, or of the various calls for help I had been dispatching, or of the sailor grimly mounting guard outside my door. I was remembering a girl—a girl with ruddy hair and a wild rose flush and great, gray, starry eyes—a girl whom, by all the rules of the game, I should have handed over to those who represented the countries she was duping—and whom, when I came face to face with the issue, I had found I had to shield.

XX

THE Turin-Paris express—the most direct, the Italians call it—was too popular by half to suit the tastes of morose beings who wished for solitude. With great trouble and pains I had ferreted out a single vacant compartment; but as four o'clock sounded and the whistle blew for departure a belated traveler joined me—worse still, an acquaintance who could not be quite ignored.

The unwelcome intruder was Mr. John van Blarcom, my late fellow voyager.

"Why, hello!" he greeted me cheerfully. "Going through to France? Glad to see you—but you're about the last man that

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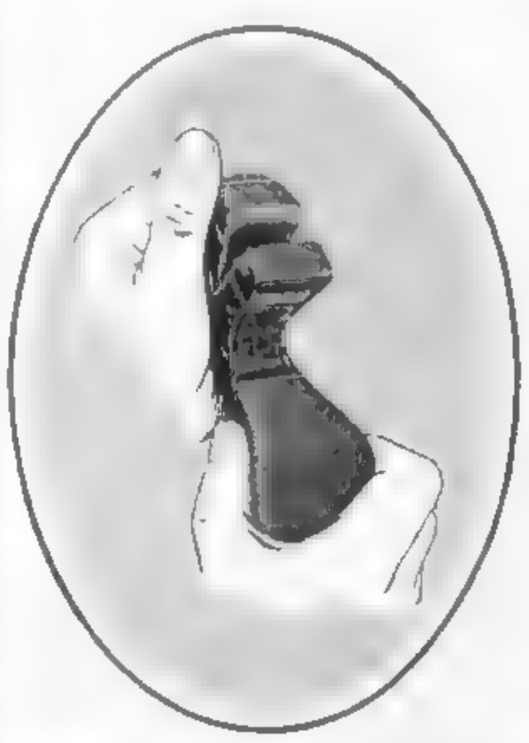

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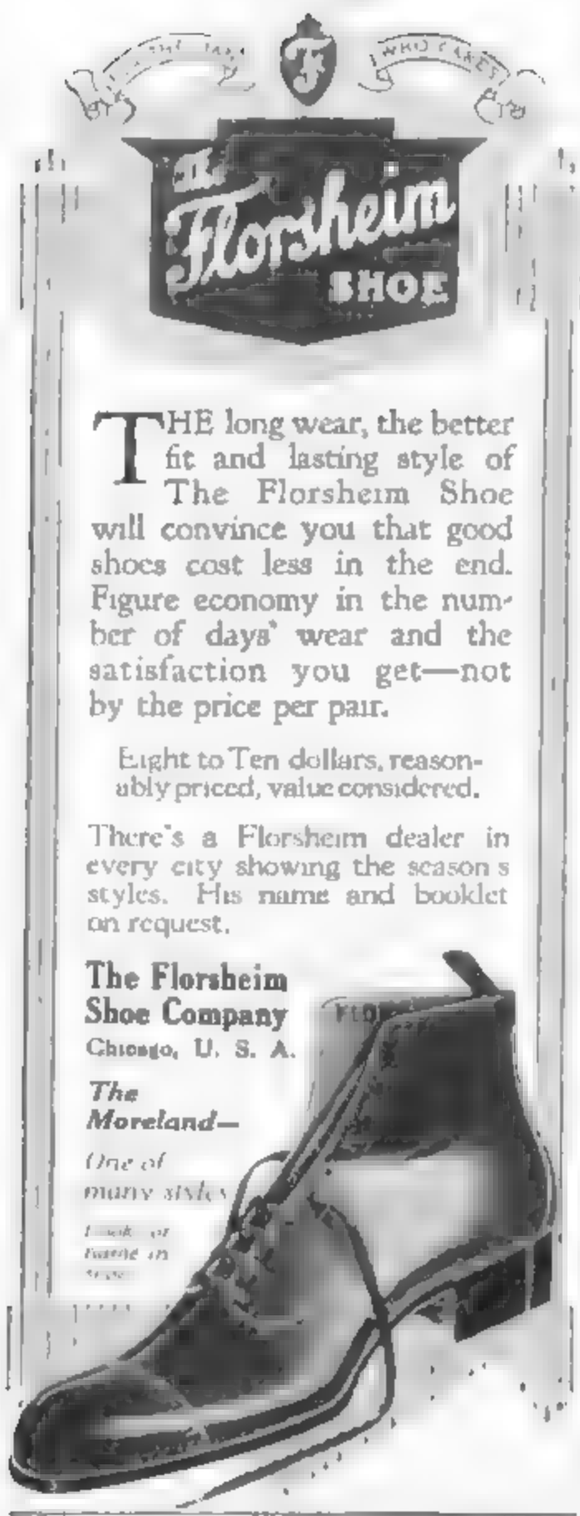

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I was looking for. I got the idea, somehow, you were planning to stop a while in Rome!"

I returned his nod with a curtness I was at no pains to dissemble. Then I reproached myself, for it was undeniable that on the Ré d'Italia he had more than once stood my friend. He had offered me a timely warning, which I had flouted; he had obligingly confirmed my statement in my grueling third degree. Yet in spite of this—or because of it—I didn't like him; nor did I like his patronizing, complacent manner, which seemed fairly to shriek at me "I told you so!"

"Changed my plans," I acknowledged with a lack of cordiality that failed to ruffle him. He had hung up his overcoat and installed himself, facing me, and was now making preparations toward lighting a fat cigar.

"Well," he commented with a chuckle of raillery after this operation, "the last time I saw you, you were in a pretty tight corner, eh? You can't say it was my fault, either; I'd have put you wise if you'd listened. But you weren't taking any—you knew better than I did—and you strafed me, as the Dutchies say, to the Kaiser's taste!"

"Good advice seldom gets much thanks, I believe," was my grumpy comment; which he chose unexpectedly to accept as an apology, and with a large, fine, generous gesture to blow away.

"That's all right," he declared. "I'm not holding it against you. We've all got to learn. Next time you won't be so easy caught, I guess. It makes a man do some thinking when he gets a dose like you did; and those chaps at Gibraltar certainly gave you a rough deal!"

"On the contrary," I differed shortly—I wasn't hunting sympathy—"considering all the circumstances I think they were extremely fair."

"Not to shoot you on sight? Well, maybe!" He was grinning. "But I guess you weren't hunting for a chance to spend two days cooped up in a cabin that measured six feet by five!"

"It had advantages. One of them was solitude," I responded dryly. "And it was less unpleasant than being relegated to a six-by-three grave. See here, I don't enjoy this subject! Suppose we drop it. The fact is I've never understood why you came to my rescue on that occasion; you didn't owe me any civility, you know, and you had to—well, we'll say, draw on your imagination when you claimed you saw what I threw overboard that night!"

"Sure, I lied like a trooper," he admitted placidly. "Glad to do it. You didn't break any bones when you strafed me, and anyhow, I felt sorry for you—it always goes against me to see a fellow being played!"

Thanks to my determined coolness the conversation lapsed. I buried myself in a Paris paper but found I could not read. Simmering with wrath I lived again the ill-starred voyage his words recalled to me, breathed the close, smothering air of the cabin that had held me prisoner, tasted the knowledge that I was watched like any thief. An armed sailor had stood outside my door by day and by night; and a dozen times I had longed to fling open that frail partition, seize the man by the collar and hurl him far away.

Glancing out at the landscape I saw that Turin lay back of us and that our track was winding through dark chestnut forests toward the heights. Confound Van Blarcom's reminiscences and the thoughts they had set stirring! In ambush behind my paper I gloomily relived the past.

Our ship, following sealed instructions, had changed her course at Gibraltar, conveying us to Genoa instead of Naples, by way of the Spanish coast. From my porthole I had gazed glumly on blue skies and bright-blue waters, purple hills and white-walled cities and fishing boats with patched, gaudy sails and dark-complexioned crews. Then Genoa rose from the sea, in tier after tier of pink and green and orange houses and shimmering groves of olive trees; and I was summoned to the salon, to face the captain of the port, the chief of police of the city and their bedizened suites.

Surrounded by plumes and swords and gold lace I maintained my innocence, and heard Jack Herriott, on his opportune arrival, pour forth in weird but fluent Italian an account of me that must have surrounded me in the eyes of all present with a golden halo, and that firmly established me in their minds as the probable next President of the United States. Thanks to these exaggerations and to various confirmatory cablegrams—Dunny had plainly set the wires humming on receiving my S O S—I found myself a free man, at price of putting my signature to a statement of it all. I shook the hand of the ever-noncommittal Captain Cecchi, and left the ship. And an hour later good old Jack was gazing at me in wrath unconcealed as I informed him that I was in a mood for neither gadding nor social intercourse, and had made up my mind to proceed immediately to duty at the Front.

"You've been seasick, that's what ails you," he diagnosed my condition. "Oh, I don't expect you to admit it—no man ever did that—but you wait and see how you feel when we've had a few meals at the Grand Hotel in Rome!"

This culinary bait leaving me cold he lost his temper, expressed a hope that the Germans would blow my ambulance to smithereens, and assured me that the next time I brought papers for the Huns across the ocean I might extricate myself without his assistance from what might ensue. However, though he has a bark Jack possesses no bite worth mentioning. He even saw me off when I left by the north-bound train.

Leaning moodily forward I looked again from the window and wished I might hurry the creaking, grinding revolution of the wheels. We were climbing higher and higher among the mountains. The chestnuts, growing scantier, were replaced by dark firs and pines. Streams came winding down like icy, crystal threads; the little rivers we crossed looked blue and glacial; pink roses and mountain flowers showed themselves as we approached the peaks. A polite official, entering, examined our papers; and with snow surrounding us and cold clear air blowing in at the window, we left Bardonnechia, the last of the frontier towns.

I was speeding toward France—but where was the girl of the Ré d'Italia? To what dubious rendezvous, what haunt of spies, had she hurried, once ashore? The thought of her stung my vanity almost beyond endurance. She had pleaded with me that night, swayed against me trustingly, appealed to me as to a chivalrous gentleman—and having competently pulled the wool over my eyes had laughed at me in her sleeve!

I had held myself a canny fellow, not an easy prey to adventurers; a fairly decent one, too, who didn't lie to a king's officers or help treasonable plots. Yet had I not done just those things by my silence on the steamer? And for what reason? Upon my soul I didn't know, unless because she had gray eyes!

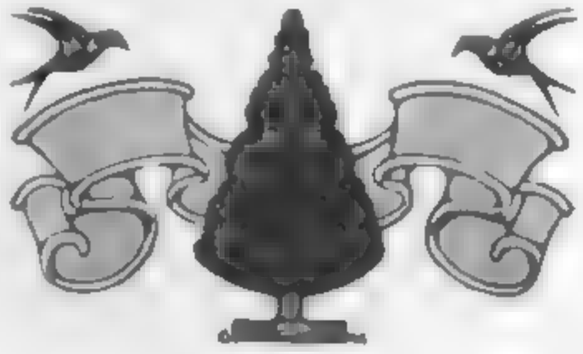
"Hang it all!" I exclaimed, flinging my unlucky paper into a corner, and becoming aware too late that Van Blarcom was observing me with a grin.

"I've got the black butterflies, as the French say," I explained savagely. "This mountain travel is maddening—one might as well be a snail!"

"Sure, a slow train's tiresome," agreed Van Blarcom. "Specially if you're not feeling overpleased with life anyway," he added with a knowing smile.

An angry answer rose to my lips, but the Mont Cenis Tunnel opportunely enveloped us, and in the dark half-hour transit that followed I regained my self-control. It was not worth while, I decided, to quarrel with the fellow, to break his head or to give him the chance of breaking mine. After all, I thought low-spiritedly, what right had I to look down on him? We were pot and kettle, indistinguishably black. It was true that he had perjured himself upon the liner; but so, in spirit if not in words, had I!

Thus reflecting I saw the train emerge from the tunnel, felt it jar to a standstill in the station of Modane, and in obedience to staccato French outcries on the platform alighted in the frontier town. Followed by Van Blarcom and preceded by our porters I strolled in leisurely fashion toward the customs shed. The air was clear, chilly, invigorating; snowy peaks were thick and



near. And the scene was picturesque, dotted as it was with mounted bayonets and blue territorial uniforms—reminders that boundary lines were no longer jests and that strangers might not enter France unchallenged in time of war.

Van Blarcom's elbow at this juncture nudged me sharply. "Say, Mr. Bayne," he was whispering, "look over there, will you? What do you know about that?"

I looked indifferently. Then blank dismay took possession of me. Across the shed, just visible between rows of trunks piled mountain high, stood Miss Esmé Falconer, as always only too well worth seeing from fur hat to modish shoe.

"Ain't that the limit," commented the grinning Van Blarcom, "us three turning up again, all together like this? Well, I guess she won't have to call a policeman to stop you talking to her! You know enough this time to steer pretty clear of her—isn't that so?"

But I had wheeled upon him; the coincidence was too striking!

"Look here!" I demanded. "Are you following that young lady? Is that your business on this side?"

"No!" he denied disgustedly, retreating a step. "Never saw her from the time we docked till this minute; never wanted to see her! Anyhow, what's the glare for? Suppose I was?"

"It's rather strange, you'll admit." I was regarding him fixedly. "You seemed to have a good deal of information about her on the ship. Yet when that affair occurred at Gibraltar you were as dumb as an oyster. Why didn't you tell the captain and the English officers the things you knew?"

"Well, I had my reasons," he replied defiantly; "and at that, I don't see as you've got anything on me, Mr. Bayne! You're no fool. You put two and two together quick enough to know darned well who planted those papers in your baggage; so if you thought it needed telling, why didn't you tell it yourself?"

"I don't know who put them there," I denied hastily, "except that he was a pale little runt of a German, pretending to be a thief, who will wish he had died young if I ever see him again!"

An inspector had just passed my traps through with bored indifference. I turned a huffy back on Van Blarcom and went to stand in line before a door which harbored, I was told, a special commission for the examination of passports and the admission of travelers into France.

Reaching the inner room in due course I saluted three uniformed men who sat round an unimposing wooden table, exhibited the visé that Jack Herriott had secured for me at Genoa, and was welcomed to the land. Next I stepped forth on the platform, retrieved my porter and my baggage, and placed myself near the door to wait until the girl should come.

I must have been a grim sort of sentinel as I stood there watching. I knew what I had to do, but I detested it with all my heart. There was one thing to be said for this Miss Falconer—she had courage! She was pressing on to French soil without lingering a day in Italy, though she must be conscious that by so swift a move she was risking suspicion, discovery, death.

As moment after moment dragged past I grew uneasy. Would she come out at all? Could she win past those trained, keen-eyed men? The more I thought of it the more desperate seemed the game she was playing. This little Alpine town, high among the peaks, surrounded by pines and snow, had been a setting for tragedies since the war began! These territorials with their muskets were not mere supers, either. But no! She was emerging; she was starting toward the *rapide*. There no doubt a reserved compartment was awaiting her, and once inside its shelter she would not appear again.

I drew a deep breath in which resolve and distaste were mingled. She had crossed the frontier, but she was not in Paris yet. I couldn't shirk the thing twice, knowing as I did her charm, her beauty, her air of proud, spirited graciousness—all the tools that equipped her. I couldn't—if I were ever again to hold up my head before a Frenchman—let her pass on, so daring and dangerous and resourceful, to do her work in France!

As she approached I stepped in front of her, lifting my hat.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Falconer," said I.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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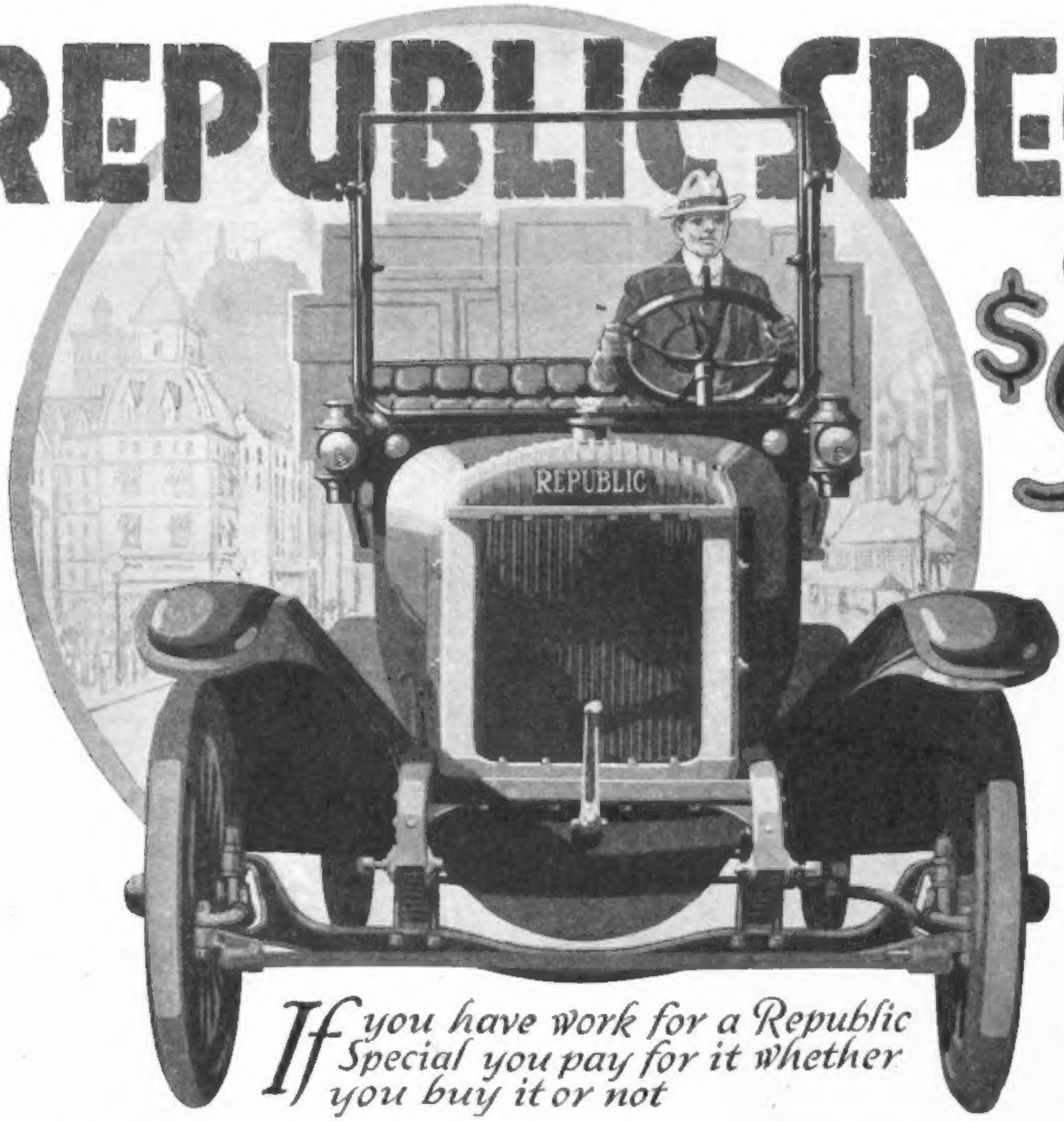

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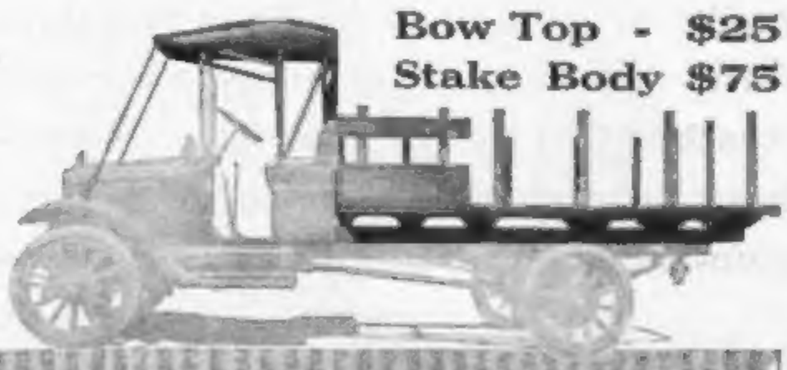

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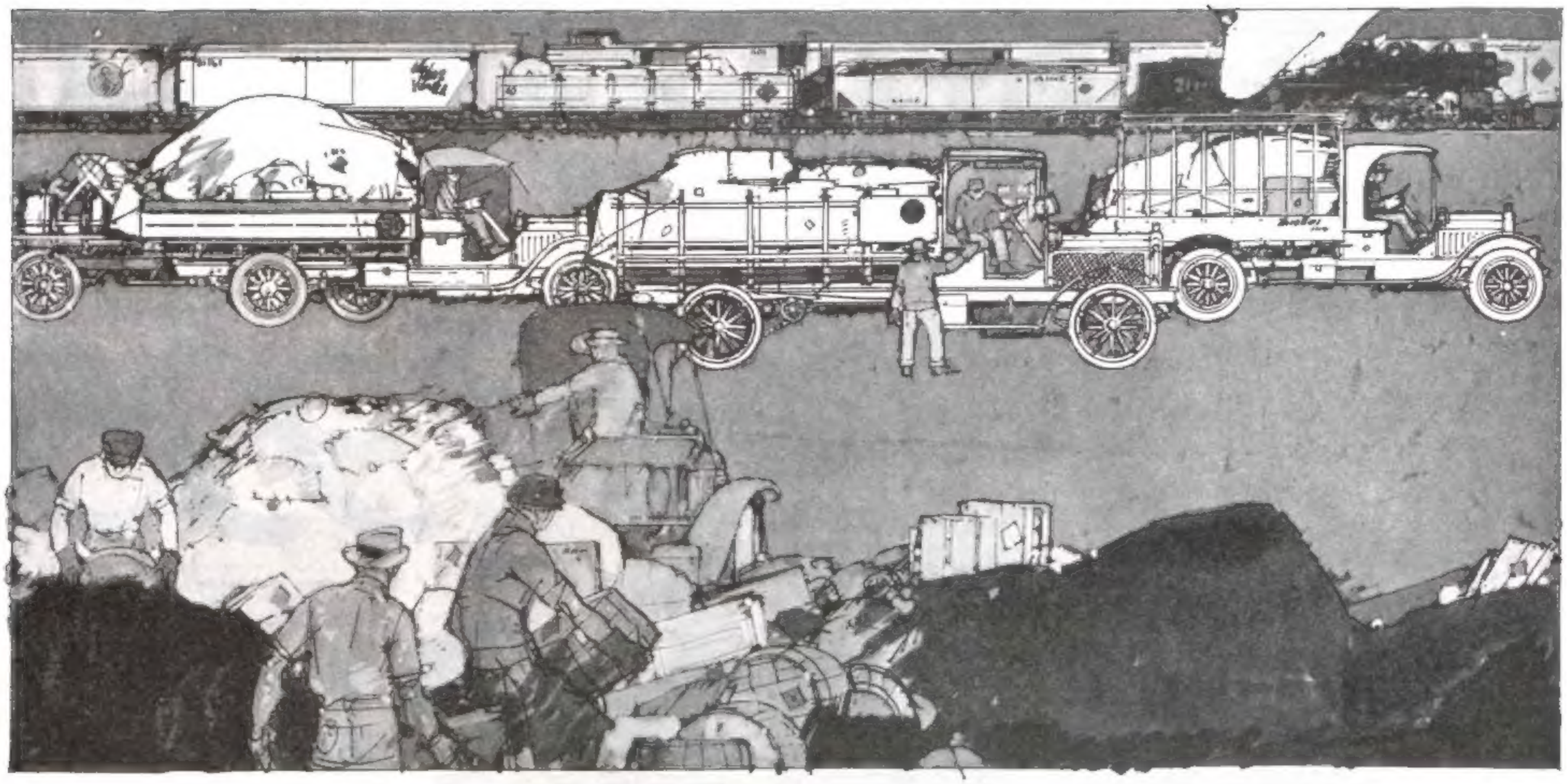

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